





History has its Eyes on You

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/33600112) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/33600112>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF , Dream SMP
Relationships:	Eret & Floris Fundy & Niki Nihachu & Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Eret & Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Clay Dream & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity/GeorgeNotFound/Wilbur Soot , Wilbur Soot & Kristin Rosales Watson , Technoblade & Phil Watson
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Niki Nihachu , Floris Fundy , Jack Manifold , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Kristin Rosales Watson , Alexis Quackity , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot
Additional Tags:	Manipulation , Hurt , Emotional Hurt , Trauma , Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD , Panic Attacks , Explicit Language , TommyInnit Swears (Video Blogging RPF) , Traumatized TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Time Travel , War , Explosions , Blood , Death , Temporary Character Death , Implied/Referenced Character Death , Pre-Manberg-Pogtopia War on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , Dead TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Mental Health Issues , Mental Instability , BAMF Toby Smith Tubbo , Multiple Pronouns for Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings , Chaotic Toby Smith Tubbo , Chaotic TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , NO BETA WE DIE LIKE THE DREAM TEAM , Physical Abuse , Emotional/Psychological Abuse , Suicidal Thoughts , Goddess of Death Kristin Rosales Watson , Avian Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Piglin Hybrid Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Duck Hybrid Alexis Quackity , Enderman Hybrid Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Mushroom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , He/Him and They/Them Pronouns for Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Angel of Death Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , President Wilbur Soot , Vice President Alexis Quackity , Animal Abuse , Canon-Typical Violence , President Toby Smith Tubbo , Villain TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Dark TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Time Travelling TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Psychological Horror , Manipulative TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Exiled Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Dream SMP , Part 1 of Knowing History

Collections:

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Stats:

Published: 2021-08-30 Completed: 2021-10-26 Words: 64,294 Chapters: 3/3

History has its Eyes on You

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Summary

Tommy Minecraft Soot Innit was Dead.

So why the Fuck did he wake up in the Van before L'Manburg had even been confirmed as its own nation?!

Or: Tommy wakes up in the past and has the chance to make everything work his way. And he takes it.

Alternatively: Big Minor Terrorism and Radicalization allows L'Manburg to win the war.

In my friends words: Tommy being a Psychopath and a Prick

Enjoy

Notes

All titles are from "History has its eyes on you" 19th song of Act I on the Hamilton Musical Track.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

History has its Eyes on You

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Why don't you go and ask Schlatt yourself, Tommy?"

"Tommy, when I said you're never gonna be President. That wasn't a challenge."

"They don't care about you. Or they would have come to your party, wouldn't they?"

"I wanna see White Flags! At Dawn! Or We're going to raze L'Manburg to the Ground!"

"THE DISCS ARE WORTH MORE THAN YOU EVER WERE!"

"Let's be the bad guys."

*"You think you're a Hero, Tommy? **THEN DIE LIKE ONE!**"*

"Dream? Please detain Tommy and lead him out of my country."

IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE

"Violence is the only universal language. We spoke that language in the Pit."

"Don't be the next Wilbur."

**"My first decree, as the new President , *The Emperor!* Is to revoke the citizenship of
Wilbur Soot and Tommy Innit !"**

"It's not your time to die, yet."

"It's never my time to die."

...-my

To-...

...-ommy

Tommy

Tommy

TOMMY

WAKE UP, TOMMY!

WAKE UP!

He awoke the same way he tended to do since the first L'Manburg war.

Quiet, with a scream stuck in his throat, and sudden.

A whole-body flinch startling his entire system into overdrive, prepared to fight and run and hide.

Which was quite startling on its own, considering how *he'd been stuck in a cell with Dream and they were arguing and Tommy thought the revive-book was fake and a ruse, and Dream hurled himself at him and started **hitting** and **kicking** and **there were hands around his throat and he couldn't breathe and seeing got harder and he was trying to get away and get free but he couldn't and then there was a hit against his temple pain running through his skull** his body went lax and everything turned *black* .*

Tremors shook his body uncomfortably as he tried to fill his lungs with air.

Where was he?

Was this death?

He always hoped it would be more peaceful.

He had thought he'd wake up in his Mum's arms as she smiled down at him and welcomed him into her realm.

Instead, he gazed up at a slightly dirty white ceiling with blurry eyes.

This looked more like the Htodog-Van before it was destroyed.

Before the war.

That was the only time he could recall having some kind of stable, white material over his head.

He tried to move, to take in his surroundings but found himself trapped between warm, squishy but still firm, heavy objects of varying sizes.

Somebody grumbled close by, and he could hear a faint snore, shuffling, rustling of fabric, breathing, and Fundy's patented adorable *mrirrm* sound.

He tried to figure out what was going on.

Because, what he felt right now, these were *the good times* , when he still had his Discs.

When he still had Wilbur as his brother.

And Fundy as his Nephew.

And Phil was just an absentee deadbeat Dad.

And Techno was just the cool older brother he could admire from far, *far* away.

And Tubbo was his Best Friend.

And Niki gave him soft and tasty bread and nice smiles.

And he could still joke with Dream if he really wanted to, and pull pranks without everyone *shouting at him Tubbo abandoning him and sending him off to **Exile** with **Dream** across the ocean and he is drowning each morning and **Throw your things in the pit, Tommy** and his already ringing ear stops to register any kind of sound and **why did nobody come why did nobody stay why did everybody leave or laugh at him** please he didn't mean it Dream was his **friend** he would behave he didn't mean it please he's sorry why can't he go home why did Ghostbur leave he wants all to be over why did Tubbo destroy the compass why did nobody follow the path he built he can't do this much longer, please —*

A look around him confirmed: He was back when everything was okay.

This had to be the morning before the fight was officially moved back for a day.

Tommy's eyes were fixated on dark brown curls and slightly askew shades that were constantly worn to hide pure-white eyes.

Eret hadn't betrayed them yet.

His gaze wandered over to Tubbo. He still had blonde hair.

Tommy always thought that it had been quite the teller, and it would have been funny if it hadn't been so sad. The darker Tubbo's hair turned, the more bullshit had happened to him, and once that indicator was fully developed, his friend's body went ahead and started to sprout ram-hybrid traits which also grew with his trauma. (Or maybe his age, but really, there wasn't any difference between those two at that point anymore.)

And here he was, Tubbo had blonde hair, just like him.

Next, his eyes found Wilbur.

His big brother was at his other side, one arm resting beneath his shoulders, supporting his head and neck like a pillow, and Wilbur's entire body was curled around Fundy protectively.

Back then, when Wil actually cared for them. When he was still *Wilby* , and not just Wilbur Soot, the madman who wanted to blow up their home.

Niki was right there, next to Wilbur. Looking soft and relaxed in her sleep. She was back to being friendly and supporting them, and not screaming at him and claiming every little bad thing to be his fault when he really just wants to go home already.

There was also Jack Manifold. A bit further off, but still inside the van, still part of their revolution, military, and rag-tag family.

This – whether it'd be his perception of death, a re-lived memory in his last seconds, or his personal hell, maybe even time travel – he decided, would be interesting.

Tommy remembers the first time Wilbur read Dream's message that something came up in the Greater Dream SMP so that they would have to fight one day later.

He remembers how he tried to get his brother to go out there to use their chance. Destroy homes and take supplies for their own gain. But Wilbur refused.

He remembers how they were left without any real weapons or armour because Wilbur had been too stubborn to stray from his *"we only fight with words"* ideology.

He remembers how, in the end, it had been everyone *but* Wilbur on the actual front lines during the first "fight".

(Not that it mattered much, at the end of the day their Commander lost a life like all of them did in the Final-Control-Room.)

Back, when Tommy was still alive, he thought that Wilbur going crazy during the Pogtopia Exile was out of nowhere and sudden. That his brother **snapped**.

But now, when he looked at his brothers – *their highest ranking Commanders* – **orders** with the eyes of a war veteran and child soldier who went through a shitton of conflict, a nice amount of emotional torture, two wars, two exiles, and a fucking terrorist attack (*yes, he's looking at you, Philza, Technoblade, and Dream*) and three Canon Deaths.

Well... let's just say he could see the insanity of it all.

Yes . Words *are* powerful – but not *that* kind of powerful.

They can help you fight your fears and boredom, allow you to lead your troops, give you the ability to win allies and distract enemies.

But no word will ever save you from a sword through your gut, an arrow in your throat, or your head getting bashed in by angry fists.

In the end, words can't cause physical injury or pain. When all is said and done, words still can't take a life.

L'Manburg, as it was in Wilbur's idealized vision, truly was never meant to be.

It simply was impossible.

But the L'Manburg Tommy was dreaming of? The one that he always thought it was, and thought it would be?

That was another story entirely.

A place where Dream held no power .

The fact that he was a part of L'Manburg should have been all the assurance Tommy needed when it came to the threat of being exiled a second time.

Being a L'Manburg citizen should have meant, that the very second Dream implied he wanted to separate Tommy from his country he would have gotten his ass kicked until he lost a Canon Life, Admin or not.

And Tommy knew by now that there were a few things that could control Dream as well.

Right now, the Discs held no power over Tommy and his country, but Dream had a lot of attachments that bound him.

Attachments that took the Admin years to cut when Tommy was still alive.

Which meant that he could reverse it all, slip into the role of the puppeteer and lead the fates, just like Dream had done to him.

He would be the hero of the story, without dying or suffering.

(Ha! Take that, Technoblade!)

All it took, for things to go Tommy's way from now on, was a little *push* .

So that's what he would do.

As soon as Wilbur had told them after their sparse breakfast, that Dream would fight them tomorrow instead of today and dismissed them to do whatever they wanted, Tommy exited the Van and waited for a certain person to leave as well.

Eret got out of the Van a bit after Tubbo, who shot his best friend a concerned and confused look, but Tommy waved him off.

He had to play his cards right or else his entire plan, this second chance he got, would be for naught.

He would involve Tubbo a bit later, he'd need a right-hand man and a puppet-king for his plans, after all.

"Hey Eret, my friend, my pal. How are you, big guy?", cheered Tommy and hit them on the shoulder, just a bit too hard to be comfortable, but in a way that could be excused with his fighting experience and hyperactivity.

"Oh. I'm fine Tommy, thank you for asking. How are you?"

"I'm great, I'm great. Still the biggest man around and all that. But I wanted to talk with you for a bit. Do you have plans today? Maybe I can help you with something. I'm shit at building, but I'm good at getting stuff."

"That... is a very nice offer, Tommy. I might take you up on that later. But it's a bit of a secret, soo..."

Ah... so Eret had already started preparing the Final-Control-Room.

Tommy slung his arm over Eret's neck and pulled the traitor close to himself with a nice and calm smile.

"Y'know, *your Majesty* . I **really** hate surprises. You never know what they might cause and how they will end, after all."

Her body froze beneath Tommy's arm, the boy could feel that they weren't breathing.

With a sigh, he elbowed Eret in the suplex to get him to breathe again.

Tommy leaned even more into the traitor's personal space, with a grin full of teeth and malice this time.

"So, since I'm such a *big man* I will offer again. Do you want some help, *E r e t?*"

They nodded in a panic and Tommy patted their curly hair.

Huh... so *that's* why Dream always did that to him at the beginning of the exile before his hair turned absolutely disgusting.

It felt absolutely *satisfying* .

"Well then. You're lucky, I already know where your surprise is."

With that, he dragged the other to the hidden entrance of the bunker.

As soon as they were underground, far away from prying eyes and ears, Tommy let go of Eret and grabbed his sword instead, placing the tip at the base of her neck.

They froze and lifted his hands in a sign of surrender.

" 'The Final-Control-Room' , huh? A nice idea, really, if it weren't for some shit flaws in here.", commented Tommy and pressed the button, just like he'd done a few years ago when he was still alive.

The sound of pistons in the walls makes his heart rate skyrocket, but he's safe this time. The war has only begun, there were no deaths so far. Dream wouldn't kill him today.

The walls open up, revealing the actual extent of the room and the tunnel-system surrounding it.

"Were you having fun, thinking about how you were going to betray us? Do you feel any regret about the fact that you were willing to send all of us off to our deaths?! Or do you just regret that I found out about it?", growled the boy, applying a bit more pressure against the future-king's skin.

"W-wait! Tommy! Tommy! You're right! I — I **do** have a deal with Dream, but not to **kill** you! I would never do that to you! I - I'm still doing this for L'Manburg! This is so that *nobody has to die in the first place!* Tommy, *please* , you have to believe me!", his voice was shaking and they tried to look over her shoulder to catch the teens eyes,

"He - Dream - he promised me *power over the SMP!* With that, I could officially support and create L'Manburg without anybody getting hurt! Tubbo, Fundy, *you* - you wouldn't have to witness **war!** Wilbur, he - we can't just send *kids* to the fronts! You get that, don't you?!"

Tommy slid his sword against the side of their neck, she tried to twist away, but stayed still, breathing shallowly and fast.

The boy sighed and stashed his sword in his Inventory.

So Eret actually told the truth when he was still alive, the King had actually planned to use her power in order to end the war, and not to gain power for power's sake.

"Eret. You're a really dumb bitch, y'know? But you're a good guy. So, lemme give you a piece of advice. This deal you made? It's a fucking scam, I can smell the bullshit from miles away.

And I would know a scam when I see one, I'm *the master Scammer* after all! A little tip for dealing with politicians and big men like me: Always keep in mind what they actually *want* .",

He walked deeper into the room and started pacing. He had to *move* , he had to **think**.

"Dream wants L'Manburg gone, Eret. That's his goal. And there's no better way to achieve it than by tearing down morals before they can form. You gain kingship, and to us, it'll look like one of our most trusted and important members stabbed us in the fucking back.

And do you *really* think you'd be anything but a pretty *puppet king*? **Really?!** Because this thing won't give you *actual* power. It's the enderdamned Greater *Dream* SMP. He literally branded it with his shitty name, like the narcissistic homeless fuckin **wanker** he is!"

Eret stared at the boy in front of them unbelievably, trying to comprehend everything the teen is spitting out in his rage like it's *obvious* .

She... wouldn't have thought that Tommy actually *was that smart* with how he was still acting like a child, starting petty conflicts and mayhem just for fun.

It was jarring to see the youngest of them all talk about *war* and *politics* like he knew them like the back of his hand.

And... to hear that he actually did know what he was talking about. Maybe he knew even more than the rest of them combined.

And Tommy was *still talking*.

"I mean. You had the right idea, gotta give you that. We *need* leverage and power over Dream or else we can kiss L'Manburg goodbye. But your way of gaining it, would involve *him* handing it over *willingly* , which simply won't happen. And we need to gain the upper hand *now*, before he decides to cut himself loose!"

Eret relaxed a bit as he listened to the blonde's ramblings.

It seemed like Tommy had much more of a plan than her or Wilbur.

"So... you... *don't* agree with Wilbur?"

That question had the boy whirling around and fixate Eret with burning blue eyes.

A crazed smile stretched over the younger boy's face and sent violent shivers down his spine.

Tommy looked completely *unhinged* and it made her question if the conflicts and fighting had already taken their toll on the boy's psyche and sent him off into the deep end.

"Oh, Eret, my man, I absolutely *despise* Wil's plan. He's a fuckin **Wanker** , is what he is, for even *thinking* about sending soldiers into a fight without protection or weapons. He's fucking *delusional* , an enderdamned *idiot* . His ideology is nothing but the fantasizing of a *loon* . A no-weapon rule can be established *after* the war is won, but not anytime sooner."

The traitor swallowed nervously and glanced around for an exit, should the teen lash out in his manic behaviour.

But Eret didn't think he'd make it out, even if she ran if they were being honest with himself.

"So!",

exclaimed the boy excitedly and pointed at them.

"You're going to help me! Because otherwise, I will tell the others that you were planning on selling us out to the green bitch and I can show them this room as proof! What do you think will they do to a Traitor? Will you get blown up? Shot with fireworks? Thrown into lava?"

Drowned? Crushed by an anvil? Beaten to death? Beheaded? Stabbed? Shot? Buried alive? Thrown off a Pillar or Cliff? Will they decide to take all your Canon Lives, or just one, or two? What do you think? Wanna try and find out?"

The way how gleeful and happy Tommy spoke about the different ways of executing someone (*killing Eret himself, specifically*) was nauseating.

He... he had actually *lost it* . This kid was *broken beyond repair*.

But Eret couldn't leave Tommy, because that would most definitely be their death-sentence at this point, one way or another. And she didn't want to *die* .

"I think they'd take all your Lives.", mused the teen with a far-away look in his eyes,

"Have you set your spawn in the bed in the Van and kill you again as soon as you've respawned. And when you're gone they'd probably place your head up on the wall as a warning for Dream. Might actually be the easiest way to resolve this entire thing, now that I think about it. Dream is a heartless bastard, but that kind of brutality would probably even scare him away. I should go and—"

"STOP!"

Eret screeched the word at the top of their lungs and so loud that his throat hurt. She had his eyes squeezed shut and hands tangled in their hair. His legs gave out and their knees hit the stone ground painfully, but she didn't care. They were scared out of his damned *mind* at this point.

Tommy had just kept *going and going* and the pure idea of their head up at the crenellations of the wall *she* had built to protect them was *too much to bear* . He wanted the kid to ***shut up*** but she was aware that the very second they hit Tommy, her life was over.

"PLEASE! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT! JUST DON'T TELL THEM! STOP TALKING! PLEASE"

She was left sobbing on the ground. Their life was *over* . If Tommy really thought Eret's death would end the war, the kid would do it without *hesitation*, he just *knew it* .

"Hmmm... I'm sure there are some other ways to get through this without you losing your head.",

pondered Tommy aloud. Well knowing what kind of turmoil Eret was going through because of his words.

"I always kinda liked you. Would be a bit of a shame to see one of our best builders gone."

Eret breathed a mantra of '*thank you*' s against the ground and Tommy finally understood *Dream a lot better* .

This feeling was addicting as fuck.

"Okay, then. Stand up. We've gotta talk to the others and plan if we want this to work."

"W-what exactly... *is* your plan, Tommy? If... if you don't mind me asking?"

Eret spoke in a soft voice, hesitant as they wobbled a bit while following him.

Fear truly was a great motivator.

"Well. With you out of the race, we still got two plans within these walls. Wilbur's, and mine. And Wil's is shit, innit? So it shouldn't be hard to make the others side with us. They're soldiers in the end. They follow commands. And if our commands will let them win and keep them alive, why *wouldn't* they follow us? We have to work fast, tho. Gotta prepare during the day and strike at night before the real battle starts."

Eret stumbled after the boy who was walking through the tunnel briskly, his uniform-shoes hitting the ground hard and loudly.

"W-wait a bit, Tommy! Isn't that against some kind of law?! We'd be war-criminals if we did that!"

Tommy gave him a dry chuckle, far away from his usual coughing-wheezing laughter that sounded like the kid was about to kneel over.

"Eret, you need to pay more attention. We've been in an official war for a couple of days now. *Everything* is fair game. We just can't go summoning mass-destruction mobs, *that* would be a war-crime."

The person who-would-never-become-King-now stumbles again at Tommy's nonchalant words.

Who in their right mind would *ever even think* about summoning a hostile, destructive mob as a weapon?!

Tommy obviously did, whispers a little voice in their head. And wasn't that just downright *terrifying* ?

They finally reached the exit and Eret doesn't think he's ever been happier to see the sky in her whole life.

"Let's go speak with Tubbo and after that, we can talk with Jack, Niki and Fundy."

Tubbo was working on reinforcing some parts of the wall to ensure that it would keep them safe during tomorrow's fight.

It wasn't a lot, but he didn't know what else to do.

Tommy had been acting strange the entire morning and the monotone work allowed him to ponder about that.

Starting with the fact that his best friend actually had been the first one awake out of their group, plus Tommy making breakfast for their whole group and not ruining it, coupled with the strange looks he's been giving everyone, combining that with how quiet Tommy had been the entire time, and finally adding how the other boy had latched onto *Eret* of all people...

Well. It was strange and odd and concerning and so *unlike Tommy* that it left him reeling.

He knew that they were about to go off into a war, but everybody else had been acting more or less the same, no matter how big the threat was.

And Tommy had been boasting about how easy this would be the entire time.

What... changed...?

"TUBBO! BIG T! MY MAN! BIG MAN TUBBSTER!", yelled Tommy a bit further away which left Tubbo grinning.

That sounded a lot more like his best friend.

"Hey, Tommy!"

But when he turned around, there wasn't just Tommy, but also Eret. They looked pale as a sheet and her face had an unhealthy look to it, covered in a slight sheen of sweat. Even behind his shades, their eyes seemed to be blown wide open and slight tremors were shaking her body.

She looked... like they were *afraid* of Tommy. How he walked after the blonde and hunched in on herself ever so slightly made it look... submissive.

Tubbo frowned.

What *happened*?

"Tubbo, we've gotta tell you something, my man. There has been a change of hearts, a change of plans, you could say.", that was Tommy's way of opening the conversation.

His friend reached behind blindly, grabbed Eret by a shoulder and dragged them forward forcefully, before slinging a lanky arm over her shoulders, keeping their trembling form close to himself.

Tubbo watched the interaction warily and sunk his hand into his Inventory, reaching for his axe, just in case.

Tommy wasn't acting like himself *at all*.

The taller boy glanced at where Tubbo's hand was a bit transparent, buried in the pocket dimension, and *smirked*.

The smaller boy tensed a bit more. He wasn't the best fighter, but if Tommy for some reason decided to switch sides and attack him, then he would fight and he would do his best to get a good hit in.

"I found a traitor in our ranks.", explained Tommy and shook Eret a bit, guiding Tubbo's attention back to them.

"...What? Tommy, there are few who invested as much time into L'Manburg as Eret did, they're no *traitor*."

Tommy gave him a look, before glancing down at Eret and shaking them a bit more.

She stared down at the ground and sniffled.

Tubbo squinted a bit and reeled back when he saw that he was actually *crying* .

"N-no. He's – he's right.", whimpered the apparent *traitor* miserably,

"I- I made a deal with Dream! He - he promised me power in exchange for stopping the revolution, I would have used it to make L'Manburg become reality! I just didn't want to see anybody dying! I *swear! Please! You have to believe me!* "

The teen looked between his best friend who was looking at him expectantly and the adult who was getting manhandled by said friend.

"I... I believe you?"

He didn't know what to do! What did Tommy expect from him?! This was something *Wilbur* should get informed about! Not - not *Tubbo* !

"Tommy, I... I don't understand what you're doing here, big man. I don't get what you want."

The other blonde let go of the traitor and stepped towards him, and Tubbo had to fight every instinct inside of him screaming for him to *r u n* .

"Eret and I had a bit of a talk, Tubbs. And while I think they were goddamn *stupid* for making that deal. He's not *wrong* Tubbo."

That startled a laugh out of the older teen.

"Wh-what?! Tommy! Are you even listening to yourself?! You, *you* , out of everyone - *you* want to - to side with ***Dream***?! What the Nether, man?!"

Tommy's eyes widened a bit and he held his hands up in a soothing gesture.

"No! No no no no no! You understand me wrong, big T! This isn't about *siding with Dream* . Fuck the green man! But! I reckon we'd have better chances at *winning* if we pulled our own thing, you catch my drift? *Wilbur* would never have realized that Eret was about to sell us out! He wants to send us to the front without any armour or weapons! That's *insane*! Eret is right when he says that listening to Wilbur is not the way to go!"

Tubbo followed each of Tommy's wild gestures throughout his rant.

The thing was...

His friend wasn't exactly *wrong*.

Wilbur's insistence to just use words to fight, as admirable as it was, sometimes really rubbed him the wrong way.

Talking could only do so much, even Tubbo (who had been claimed one of the most harmless and calm members of the server on more than one occasion by now (which was fucking *wrong* by the way, but **he** wouldn't tell them about it)) knew that.

He... liked the thought. Was impressed by the idea. But he knew realistically that Eret and Tommy were the ones with an actual, realistic plan.

"Okay. You might be right on that front. Wilbur is great. L'Manburg is great. But fighting with just words really isn't. But what can we even do about it?"

Tommy's eyes *lit up* at the **rhetorical** question and Tubbo realized, stunned, that his best friend actually had an *answer*.

"I'm so glad you asked, Tubbster. I have a *plan*, Tubbo. I remembered some stuff Techno and Phil talked about when I was little. About grinding and potions and *weapons*. Tubbo, with the stuff my brain threw at me and some other things I know, we can absolutely *do this*. "

"It's most definitely worth a try, I'd pick anything over dying, to be honest."

Tommy cheered and Eret sagged in relief.

Betraying someone to keep them safe... what a strange concept.

"Eret. Could you go ahead and gather Fundy, Niki and Jack in the bunker? I'll talk with Tubbo about this plan a bit more, having him on our side and defending us should convince them for good."

The now-never-King nodded and ducked away, looking for the other soldiers of their country.

"It's odd... to see her act like this.", mused Tubbo while looking after them.

Tommy made a non-committal hum at his best friend's observation.

"What even did you tell him to terrify the poor lady that much, Tommy?"

The taller of the two shrugged with an impish grin and sparkling eyes.

"Eh, y'know. The usual. *"Are you fucking betraying us?! Why would you do that to us? I have proof and I will tell the others!"* Maybe sprinkling in some theories of how Wilbur would handle a traitor. And now their hands are tied."

Tubbo sighed.

"What did you really want to tell me, Tommy? I know you. You sent Eret away for a reason."

His friend at least had the dignity to smile sheepishly, but then Tommy's body-language suddenly changed. He looked around frantically and grabbed Tubbo's wrist and dragged him off. Further away from anything within the walls.

The other boy grabbed his shoulders almost painfully and looked Tubbo directly in the eyes with an intensity that made him highly uncomfortable.

"Okay. Listen, Tubbo. This is important. I might sound like I fucking lost it and I guess I actually did, in some ways.

But I'm telling the truth. We both know I'm shit at lying and hiding stuff. But you are good when that sort of shit is involved!"

Tubbo nodded with wide eyes.

Tommy just did a whole fucking 180.

His friend gave another confirming nod, closed his blue eyes and took a deep breath, before looking into his eyes again.

"I know the future.",

Said Tommy.

Totally serious.

Everything about him *screamed* that this was important.

"I don't know all of it. *Nobody can know everything* . But I know what will happen in the next three years if Wilbur continues leading this revolution. What will happen if I remain his soldier and General. And I... I can't go through that again, Tubbo. I *can't* . I don't wanna die like that again. I can't handle another Exile! I *have* to change it, Tubbo! And I need your help to make it work! I'll do stuff and know things that I shouldn't have been able to figure out in any way. I *need you* to cover me and to ensure that the others won't question it."

That... as crazy as it sounded. Actually made an awful lot of sense.

The sudden change in behaviour. *How* Tommy knew that Eret would betray them. The vehement insistence for them to take over the revolution.

And even if it wasn't what actually was going on, it was Tommy's reality.

So Tubbo should see how true it actually was.

"Okay. I believe you, big man. You're not one to lie about important things like that. But could you still show me some kind of proof? Maybe?"

Tommy nodded wildly and Tubbo was a bit concerned for his friend's head. But it stayed where it belonged and the taller of their duo grabbed him by the arm again and dragged him to the gateway in their wall before pulling a pickaxe out of his inventory and digging into the ground like a madman.

Tubbo watched, concerned, but also didn't stop Tommy, and only a few blocks in, his best friend made a triumphant noise and held up... a dirt-covered dynamite stick. There was still some paper from the TNT wrapping hanging off the stick.

"... what?", whispered the smaller boy and stumbled over, grabbing the stick and looking down into Tommy's shallow hole.

There were **Blocks** of TNT, buried right beneath their feet.

"What the fuck?!", repeated Tubbo, a lot more hysterical, now.

THEY HAD **TNT** RIGHT UNDER THE GROUND! THEY COULD HAVE ***DIED*** AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT!

Tommy nodded, but there was a grin spreading his lips and lighting up blue eyes.

"This shit is nasty, but we can remove it, this time. And then we can use it to get Diamonds and Netherite! We need the best weapons and armour we can get within the next four hours."

Tubbo blinked.

That was smart.

And it made him calm down a lot. He knew how to work with explosives.

"I'll help you. We'll be faster that way."

Niki didn't know why Eret stopped her from baking more bread that they could use during the fight tomorrow, but he had also dragged Jack away from his quest with Fundy to write messages to all the members of the Greater Dream SMP to make them rethink supporting Dream during the war.

She didn't think their plan was a very smart one, but it was better than nothing and it kept them calm and made them think they helped in some way, so who was she to stop them?

Anyways. Eret had dragged them away from it. They had looked nervous, constantly looking over his shoulder and wringing her hands with slight tremors shaking their form.

Eret had led them down into a secret bunker they had built, and told them that they now just had to wait for Tommy and Tubbo to join them.

There were beds. Enough for all of them. And chests for everyone but Wilbur, and a sign declaring the place as the "Final HQ" which was a bit strange, but Niki wouldn't question it.

The thing that actually concerned her was the fact that Eret was stress-building.

She could see that the beds were brand new.

And right now he was off, expanding an exit tunnel and placing traps.

Eret builds when she's stressed, it makes them feel productive and useful.

Just like how Niki herself was a stress-baker and Wilbur seemed to churn out one small melody after the other when he got anxious.

The sound of two sets of uniform-boots with their heavy reinforced soles on the stone made Eret freeze up like a deer on a railway.

He was so scared and nervous, it made Niki's heart ache for them.

Tubbo entered first with a serious look on his face, followed by an excited looking Tommy.

"We found TNT!", blurted Tommy in a happy voice, blue eyes glowing with a mad light and he held up a whole block of explosives.

Everyone in the room backed away, except for Tubbo.

"We found three entire *stacks* of that End-damned stuff!",

growled the smaller boy, his form shaking and twitching with anger,

"If Tommy hadn't had the idea of mining right within these walls, we wouldn't have found it until it was too late!"

"But!", added Tommy while cackling with evil glee,

"We've just gotta look at it the right way. Dream did us a favour. With this kind of fire-power we'll be able to get sooo many Diamonds and Netherite! All of us could have full weaponry and armour! This could be *the* game-changer!"

Niki blinked confused.

What was Tommy even talking about? L'Manburg was about following the peaceful way. A non-violent revolution. *'Fighting with words'* and all that.

"Wait wait wait. What do you mean: *"Weapons"*?! Has Dad approved this? What?!"

Fundy hit the nail right on the head with his little outburst.

A glance at Jack confirmed her concern that the man was aiming for an actual fight.

He was grinning, just like Tommy.

But to her surprise, instead of Tommy or Tubbo, it was *Eret* who spoke next.

"Yes, Fundy. Weapons. Wilbur is planning on sending us to our deaths tomorrow. We can't afford to go out there without protection and unarmed."

"What?!"

Everyone turned to look at her and she realized too late that the word had flung out of her mouth without a thought.

"Guys, Wilbur has been a good leader this whole time. He's been doing his best and doing what's *right*. We can't just go behind his back like that just because you crave to spill some blood!"

"But... what if he actually isn't?", whispered Tubbo while looking down.

She frowned. What was he on about?

"Wilbur told me he's *"too old"* to join the fight tomorrow. He wants to stay back and watch from afar.", added Tommy with a chipped and icy tone. He refused to look any of them in the eye as the words slowly sank in before hitting full force.

Niki found herself with tears burning in her eyes and her hand firmly clasped over her mouth.

All of them knew that Wilbur was more of a talker than a fighter, and that he honestly wasn't good when it came to wielding a weapon.

But *all of them* were willing to be a soldier and go out there, and they were willing to lose one of their few precious lives for this cause.

And Wilbur simply disregarded their willing sacrifice.

She gasped and looked over at Fundy.

The poor kid had shifted into a full fox and was whining pathetically with dropped ears and flat fur.

Tommy was kneeling in front of his distraught nephew and cooing at the fox-shifter, coaxing him into his arms.

Fundy had told Niki how proud he was of his Dad, because he was fighting for their freedom. But he had also admitted that it sometimes felt like the Revolution was worth much more than Fundy, his son, one of the people Wilbur claimed to fight for in the first place.

What Tommy just told them... looks like Fundy's muttered, cynical comment was actually true.

She looked at all the kids around her.

Kids! Teenagers! They shouldn't be the ones at the front! What was Wilbur even *thinking?! What had she* been thinking to just **accept** this?!

Ohhhhh~ Wil was going to *regret* the day he decided to send children into a war while Niki was watching!

"So.", she clapped her hands with a pleasant smile on her face,

"What exactly are we going to do? The three of you seem to have some kind of plan."

Tubbo cleared his throat and took a step in front of the rest of them.

[In a corner of the room Eret frowned, looking between the two best friends in confusion.]

"Our plan is quite simple.",

started Tubbo with a small smile of his own,

"We still want L'Manburg. A Dream-free nation and a separate entity from the Greater Dream SMP. And when the war is won, we will also establish the '*no weapons, no armour*' -rule within the walls. Wilbur also gets to be President, he makes a fine politician, all talk and no actions to back it up, and all that. He'll get to take care of all the *important* stuff. Tommy, Eret and I agreed to make me the Commander of the military as of now, Tommy is second in Command, General, and also the Leader of the Covert Ops."

[Eret had, in fact, not even known about the plan, so they couldn't have agreed, even if she had wanted to. But he wasn't going to say that.]

With that, Tommy stepped forward. It sometimes was really creepy how eerily in sync the two of them were.

"We have until evening to prepare. Everybody's gotta pull their own weight or we can forget this entire thing right the fuck now. We'll split up, different people gather and work with different things. We need a shitton of potions: invisibility, nightvision, harm, strength, speed, you name it. And poison. **Lots of poison.** At least we got most of the brewing stands back, so that should be doable."

Tommy turned and looked straight in her eyes with none of his usual grandeur. It certainly was *something*. She wasn't sure if she liked it. But it made her snap into a perfect posture, back straight, hands clasped behind, and chin high.

"Niki. I want you to handle the brewing stands so that you can keep baking while the potions are brewing. We'll need all the food we can get, as well."

"Of course."

Fundy was curled up in his uncle's arms and weeping silently.

The thing with shapeshifters is, if they are confronted with copious amounts of distress or hurt or grief, they simply snap into their most basic and animalistic form.

Because, while animals still very much are able to feel, their brain can only comprehend so much stress and doesn't keep piling it up like human brains tend to do. It was a safe and easy way to cope with horrible situations.

So now Fundy could feel how familiar hands of one of his den-members, another kit, stroked over his fur as he worked with the fact that his sire chased him and the other den-members out into the wild to fend for themselves and die in order to protect the den from attackers.

Fundy was fully grown, he didn't need to return to the old den.

And his den-mates had already dug out a new home for them. They would still need to defend it from the incoming threat, but Fundy could fight. He could help with that.

"Fundy, champ, you back with us?", asked Tommy softly and Fundy yipped a confirming noise and pressed his snout against the other kit's face.

Tommy smiled at him warmly.

"That's great. I'd like for you to stay with Niki, okay? She'll need help with baking and potion-making. You're going to run and get whatever she needs whenever she runs out of an ingredient. Okay? Can you do that?"

Fundy yipped once more and jerked his head down in a decisive nod.

That wouldn't be hard. He could do errands.

And he could even stay in his fox form to do most of that!

When Jack Manifold joined the revolution — well, let's just say he didn't really expect all that much. It was a fun pastime. A chance to do something.

Maybe an opportunity to go ahead and kick some ass while he was on it.

And he would be able to say that he worked on something greater than himself, so that was something.

But by now, you see... He might have grown a bit fond of their little group and also found a certain appreciation for their ideals.

So it was a bit disheartening to hear that their leader more or less abandoned them.

But then again. Tubbo, Tommy and Eret seemed to have a good grasp on what they were doing.

"Jack. You'll be with Tubbo. The two of you are going to dig down and mine. We need everything you can find. Iron, Gold, Coal. But concentrate on getting Diamonds. And if you find any Lapis, bring that as well."

Jep. Tommy definitely knew what he was doing.

"We'll take one of the TNT stacks. Eret and you will need it more to get the Netherite."

"Thanks, Tubbo."

Jack noticed a motion out of the corner of his eye.

He frowned when he saw that it was Eret. She looked as pale as snow and was shaking as if it was freezing.

If he didn't know any better, he'd say they were terrified, but that was stupid. They were about to win a war, there was nothing to be afraid of.

"Mercenaries, Tommy? Really?! You can't be serious. This war is still about *ideals* ! We – we can't just add paid killers to our ranks!"

"No no, Tubbo. You understand me wrong. I don't want to hire Purpled and Punz to fight. I want to hire them to *stay out of it*. I want to buy them, so that Dream **can't**. We should have more than enough stuff after our preparations so that we can afford them."

Tubbo opened his mouth but backtracked and thought about what Tommy was actually saying.

"We'll shrink their ranks. And take two skilled fighters out of the equation.", mused the shorter of the two and Tommy nodded enthusiastically.

"Okay. We'll keep it in mind. But we'll only do it if we really can afford to. It's as you said, we need everything we can have."

Eret was sweating and only half of it was because of the heat of the Nether.

He was a Builder first and foremost. Which meant he was used to going to strange and dangerous places in order to collect materials for his creations.

So being in the Nether really wasn't that scary to him.

But being in the Nether with *Tommy* most certainly was.

The teen's sudden change in character and behaviour was concerning.

Others might laugh at the fact that Eret, an adult, was scared by the youngest member of their entire server, but Eret begged to differ.

They weren't sure if this new Tommy wouldn't just push her straight in the lava or in the way of one of the mobs.

Both men had amassed quite the collection of ores by now.

And that was the only safety line Eret had. Tommy wouldn't risk losing all of their precious materials and the earnings of their hard work.

A few stones were worth more than Eret's life, at this moment.

And wasn't that petrifying?

But they kept going.

Tommy sighed next to her and made him freeze up in alert.

"I reckon I have to apologize to you.", grumbled the teen, which honestly confused Eret. They were anticipating a lot of things, but not... *that*.

"This day is absolutely crazy, 'specially for me. I had a... *nightmare* , I guess, tonight. Reminded me of things and made me question a lot of shit. It's kinda the reason why I'm

doing all of this. Who woulda guess that some hours can change your entire view on life, am I right?"

The boy chuckled humorlessly and shook his head in something akin to disappointment.

Eret blinked at that in shock.

A... *nightmare?! That **was** it ?*

"You're a good person, Eret, and I'd like us to still be friends. I'm sorry if I scared you, but I had to make sure you wouldn't do something that you'd regret and that would hurt others, myself included. You understand that, right?"

Oh... yeah. That - that made sense. If Tommy already woke up scared and then found out that he was about to be hurt, he'd obviously lash out to protect himself.

"Of course. I'm sorry that I forced you into that corner. I know you're not a bad kid, Tommy.", agreed Eret even though it made some small part of her brain squirm and feel all wrong. Something about the entire situation made his skin crawl.

They were sure it would go away.

Tommy beamed at them and scuffed their shoulders together ever so slightly in an affectionate gesture.

It made Eret smile as well.

"Good to know that you think so highly of me, big man. I trust your judgement."

What had they even been scared of in the first place? Tommy was a good kid. It seemed ridiculous now.

They were all back in the Final HQ, all the chests and some additional ones, that they had to craft, filled to the brim with items.

Swords, Shields, Tridents, Bows, Crossbows, Rockets, all kinds of Arrows, and ***so many Potions*** .

One chest was only filled with stacks upon stacks of poison.

Tommy went through all the things, inspecting the enchantments and quality. He was grinning in wild glee and Tubbo knew from the expression his best friend had that it was beyond his wildest dreams.

"Holy fuck you guys did such a great job!", cheered the youngest, before puffing out his chest in a cocky gesture, "But not as great as I!"

Everybody chuckled.

Fundy was back in his human form.

Niki had found the time to cut her hair short at some point and looked a lot more menacing with her new, pure black style.

Jack was nursing a tiny burn wound on one of his arms from an explosion gone wrong.

(Tubbo had warned him that he was too close! At least the man now knew to listen to him!)

With them stood Purpled.

Tommy had went ahead and talked to both of the mercenaries, Punz had been willing to be paid off to stay out of the fight.

Dream had already hired the man, had paid half in advance and promised the other half for after the war, but Tommy had managed to convince the older to accept their remaining Diamonds, Netherite, some Emeralds they found, and a few weapons they might not need after the war as a payment. And apparently that was a lot more than Dream's whole sum.

Purpled told them he'd join their side as long as they were willing to provide the entire equipment, plus a deal to provide him with a set amount of Diamonds and Emeralds regularly after the fighting was over for a few months.

If they wouldn't do it, he'd just come, kill them, and take everything they owned.

Tommy wrote both deals down, gave the duo the original books and handed the copies over to an unsuspecting Fundy for safekeeping.

Most of the group wasn't happy with the younger mercenary entering their ranks, but Tommy, Tubbo and Eret all pointed out and stressed the importance of having manpower on their side. Plus, Purpled joined their ranks at his own free will, in the end. He just wanted a bit of reassurance, compared to them. Nothing wrong with that.

The thing that nobody in the group really noticed was the most important one.

Eret wasn't scared to be in Tommy's company anymore.

They all decided to act as normal as possible for the last hour before sunset while Tommy had grabbed Eret and Niki to prepare *something* .

They would meet up in the Final HQ as soon as the sky turned dark to collect potions and supplies before starting their attack.

Tommy was humming where he sat on his bed, back leaning against his chests, pieces of black leather and fabric spread around him in a poor imitation of a nest.

Eret and Niki were in similar positions.

They were preparing new uniforms for the entire group. Fully in black, since they would fight at night.

These uniforms were actually made with the thought of being worn beneath armour and were extra sturdy at the places where a chestplate, gauntlets and legwear won't protect them.

The L'Manburg flag was embroidered into the sleeve, to show off where they belonged and what side they were on, but everything else was pure black.

Tommy already wore his uniform, feeling oddly comfortable in the outfit.

Eret swore quietly when they pricked their finger on accident. All of them had a few bloody needle wounds on their hands and fingers by now, especially from the leatherwork.

The sturdy material was hard to work with, but it would be worth it in the end.

Tommy held up the finished shirt he had sewn for Tubbo with a smirk.

Oh yes. Things would go a lot different this time.

"Gents, Ladies, non-binary Royalty, and everybody on, off, among or in-between the Spectrum.",

greeted Tommy with a shit-eating grin, which made all of his soldiers and friends laugh and smile,

"It is a great honour to see you all here. Ready to fight for what is right. Ready to fight for freedom. Dream fucked up when he refused our request for independence; and he fucked up again when he didn't see us as a threat.

But his second fuck-up is in our favour, so we should use it."

He leaned forward with an evil glint in his eye.

"Tonight, my friends, we *strike* . And it will be the hardest blow we can deliver.

Are you with me?!"

Everybody yelled and cheered, Tommy threw his hand in the air with his own war cry and some members of the group followed with a punch in the sky.

They were about to win a war!

Tommy calmed down after a bit and waited for the other fighters to follow. As soon as they were done, he nodded.

"Good, good. That's very good. Now. I will explain the exact plan soon, but, *before that—!* "

He ripped the sheet off where he'd hung it between two high stacked chests with Eret's help to hide the armour stands which they somehow had managed to use to display the uniforms by draping them over the wood.

Fundy gasped for air before making an excited chittering noise and rushing over.

"Oh my Prime! Are there ours?! You made new uniforms for us?! We all get to match this time?!"

Tommy chuckled and ruffled his nephew's hair.

"Yep. You won't have to throw your own thing together from scraps this time. Eret made yours."

"Thanks Eret!", shouted Fundy.

Tommy pointed at the clothes that had been made for the Shifter and the fox-hybrid pounced, swiftly gathering the clothes in his arms and hugging them close to his chest with a happy grin.

"These look awesome!",

Tubbo glazed over to his best friend with lit up eyes and a broad smile while feeling the material the sleeves were made of.

Jack went a much shorter way to show his appreciation, by taking off his shirt while everyone was still distracted and donning his new one.

"Holy fuck guys this feels great to wear!", cheered the man while moving his arms wildly to test if the new uniform would constrict him in any way.

"We're glad you like it.", laughed Niki while grabbing her own clothes.

Purpled was quietly holding the upper part of his very own uniform, staring at the piece of clothing with a complicated expression.

A few minutes later found the whole unit back in the room donning their new uniforms, enchanted Netherite armour strapped on and each of them with a new sword, axe, pickaxe, trident, bow, crossbow and arrows at their sides.

In front of them stood Tommy, behind him all the potion filled chests.

"Okay. Now that we all got our basic equipment. Let's talk about what we're going to do.",

he took a deep breath and focused at the group in front of him,

"I'd call it some *minor Terrorism* ."

He grinned at the chuckles the definition earned him.

"If we want to win this, we need to fight dirty and give our all. This Revolution is to take power from someone who has a firm grasp on it. Dream won't simply give it up, just because we ask nicely. He doesn't get to have a choice in the end, we won't let him! Right, fellas?!"

His group started hollering approvals as their answer, getting hyped at the prospect of ripping someone off their throne.

Tommy laughed and made a motion with his hands for them to calm down.

"That's great, that's great. Really pog that we all agree. Now, the plan is simple: We go over to the Greater Dream SMP, and *we fuck shit up!*

I want them at their lowest tomorrow. So, go ahead, poison their entire water supply, take their food, armour and weapons, destroy their homes and farms, and kill their pets. The more they have to deal with, the better for us.

If you ever get in danger of being seen, drink an invis potion! We can't let them actually see us doing this! They will know it was us, but we can't allow them to be certain.

And before the night ends, we'll be back here and I will have left a special message for Dream.

LET'S DO THIS!"

"FOR L'MANBURG!"

"YEAH! LET'S GOO!"

"DOWN WITH DREAM!"

"LET'S WIN THE WAR!"

Tommy grinned and pushed open the chests for his soldiers to take their fill of potions and watched as they stuffed bottle after bottle into their inventories before racing down the tunnel that would lead them outside of the walls into the direction of the Greater Dream SMP.

He took whatever they had left and stalked after them. His own armour stashed away for now to help him blend into the dark of the night. He pulled the hood of his vest over his head to hide his hair when he reached the exit and sank into the blackness with a sinister chuckle.

He had work to do.

A monster to defeat.

Minor terrorism was it's own kind of exhilarating, found Fundy.

He stifled his giggles as he poured the poison into the lake surrounding the lake the community house was built upon.

He had wasted a lot of the green liquid to get the job done, but now he could clearly smell the rotten scent of poison and his slight night vision allowed him to see how the fish and corals were dying in the moonlight.

It made him feel a slightly crazed form of happiness.

He's doing a good job. Making his pack proud and defending their territory.

Destroying things always left people with a certain kind of giddiness, and now he felt it tenfold.

It reminded him of when he started fights over a potato simply for the fun of it.

He tried to learn Tommy's ways of causing chaos and he was quite sure he was doing a good job following his uncle's footsteps in this regard.

He made a happy hop when he threw the final poison bottle into the lake before skipping away to where he knew a crop farm was.

He was going to tramp the plants and dig holes in his fox form before poisoning the ground.

That sounded like *so much fun*.

Niki was dancing.

She was twirling.

She was grinning and laughing as she moved to a melody only she could hear.

Twisting through the dark of the night, safe with her new armour and hidden by the color of her new clothes she felt alive in a way she hadn't in quite a while.

L'Manburg, as much as she loved it, was exhausting.

She had felt more and more tired and worn down each day within these walls.

She still loved them, but it was a bitter love that scratched at her mind and cracked her soul.

She wanted to leave, sometimes. When it got too much and all she could think about was the impending doom of war.

But now, as she was dancing underneath the moon and stars, *she was Doom*.

Niki slipped into the next house without a problem and started searching for the food supply and seeds.

When she found the storage chests, she smiled sweetly and grabbed some of the better stuff. The golden fruits and vegetables. The fresh bread and preserved meats.

And then she tipped over the chests and piled up everything they didn't need and set it ablaze.

If the fire spread, then she would have grieved whoever's home she was inside.

And if it didn't, then they wouldn't get to eat for a while.

The knowledge filled her with a special kind of joy. The knowledge that she could provide for her friends, her *family* , and those people couldn't.

Happily smiling she snuck out of the house and danced back into the dark.

There was so much she could take from others tonight, instead of it being taken from her.

Eret wouldn't have thought that grieving other peoples builds was this much *fun*.

But as they were taking hard to get and valuable blocks, flooding basements and spreading cobwebs and destroying whatever he *knew* was hard to build, she felt like he could laugh.

They knew his friends probably didn't have that kind of restraint, but she didn't want to give himself away.

So here they were. Desperately trying to muffle his laughter as she destroyed the intricately crafted tank on top of the Community House.

Watching how the fish were stranded or flushed down into the poisoned lake with a cat-like type of interest.

If this was war, it wasn't all that bad, they guessed.

Tubbo was having the time of his life. He wiped the sweat and dirt off his face with a proud grin.

He actually stole the idea from Dream, but it was too good of a chance to not make use of it.

While the others had been resting and sewing in preparation for their big nightly heist, Tubbo had gone out again and worked his ass off to collect and create a special kind of surprise for Dream and his followers.

He continued to giggle like a madman while he kept expanding his tunnels and placing down his hard earned blocks.

TNT, truly, such a beautiful idea. He couldn't wait to blow everything up tomorrow.

It's something only Tubbo and Tommy knew.

Just because he usually is the calmer out of the two of them, it means by no way that he's harmless.

Really, it's actually more of the opposite.

(Not that they'd ever tell anyone.)

Pets would always hold a special place in everybody's heart.

It's so sad when they die.

So much worse when they are gruesomely murdered.

Jack watched how Eret and Fundy ruined the Community House and the lake surrounding it with interest, while also keeping half an eye on the pet-shed that he had set on fire.

The dogs and foxes were panicking and trying to claw their way out while barking and yipping at a high volume to attract attention.

Jack knew that nobody would come, and if they did, it would be too late for the animals anyway.

The smoke inhalation, mixed with the overheating, plus the fact that they had all injured each other in their reckless scrambling for safety, would do them in anyway.

He watched for a bit more before noticing two fishes with small tags sliding down into the poisoned water from the roof.

There were just two tagged fishes in the Community House.

Beckerson and Mars.

He grinned and bridged over to the two dying fish to pluck them out of the lake.

Those two deserved to be seen.

Purpled wasn't quite sure why he had decided to join L'Manburg in their war when they actually gave him the perfect out with their promise to buy him off.

But something made him think he wouldn't regret it.

And he'd been right.

The feeling of getting swept along in a group, a unit, was certainly *something* and anything but bad.

He'd always seen himself as more of a lone-wolf, but when he'd seen the black covert-ops uniform just for himself, with some purple accents and purple thread and a UFO beneath the L'Manburg flag?

He'd been filled with so much nostalgia and happiness — he knew he'd made the right choice.

And so, here he was. Purple spray can in one hand and netherite pickaxe in the other.

He would *ruin* the Courthouse.

And he would enjoy every. Single. Second of it.

Standing on top of a hill, watching the chaos spread and unfold was something special and great in all the right ways.

Seeing the Community House so thoroughly *wrecked* and knowing he wouldn't get accused of doing it this time?

Satisfying as *fuck*.

Tommy felt like this hill he had built his home and tower atop was the highest point of the entire Server.

He *loved* it.

Feeling in control, finally. Feeling like a King, knowing he had so many fates in the palm of his hands.

But he wouldn't be like Dream. No. He would do *good*. He was the **hero** of the story, after all.

And now he just had to make sure the villain would never rise.

The sky was still black and blue. Dirty grey hues and the faintest yellow mists were the only indicator that dawn would be upon them sometime in the future.

L'Manburg welcomed her soldiers back into her walls with open arms. Wilbur was still sleeping in the Commander's Tent next to the Van, not even knowing that they had been gone for the night.

Niki was gushing to the boys and men surrounding her how much of a fun time she had, dancing in the moonlight and burning whatever mediocre supplies she could find. Destroying other people's hard work and only leaving her own behind.

Fundy was chattering away with his tail swishing wildly behind him in his excitement.

He had poisoned almost the entire water supply of the Greater Dream SMP on his own.

He was so proud of himself for accomplishing so much within just a few hours.

Jack was boasting about all his kills as well. All the farm animals and pets he got rid off for good.

Neither Eret nor Purpled nor Tubbo spoke. But they didn't need to, with the other members of their unit talking so much and with their satisfied smirks and grins spread over their faces telling everything that needed to be said.

When Fundy asked Tubbo what the younger boy had done since he hadn't seen him at all, the blonde simply pointed at a single button placed inside the L'Manburg wall.

"It's a tiny little surprise to wake Dream up, you know.", explained the smallest of their group with a glint in his eyes that promised it would be spectacular.

The clouds showed first shades of yellow and white, heralding the dawn that would bring war upon the land when Tommy finally arrived.

He had taken off his helmet and held it beneath one arm, his hair was tousled and he wore a crooked smirk on his lips, parts of his face were sprayed with blood and a big part of his chestplate, too.

His sword was still dripping in his other hand.

They all just *knew* it was human blood.

"You look like you fucking slaughtered someone.", commented Tubbo dryly.

Purpled shook his head with an amused chuckle.

"So messy. You could have done so much better."

Jack whistled at the sight.

"Damn, man. Which poor sap did you run across that they deserved *that* ."

Tommy barked a laugh and placed the helmet down to clean it, before he started to take off his chest plate with blood stained fingers.

"Just another warning for Dream, guys. Nothing bad about it. They still had three lives before they were confronted with the biggest man alive!", joked the blonde with success - the others snorted and rolled their eyes at his comment.

"I hope you all had fun? Got something outta this? A bit of *minor terrorism* is quite nice, innit?"

He gained quiet cheers and nodded sagely.

"Yea, that's what I thought.

Anyways, guys. We have a hard day of work and a stressful night behind us. I reckon we all should try to get at least a bit of shuteye before the fight today. All our hard work would be for nothing if we can't even stand because we're tired."

They decided to sleep in their uniforms and just take off their armour.

Tommy vanished for a bit and returned slightly wet but cleaned up and his armour also had no more blood on it.

They knew they would maybe have two hours - three, if time and the other members of the Server had mercy on them - but most of them were still jittery and pumped from the adrenaline and had a hard time falling asleep.

But after a while more and more eyes closed and deep breaths filled the Bunker.

None of them even *thought* about returning to the Van to sleep on the floor in a calming and familiar but uncomfortable cuddle pile.

Wilbur awoke alone in the tiny tent he had built for the last night. He had wanted to separate himself a bit from his soldiers in preparation for the battle that was about to start.

Change and Doom hung in the air and he couldn't help but anticipate what the day would bring.

If everything went right then it would be L'Manburg that was in a position of power, and then Wilbur would finally be in control.

But when he went to the Van... nobody was inside.

A bit of searching confirmed: the entire interior of L'Manburg's walls had been deserted. Nobody but him in the land they had claimed.

It sent a jolt of fear through his mind.

Did - did they *abandon him on his great day?!*

Ohhhh – he was going to have a ***word*** with Tommy if that was the case! His own little brother leaving him behind and alone to die!

But before he could get actually worked up about his mens betrayal, a sound ripped him out of his thoughts.

It was faint. Carried by the wind for miles and Wilbur was barely able to hear it at all.

It sounded like... he closed his eyes and stayed still, straining his hearing as much as possible – it sounded like... screaming. And wails. Desperate and purely human in a raw and animalistic sense.

Somebody was out there, overflowing with rage and grief.

Wilbur hastily climbed the wall to look over the hill to the Greater Dream SMP and he saw *destruction* .

Houses had been grieved and torn apart and burnt.

Plants were gone, missing, wilted.

He couldn't see much from so far away, but he was sure there were items and tools strewn all over the ground, broken.

He was sure fields had been trampled and food had been spoiled.

Whoever had done that was cruel, merciless, and violent.

It repulsed him.

He heard shuffling and rustling from beneath him and looked down to see all his soldiers and *Purpled* (for some reason) climb the wall as well.

They wore black uniforms and full Netherite armour and had swords and axes and crossbows and quivers hanging from their belts and bows slung over their shoulders and tridents strapped to their backs.

The only indicator that they belonged to L'Manburg at all was a tiny embroidery of the flag on their sleeves.

"What is the meaning of this?!", barked the man as soon as the soldiers stood on top of the wall next to him.

Tubbo had the gall to look at him in total confusion, tilting his head slightly to the side.

"We're winning the war for L'Manburg's independence?"

"You're not wearing your uniform, you're disobeying *direct orders* by carrying your weapons and being in armour! This is **treason**!"

Tommy groaned.

"Calm down, Wilbur. We'll take off our armour and lay down our weapons as soon as the war is won. It shouldn't take very long."

Niki gave him a reassuring smile.

"Don't worry. We've got it all planned out."

Fundy, his son, his very own beloved son patted his arm with an excited grin.

"Yes, Dad. You'll get your L'Manburg, just like you always wanted! Isn't that great?"

Eret, Purpled and Jack nodded along and he could feel the sky bearing down on him.

This... this wasn't the **plan** . This wasn't how the story should **go** . This was the *exact opposite* of what he was aiming for.

Tubbo and Tommy, stood next to each other with bright smiles and he felt a shiver go down his spine.

It - it was *their* plan.

It *had* to be their plan!

"Traitors!", hissed the poet but nobody paid attention to him. Merely rolling their eyes and chuckeling good naturedly.

"You're overreacting, Wil. This is all for you, after all.", mused Eret and made the other man freeze.

He... did not want *this*.

But when he looked at the group, at the *unit* in front of him. He knew that fight was long lost.

So he gritted his teeth and straightened his back. If he was going to have to endure being a prisoner of his own men, then he'd do it with dignity.

They stood there and watched the tiny dots that were people move between houses in the distance.

A certain green spot was moving in their direction.

And then Tommy side eyed Tubbo with a vicious grin.

"I think it's time we wake 'em up for good, right, Big T?"

Tubbo laughed and walked over to a button that Wilbur hadn't even noticed before.

"How right you are, Toms. Let's blow this popsicle stand.", singsonged the smaller of the duo, standing right next to the button.

"For our victory! For our L'Manburg!", exclaimed Tubbo proudly, saluting.

"For L'Manburg!", cheered the entire group, following suit in raising their hands to salute.

Tubbo hit the button.

And the ground **shook** as a plume of dust shot into the air blocking out the faint light of the morning, soon followed by the rumbling and growling of an explosion.

And all Wilbur could do was **watch**.

Dream had woken up early, nervous anticipation mixed with apprehensive excitement flooding his system and leaving him jittery and wired, ready to run and fight.

He was used to that feeling. He's been in a lot of competitions, went through more than one Manhunt. His body knew how to react to an oncoming fight.

But when he left his base and made his way to his SMP, he found himself faced with a sight he simply wasn't prepared for.

Everything had been destroyed. Houses were half burnt and torn down and covered in Graffiti and had obviously been grieved.

There were holes of Creeper explosions in all of the paths and ways and planes.

The fields he walked by were trampled and dug up and *rotten* and when he reached the Community House, he found himself faced with absolute and brutal destruction.

It was almost *gone* . Some wet blocks and wood floating in the odd-smelling water were the only indicators the house had ever been there in the first place.

The... the pet-shed had been burned down. Two dried out fish carcasses were lying in front of it. They had tiny tags on their fins.

Beckerson and Mars.

All the dogs and foxes... burnt to death.

Both their fish. Left to suffocate.

He looked down into the lake they had built the Community House upon.

The water once had been clear enough to look straight down at the bottom of the lake, now it was muddled and he could barely see all the dead fish lying on the already rotting ground.

Poison.

The thought struck fear in him.

If they went as far as to poison the Community lake, what else had been poisoned?!

He stumbled away from the body of spoiled water and ran towards Sapnap's home.

He found his friend angrily searching through chests, swearing up a storm.

"Sap- Sapnap. What, what *happened?!* ", gasped Dream when he saw the entrance to the underwater basement flooded with the deadly water.

"I don't fucking know, man! But I must have pissed someone off really hard. They took *everything* ! Like. They didn't even leave me my **water bottles**! What the Nether, man?! What could they even do with some stupid water bottles?! I live right next to a perfectly fine lake and shit—"

" ***nO!*** Sapnap! Don't drink the water!"

His friend startled at Dream's panicked shout but he couldn't find it in himself to care.

Better Sapnap being a bit confused than *dead* .

"Why? Dream. What is wrong with the water?!"

He gulped.

"You already drank it...", whispered the Admin in a dreaded realization.

"Dream! *What is wrong with the water?!"*

"Oh **Prime** ... You're going to die. It's poisoned and you drank it and now you're going to *die*.
"

"Wh- what do you mean it's **Poisoned?!** ", screeched the blaze hybrid, scared.

Dream couldn't fault him.

He swallowed.

"Someone... someone grieved the entire SMP. They destroyed *everything* . No animals alive. No plants left. All buildings were vandalized. Every single body of water was poisoned. And they probably took our entire supplies."

Sapnap swayed, going pale and slapping a hand in front of his mouth.

"Oh fuck.", mumbled his friend, before his eyes rolled back and he collapsed to the side.

Dream lurched forward and fell to his knees next to the other man.

" *Please just have fainted. Please just have fainted. Please just have fainted.*", pleaded the masked man desperately as he searched for a pulse and listened for breathing.

Nothing.

A look down at Sappnap's wrist and witnessed the first of the three hearts turning grey.

Dread sunk into his guts.

Whoever did this to them also killed Sappnap.

A knock at the door had him rip his head around, teeth already bared beneath his mask and every single muscle tense in case he needed to fight to protect himself and his respawning friend whose body had dissolved by now.

Instead he was faced with a pale, trembling and bloody Gero in stained and dripping clothes. There was a death scar stretched across his entire throat, making it look like someone had tried to chop his head off and just stopped when they were almost done.

Dream's stomach twisted uncomfortably at the sight and his eyes finally started to burn with unshed tears.

"George...", breathed the Admin when he saw the hint of grey on his friend's wrist.

"What did they do to you?"

George grimaced and stumbled into the room, still weak on his newly reformed legs.

"Killed me in my sleep.", rasped the brunette and sat down clumsily, right next to his best friend, and leaned against Dream.

"I remember blurs of it. Stabbed me through the chest, woke me up. And then...", he trailed off, shuddering, before muttering one word,

"... Axe."

A sob forced its way out of Dream's chest.

He... he didn't *understand* . Why Sapnap? Why *George*?! Why did it have to be his best friends?!

"I... woke up in a pool of my own blood.", muttered George next to him, staring numbly at the wooden floor planks that were still there.

"The... the entire *room* was bloody. They sprayed it everywhere."

He did the only thing he could think of and hugged his friend as close as physically possible. The drying and cooling blood soaking his clothes be damned! Making sure George was fine was so much more important!

"Dream. I... I don't think I can fight today. Not after *that* . I'd just... freeze up, if I saw a weapon coming at me.", admitted his friend quietly.

His entire being ground to a halt at that.

Right. They... they had a war to finish... today. There had been a battle planned.

How... *awfully* inconvenient that exactly this day was the one when someone grieved the *entire* Greater SMP and killed both of his best friends.

He could feel the nausea in his stomach turn into boiling, bubbling anger, making his blood freeze over in his veins with calculating hatred.

"Those *motherfucking bastards* .", growled the masked man and held his friend even tighter as the pieces started to slot together into a bigger picture in his mind.

"Ohh~ I'm going to kill them. I'm going to take each of their fucking lives and get them out of here for good they're going to regret the day they decided to take a step onto the grounds of *my* Server!"

He was hissing and spitting.

His grip around George was tightening.

He could hear his friend trying to speak to him on some distant level, but he couldn't comprehend it.

So those assholes thought they could just walz into *his* realm and claim it as their *own*?! They wouldn't know what **hit them** once he blew up their precious "*Country*" **once and for all!**

A cough ripped him out of his thoughts and a quick glance showed him Sapnap fully respawned in his bed.

He quickly let go of George and scrambled over to his other friend, helping the Blaze Hybrid to sit up in bed, gently patting his back to help him get used to breathing again.

A groan made him look back at George who was struggling to get on his feet.

dying and Respawning honestly **sucked** . They all knew that *too well* .

When you died pumped full with hormones to keep you running it was bearable.

But when you weren't prepared? When your body couldn't get itself high enough to handle what was about to come with some chemical cocktail of its own making?

You were **fucked** .

Just like George and Sapnap were right now.

Dream rushed back over to George and dove under his friend's arm to stabilize him and take most of his weight, helping him to Sapnap's bed and laying him down as well.

It left blood stains on the pillows, mattress and blanket. Sapnap was grimacing from the unpleasant feeling of the sticky, cold, wet substance that was clinging to George. But Dream would give him a new bed later.

By Prime and everything that was holy to him, he'd make his friends a *hundred* beds if that was what it would take to keep them safe!

But for now he had to take care of some fucking manchildren who had walked straight over any kind of line he'd drawn.

"You both sleep. Get rest. Recover from your Respawns. I'll take care of our little *L'Manchild problem* myself."

Sapnap was already out of it again, snoring a bit and curled up comfortably, but George didn't let Dream go that easily.

"Wait, Dream! They did all of *this* . Whatever Wilbur was talking about with his '*No violence*' stuff, it's obviously not the rule anymore. It's too dangerous to go there alone!"

"I'm a good fighter, George. I can take them."

"You're good at ambushes and picking people off groups in one v one fights, Dream. *You* 're going to **them** this time, not the other way around. This is a *battlefield* you're walking into. You'll have five or six highly violent soldiers run straight at you!"

"**THEY HURT YOU, GEORGE!** And they hurt Sapnap! I can take them! I won't let them get away with it! I **will** win!"

He could see the uncertain and betrayed expression on his friend's face and it made him *angry* .

"Just give them what they want, Dream.", pleaded George, not wanting his friend to suffer as well, "And this all will be over with. You don't *have* to risk your lifes for this."

"I can't give them what they want!", argued the masked man heatedly,

"Separating the SMP is going to cause even *more* conflict! And I can't allow them to think that they're in control and can do whatever they want just because they act out! I have to keep them on a tight leash, or else they'd destroy even more of our hard work!

... I'll see you later, George, when the war is won."

He was already fully decked out for a fight. But not even wearing his armour could have reminded him that they were about to go to war after what he just saw.

But here he was, on his way to defeat L'Manburg or go down trying. They hurt, they *killed* his friends! That was unacceptable!

He closed the door behind himself carefully and started walking.

As much as he wanted to sprint the entire way to get to L'Manburg faster and get this over with, he'd need to preserve all the energy he could. Especially since he signed himself up for a one v six.

But he would win. He could win. He was one of the best fighters known in all the Servers.

And so he kept walking. Hying himself up and reassuring himself as much as he could, untill:

It happened about halfway to his destination.

A deep rumble shaking the ground, the vibrations hitting his feet and nipping at his legs, making him stumble.

A chain of far away pangs slowly growing louder behind him had him whirl around, eyes widening behind his mask when he saw the plume of dust rising to the sky and connected it to the noise.

Explosions.

Those... those were explosions. That had to be *a lot* of TNT.

The final explosion before everything was *quiet* went off in the distance and he could *see* how it tore up a part of Prime Path and stumbled away.

That was his *home* . They just — they just blew up his **home!**

What the fuck?!

And then a new realization hit him.

George and Sapnap had been in there .

Oh Prime! George and Sapnap had been in there!

"No... no! NO! FUCKING DAMNIT! NO! YOU ASSHOLES! YOU FUCKING ASSHOLES!!! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!!! YOU FUCKED UP! FUCK!"

He allowed himself a few minutes to rage at thin air, screaming and screeching and sobbing as he swung his axe wildly in lethal arcs while tears blurred his vision beyond comprehension.

And once he was done he stilled, panting heavily and silently crying.

That would be their second lives. Both of his best friends were on only one heart by now. They lost two chances to live in the span of a day. And he still had all three.

He continued his way to **L'Manburg** , half jogging half running, he didn't have the nerves to keep something like *endurance* on his mind.

He wanted to get there and *butcher* them. Rip out their throats and cut out their hearts and **make them *pay*** for what they had done!

He reached the black imposing walls and saw them standing up there, looking down on him.

Wilbur was still in his ridiculous Revolution Parade Uniform Costume.

But the rest?

They were dressed for a **war**. All in black and full Netherite, their weapons on the ready and glowing with enchantments.

He couldn't see their faces because of the helmets, but a quick headcount showed that they had some addition to their ranks.

It made him want to rage again.

They were fucking hypocrites and, what?! They called **him** unfair?! A tyrant?! Dictator?! Monster?!

If their actions hadn't been anything but *monstrous*, he didn't know what else to call it!

"COME DOWN HERE AND FIGHT ME, YOU COWARDS!"

A lanky figure leaned over to the smallest one.

They stood close to Wilbur.

Dream squinted to identify any defining features.

That had to be Tubbo and Tommy.

Eret stood behind Tommy and Wilbur. They had taken off her glasses and Dream could see the white glowing eyes easily.

Fundy wasn't hard to recognize with his fox Hybrid features and Niki, while the clothing did a good job of concealing her stature, just had a slightly more feminine silhouette.

Jack was obviously easy to identify, simply by ruling out who wasn't him.

Now there just was the question of who their new mystery member was.

His mind flashed back to when he passed the Court House.

It had been *covered* in purple graffiti.

He compared their height to the other people around them, yep. That was Purpled.

"FUCKING FIGHT ME ALLREADY YOU HYPOCRITICAL ASSHOLES! YOU KILLED THEM! YOU KILLED *GEORGE!* "

Tubbo nodded at Tommy who straightened out of his leaned position and walked closer to the edge of the wall to address Dream.

The Admin didn't hesitate, he grabbed his bow and an arrow out of his Inventory, and aimed a shot at the young teen.

Tommy ducked to the side effortlessly.

Dream could hear upset and offended shouting but he didn't care. They had it coming.

"Okay, okay. That one was on me. But still. What the fuck, man?!", called the youngest down from the wall.

Dream scowled and wished he had listened to his friends when they joked that he should have a collection of masks with different emotions.

He'd give a lot to look *murderous* right now.

"Listen, Bitch. We have no problem fighting you. But we want you to set your spawn close by. Because otherwise you'd just fucking bail once you realize you're losing!"

Dream growled.

Did they honestly think he'd just throw this fight and *run*?!

He was too fucking mad to just abandon his mission!

"Then throw a fucking bed down here and fight me already!!!"

The bed was dropped from the balustrade of the wall and the entire group vanished into their city on their way down.

Dream noted how Fundy and Eret escorted Wilbur.

Fucking figgures! The enderdamned *poet* lost control over his men! What had Wilbur even *thought* when he started this *revolution* of his?!

Dream placed the bed angrily together with his Enderchest and set his spawn.

Like this, he'd be able to return to the fight immideraly, *should* someone be able to kill him. Disorientation and phantom pains be damned!

He took a look at the contents of his Enderchest. Another set of armour. Another sword and axe, a couple of arrows. Spirit. Some potions.

Good enough. Not perfect, he hadn't thought of creating an actual battle-chest. But good enough.

Now all he had to do was kill some assholes to reclaim his land and avenge his friends.

Tommy felt positively *giddy* when he took a step away from the castellation of their wall.

Dream swallowed the Spawning idea *hook, line, and sinker* .

The Admin was so *out of it* ! It was great and fucking hilarious!

Tubbo heaved a breath beside him and Tommy patted his best friends back.

The smaller did a great job acting like the leader. It was easy to see why he'd been the final choice for presidency after the second revolution.

"The plan is going perfectly so far.", stated Tommy with a proud undertone in his voice.

"We trust you all still know your parts in this.", reprimanded Tubbo which had everyone nodding.

"Fundy and I will bring Wilbur to the Bunker to keep the Commander safe until the war is won.", recited Eret their part of the plan. He felt honoured when Tommy decided to entrust her with such an important piece to gain victory.

"And then we'll use the Tunnels to leave for the greater SMP and collect Sapnap and George on their way from Spawn.", finished Fundy with an excited grin.

Wilbur looked at them in shock and opened his mouth to protest, but Tommy cut him off with a finger placed over his brother's parted lips.

"Shh, Wilby. This is all for you, and for the greater good. Leave the fighting to the soldiers.", the teen straightened out with a sickly sweet smile,

"Bring him to safety.

Do your Job. May Prime bless you, and Lady Death allow you to see another day. We're going out."

They stormed down the stairs with and drew their weapons, and adorned their shields as soon as they found themselves in front of the gates.

They'd all charge Dream at the same time.

Tommy was honestly hoping to get a good hit in and skewer the man through the stomach from his back.

And maybe, if his Mom was really smiling down on him, she'd even give him a chance to take aim for Dream's throat with a bow at some later point as well.

He was a bit tempted to stray from the plan to allow Dream to duel for the Greater Dream SMP's existence, but the phantom pains of a scar that did no longer exist and the feeling of drowning in his own blood didn't allow the thought to form much further. The chance of Dream winning was too high for his liking.

"For L'Manburg!", shouted the teen and rushed out of the walls protection.

The others repeated his battlecry, going right after him.

Dream stood in the middle of the burnt down field where the forest had been.

Tommy would have to find L'Mantree once the war was won. Show it to the others and make sure they'd keep it safe this time. That tree was important.

He was the first one to reach Dream, their swords clashed with a loud metallic *clang* ringing out over the battlefield, and then Tubbo blurred past him, tackling Dream away and going close in hope to stab the Admin where his armour didn't protect him.

The masked man flung the small teen away and Tommy had to catch Tubbo so that his friend wouldn't bowl him over.

Jack ran at Dream with a scream, axe held high, but got shot in the middle of the chestplate with a crossbow, which had him stumble away.

But Jack had been a good distraction for Purpled and Niki.

First an arrow buried itself in Dreams unprotected part around the elbow, then Purpled shot out from behind the Admin and managed to graze his lower back with a dagger before the masked man backed away and swung his sword at the teen, who was able to dodge beneath the oncoming blade, going close once more, aiming for the unprotected section of the lower middle, this time, the boy was able to strike and Dream stumbled away with a gasp.

Before the soldiers were full able to collect themselves after this first exchange, Dream started *sprinting* towards the entrance of L'Manburg at close to inhuman speed while pulling out his pickaxe and a flint and steel.

He dug down two blocks while the L'Manburgian army ran after him.

But... where his TNT had been buried as a backup plan to force the group of rebels to retreat into Eret's Bunker... there was *nothing*.

He stared down at the empty space unbelievably, but snapped out of it fast to keep running.

He'd just burn down the Van or something like that.

But even though he was fast to collect himself, it wasn't fast enough.

The man gasped when a burning, blinding *pain* spread through his back and insides, forcing his legs to give out beneath him.

He fell backwards against a solid form and felt the *sword* pierce through his front as well.

It *hurt* .

He was left panting and tears stinging in his eyes in the arms of his killer.

And it hadn't even been that much of a fight.

"Don't worry, Dream. We fixed our little Explosives problem. Thank you for giving Tubbo that idea, it made my plans **a lot** easier.", breathed Tommy against his ear and sent violent shivers down the elders spine.

That was Tommy's sword through his gut.

The boy continued to hold him close and he could hear cheering in the background when the other soldiers saw that Tommy had slain him.

The only thing keeping Dream alive was the piece of metal stuck in his body. But he'd die either way. Like this it would only take longer.

He tried to struggle against the teens hold to end this faster, but Tommy fucking *shushed* him and kept holding him like they were **friends** or some shit!

At least let me die in dignity you asshole!

He tried to rasp out those words but only spit up blood instead.

"You're going to pay, Dream. I'll make sure of it. But don't worry .", whispered Tommy,

"We'll have so. Much. Fun."

And then the kid twisted the blade and left Dream screaming and writhing on the ground.

Stepping away from the dying admin to receive back-pats from his comrades.

Dream groaned and closed his eyes, letting his head lull to the side as his strength left his body with his blood.

He'd... he'd just attack them as soon as he'd respawned.

They wouldn't anticipate him to strike back immediately.

Dream was slain by TommyInnit with "The Blade"

Dream woke up wired to continue the fight but slightly disoriented and off-kilter.

But that wasn't anything he wasn't used to, so he simply rushed to scramble for his Enderchest to get his second set of armour and weapons for round two.

But as soon as he reached for the lid of the chest, cold metal was placed against the side of his neck and had him freeze.

"Well, that was faster than anticipated.", mentioned Tubbo amusedly and whoever held the sword to Dream's unprotected neck nudged him to lift his head a bit higher.

"Huh. Figgures that he'd respawn with his mask. Was kinda hoping to see his ugly mug, if I'm being honest. A bit disappointing, innit.", commented Tommy dryly, which had Dream grit his teeth.

There went his plan for a second round.

Fuck them!

"Oh Prime, this is priceless!", laughed Jack. Dream refused to look away from the spot on the horizon his eyes were fixed on.

"He's growling! He's actually growling! Like some feral animal!"

Rot in the End you fucking Bastards! Fucking Wankers! Shitty good for nothing Noobs! Damned CUNTS!

He kept on cursing his captors out in his head.

"Niki. Please be so nice and put this rabid dog down for us.", ordered Tubbo and Dream didn't even have the time to *tense*.

One second he had a sword against his neck, the next it was gone, and not even a moment later warmth spilled down his front and filled his lungs.

The burning took a bit to set in.

She had shot him in the throat.

He collapsed forward, gargling and sputtering as his mouth and lungs filled with his own blood.

The world faded to black a lot faster this time.

The last thing he was able to hear was Purpled saying:

"Eret just messaged me. They're almost here, and Fundy is guarding their company."

He wondered who would arrive.

Dream was shot by Niki Nihachu with "Rifle"

"Here I was. Thinking I'd be in for a great and glorious fight. An epic battle against **Dream** ! ... and then I spent most time of it sitting around a bed with my friends, playing cards.",

tells Jack Manifold in a flourish before switching over to the most deadpan voice he could muster,

"I mean. Not that I'm complaining! Losing another round of Poker to Tubbo is a lot better than getting shanked by Dream! But... it's a bit... anticlimactic?"

Tubbo snorted and placed his two cards down with a grin that had all the others groan.

Jack hadn't been wrong when he said that Tubbo was on a bit of a winning streak.

"If you wanna make it a bit more daring we can add some rules. Like the winner picking some kind of dare for the losers.", offered the small teen innocently.

Tommy rolled his eyes with a huff and pushed his best friend's head away.

"We're idiots, Tubbo, but not stupid. Plus, Dream should wake up any second now. Niki, could you please go and collect Wilbur?"

As soon as the woman had saluted with a nod and stood up, a groan could be heard from the bed next to them.

Yeah, dying twice in a row with so little time in between was fucking painful. Tommy would know.

Suck it up, green Bitch~!

Jack blinked at Tommy's accuracy.

"O-kay. That was scary.", muttered the man and started collecting their cards.

Purpled stood up and stretched with a satisfied groan.

This last hour had been fucking boring. It had been kinda interesting when Fundy and Eret arrived with George and Sapnap, arms tied up behind their backs and muffled, for the two to see how their best friend dissolved after having drowned in his own blood.

There had been a lot of screaming, crying and evil glares involved.

By now the two men were sitting calmly on the ground at the foot of the bed.

They were probably regretting waking up for this day.

"Wakey wakey, Dreamy-poo~ it's time to face the consequences of your actions~", singsonged Tommy and that simply had *no right* to sound as wrong and creepy as it did!

It was quite the horrible situation for the Admin to wake up to.

Two lives down, just like his best friends. His Inventory empty.

And captured by the enemy, which was emphasized by the fact that his wrists were bound together in front of him (a precaution that Tommy took as soon as it was possible).

Both of his friends were also restrained and detained.

His country had been blown up and no one would come to rescue the three of them.

"Tommy. Let us go."

"Hmmm. Nope. We've won this war fair and square, Dream. And now we get to make the demands and collect the spoils.", explained Tommy, before grabbing the rope between the man's wrists and used it to drag him upwards in the bed, and then towards the edge,

"Now come, up you go. Might enjoy the time you have left with Sapnap and your precious Gogy while it lasts."

With that, Dream found himself thrown on top of both of his friends.

All members of the Dream Team groaned when the impact zapped through their freshly regrown nerves painfully. They were tangled in an ungraceful heap, cutting off each others air and hitting the others with flailing limbs as they tried to move themselves into a semi-decent position with their restricted mobility.

They could hear the soldiers laughing and jeering around them.

It was humiliating.

"We're back!", called Niki from the walls, one of her hands was grasped firmly around Wilbur's arm. The man looked highly uncomfortable and leaned as far as possible from the woman, but it was obvious that the former Commander had already given up on the idea of regaining control over his troops.

When Niki saw the three men on the ground it startled a laugh out of her.

"Oh my, I didn't imagine they'd be *that happy* to see each other again. How cute!"

It sent the other soldiers back into another laughing fit.

The only one standing who wasn't laughing was Wilbur, who sent the three men who had managed to sort themselves by now a pitying and apologetic look.

Sapnap looked away resolutely, George gave the poet a weak and sad smile, and Dream tilted his head a bit, acknowledging the apology and dismissing it in the same small gesture.

Tubbo clapped his hands with a happy grin on his face and strode forward, Tommy fell in place right next to his smaller friend.

"We'll then, with all of us here, I think it's time to proclaim L'Manburg's victory for good."

Immediately all the soldiers fell in line behind the two friends, putting on a rather impressive and menacing display, even if there were only five of them, in their black uniforms, and full Netherite armour and weaponry.

Wilbur was left standing a bit away from the military he founded, and even further away from the sitting Dream Team.

All alone in his uniform. A remnant of the past at this point, he knew. When people would think of L'Manburg in the future, they would think of full-black combat-wear with a tiny flag on one sleeve.

Soldiers, no revolutionaries.

"This whole plan went down splendidly! I have to thank you all so much for helping Tommy, Eret and I to make L'Manburg become reality.",

Tubbo addressed his Unit first, who bashfully tried to wave off the praise,

"Nonsense! Without your hard work nothing of this would have been doable! Accept the compliment!"

Dream stared at Eret who stood proudly, with his head held high between Fundy and Purpled, right in the middle of the row, positioned just in the right way that it almost looked like she was standing between Tommy and Tubbo.

Eret had decided to betray him for L'Manburg. To give up *Kingship* for something so brutal and disgusting.

They smirked at him and lowered their head a bit, flashing him a glimpse of her glowing eyes over his shades without falling out of position.

"*Traitor!*" , hissed the masked man and Eret's smirk spread wider.

Tubbo startled a bit at the exchange, but then *recognition* flashed through his eyes and an amused look settled on his face.

The other soldiers around Eret threw each other confused and weary looks.

"Oh, don't worry Dream. We know that. Eret was so nice to admit to it and then proceeded to help us as an advisor to make plans for defeating you. So... they're no real traitor, in the end.", explained Tubbo cheerfully, which had the unit's shoulders sagging ever so slightly with relief before they were able to compose themselves.

"Anyways, with that out of the way—"

Eret and Tubbo looked at Tommy in shock. It was for purely different reasons, but still the same expression.

Eret's mouth was wide open and their shades had slipped off her nose a bit.

He was still trying to comprehend what Tommy told her.

Time travel .

*Not a Nightmare. But **Time Travel** .*

*And the boy, who was actually mentally roundabout **nineteen** , wanted to create a better future.*

Tubbo was simply shocked that Tommy would willingly tell another person about his secret.

And the reason in and on itself was stunning.

*"Y-you – you want **Me** — out of every possible option you want **Me** — to take over Kingship over the Greater SMP after the war?! I - I mean... I'm **honoured** and I'd gladly do it, but... **Me?!"***

"Yes, Eret. You. You were a great King when I was alive. You gained the position the wrong way, but you were fucking amazing at what you did. Even my Dream had to admit that. Everything went shit when you were dethroned."

They blinked at that. It was strange that Tommy just openly complimented him.

But...

"Sure. If you think that I'm able to do that, then I trust you."

Tommy grinned excitedly before looking back at Tubbo.

*"And **you** , bit T, get to take over L'Manburg!"*

*"Wait! **Me?!?** B-but. What about **Wilbur** ?! I thought we agreed that he'd be President?!"*

The tall teen nodded sagely.

"And he will be. But being President and being in Control are two entirely different things. In the end, you'll be the Commander of the Troops, and all the important members of L'Manburg are part of the Military. Wil will be there for paperwork."

The two picked leaders stared at Tommy unbelievably.

*He, once again, proved that he knew more about politics than they anticipated, even **knowing** that Tommy came from a war-heavy and conflict-ridden future.*

"As for the Dream Team. We'll split them up. Each of us will make sure one of them doesn't get out of control. Eret, you'll get Sapnap. I think he'd listen to you the most, besides, he'd throw a fit if he had to leave his familiar environment, he's the most hotheaded and volatile out of them all."

Eret nodded, that made sense.

"Tubbo. You'll get George. He's calm. He should be easy to contain within the Walls, especially when he's down to one life and cut off from Dream and Sapnap."

"Sure thing, big man. He could help Wilbur with the presidency, maybe they'll befriend each other and regulate themselves like that."

Tommy grinned. "I like the way you're thinking, big T. Now... I'll take Dream. I wanna see the green bitch in Exile. I'll make sure he's no threat once it's over."

The young teen cackled manically at the thought of having Dream throw his mask in a hole to blow it up.

Oh! He was going to give the man supplies when he behaves well, and then he'll blow that stuff up the next day no matter what happens! And maybe he'll give him new things, maybe he won't.

He thinks he's going to call it Logstedshire again. For old times sake.

"— for the safety of all of us, and to get rid of dangerous ideologies, we have decided to split the two factions of the SMP among the founding fathers of L'Manburg. Wilbur will be President of his own country, just like the plan had always been."

Tubbo's declaration that Wilbur would regain power startled all four prisoners. The mentioned founding father the most.

He'd been so sure that he would end up locked away to keep him docile, quiet and out of mind.

And yet Tubbo declared him the Ruler.

"The Kingship over the Greater SMP will go to Eret. They had nothing but the greater good on his mind the entire time and we feel safe to say that she will make a fabulous King.

"That being said, we will also split the members of the '*Dream Team*', known as: Dream, Sapnap, and GeorgeNotFound. And block any form of communication between them, to quell any plans of resistance and or rebellion.

"To separate them geographically, it has been decided that Sapnap will be placed under direct order and supervision of King Eret as a citizen of the Greater SMP.

"GeorgeNotFound is hereby declared a citizen of L'Manburg."

"And I revoke his citizenship from the Greater SMP. If he's seen on my lands, I will order for him to be killed.", announced Eret from her position on the other side of Tubbo coldly.

George gaped and looked at both his friends desperately.

He- he did not want either of them to be stuck in L'Manburg. But. Did it have to be *him* ?!

Tubbo cleared his throat to regain their attention to finish his declarations.

"And finally. It has been decided collectively that *Dream* is too dangerous to be left within the borders of the claimed lands of the SMP. He will be Exiled. From both, L'Manburg, and the Greater SMP.

TommyInnit was gracious enough to declare himself your guardian and caretaker during your Exile. He has already found a place for you to settle. He will visit you regularly, between daily and weekly, to ensure your survival and safety as well to keep you company."

Eret took a step forward with a winning smile.

"That would be all, Ladies and Gentlemen. I will invite everyone who is welcomed to my Cronation in three days.

May this new era bring the glory and peace this Server has been lacking."

Tommy had refused to untie his hands.

Dream was staring ahead numbly as they walked towards the small Docks that had been built by Tubbo a while ago.

He was pretty sure he would be crying if he were able to comprehend the situation.

But right now all that he was able to think was, that this had to be some kind of sick and twisted nightmare and that he'd soon wake up in his Base and get ready to fight L'Manburg.

The teen helped him into a boat and...

"Wait...", mumbled the Admin through a fuzzy mouth,

"W-wait. I – I didn't even get to say goodbye. And... what about my things? Won't I need them?"

He felt sick. Off centre. Dizzy.

Tommy snorted and sat down in the boat, shooting him a deadpan look as he grabbed the oars.

"I will provide you with all necessary items. That's what I'm here for. You will get everything you need, whether you know it or not. I intend to do this the right way, bitch.

As for saying Goodbye, I'd say the crying fest the three of you just had back there when we tried to take you all home was more than enough of a farewell."

"Oh...", breathed the masked man and stared down at his tied up wrists which were resting in his lap.

"And, I mean. Look at it like this. Now you get all the time to spend your days with the biggest man alive, **me!**", cheered Tommy and Dream could appreciate the effort. Really.

He just really didn't feel like joking right now.

"Why can't I just stay in house arrest or something?"

"Dream. You're too dangerous for that. Tubbo said it. Eret said it. Wilbur said so. Even *Technoblade* acknowledged you. And I have to agree."

He hummed and looked out at the vast ocean. Not a single spot for him to see which might allow him to identify where they were headed.

"Where are we going?"

His tongue felt dead in his mouth. It was kind of impressive that he was able to speak.

Tommy groaned and leaned his head back with closed eyes.

"If you really need to know. It's a nice little coast by the planes. It's close to a spruce forest and the Tundra."

"Huh... how do you know about it? You never really were an explorer."

Please just keep talking. If he kept the boy going then he'd be able to ignore what was happening.

"From another life.", answered Tommy mirthlessly, which had Dream shrink in on himself.

"Okay, keep your secrets, then.", mumbled the man with a slight pout.

The rest of their icy journey was silent after that.

"Welcome to your new home, Dream. I'll help you build a nice little place, and we'll see how to make this arrangement work tomorrow, kay?

I was thinking of naming this place Logstedshire. Whaddaya think?"

"Sure. Logstershire.", grumbled the Admin.

"Just think of this as a very long vacation.", said Tommy,

"It might help."

Dream shook his head. He was very sure *nothing* would help.

Tommy sighed, but pulled out an axe and went off in the direction of the forest he talked about and started chopping down trees.

Dream was still feeling numb.

He watched how Tommy started building a tiny wooden house and surrounded it with logs to fortify it.

The teen placed some chests and barrels along the walls and went off a bit and started building a slightly bigger cobblestone house. Which he then surrounded by cobblestone walls which he connected to one of the two openings in the log-wall.

Tommy finished his creation by placing a sign a bit away from the two houses and writing *Logstedshire* on it.

"I know it seems bad right now, Dream. But once we start connecting this place with the Greater SMP through the Nether some of your other friends can visit you. Like Sam, and BadBoyHalo. I'm sure they'd come to visit you."

...

"Good night, Tommy."

"Wake up Dream! A long day ahead of us!", yelled Tommy and dumped a bucket full of cold ocean water on top of the sleeping man.

Dream startled awake with a shout, flailing wildly until he fell out of bed in an ungraceful lump of green.

The man was left panting and gasping on the ground as his brain tried to comprehend everything happening.

Tommy didn't leave him enough time to fully understand what was going on.

The teen kicked him in the side as soon as his breathing calmed down a bit, which left the man curled up and groaning on the floor.

"C'mon, move your fuckin lazy ass already, shithead! There won't be breakfast before we get this done!"

The notion of food had Dream scrambling to get up. He'd need whatever he could get until he was able to put together some kind of farm for *something*.

Tommy led him outside and brought him up to a cliff where the teen had built a bench and placed a Jukebox at some point, right next to a nice, big tent.

A bit away from the beautiful scenery was a two blocks deep hole dug in the ground.

"Okay, let's make this clear. I'm here to help you in any way possible. Even the ways that you wouldn't think of yourself.

While Tubbo and Eret exiled you, I'm sure if you behave well enough, I might be able to convince them to allow you back. But for that *I need you at your best fucking bahaviour.* "

Dream nodded. He didn't think Tommy did have that much sway on the other side of the *fucking ocean*, no matter what everyone said, but *it was **worth a try if it brought the slightest chance of returning **Home**.***

"Good. That's good.

Now— I will give you the stuff you need. Tools, Items, Food, Armour, and I'll sometimes even give you a weapon so we can spar a bit. We don't need you to get rusty, after all. But you have to earn it. Misbehave, do something that will cause problems when I try to talk to Eret and Tubbo, and you will have to face the consequences."

Dream nodded again. More surely this time. He could do this. He could stand back for a bit and play nice to get back home.

Tommy eyed him strangely. Blue eyes finding the necklace George had pushed at him while they were being dragged apart.

It had a small mushroom, a candle, and his mask as pendants. A sign that the Dream Team had existed. That they were in this together and that they'd find back to each other once all of this was over.

"Great. Now that we're on the same page: Throw your Mask and your Necklace in the hole, Dream."

Chapter End Notes

History has it's eyes of you got a part of an ANIMATIC, guys!
Rampelxl made it and it's absolutely awesome!

[5 Dark SBI Fanfics Animatic](#)

Who Lives, who Dies...

Chapter Summary

The Trigger Warnings I can still remember:
(Tell me if I missed something, please)

Blood, Gore, Manipulation, Abuse, Suicidal Ideation

The T SMP

One of the oddest and most mysterious Servers in the big collection of Places that so many called their home in the Minecraft Multiverse.

This specific Server was infamous for its spotty history and unclear records. Someone from the T SMP had wanted to erase parts of its past and was successful in doing so.

Another widely known thing about the Server was the fact how hard it was to get inside.

Only a few people had strong enough connections to the Server's anonymous Admin or their friends to get invited.

Just asking, or even being a bit of a celebrity, certainly didn't cut it.

One very famous case of rejection had been JSchlatt who had thrown an enormous tantrum after getting *blocked* for simply requesting entry.

But here Ranboo was.

He... still wasn't quite sure how they even managed to reach this point.

It was more of a joke, honestly.

A Server with unknown and blotchy history as a home for someone with severe memory problems.

They thought it would be funny in a twisted way and so he sent in a request to be whitelisted, not expecting much, if anything at all.

But then they got the reply message that he actually had been allowed to cross the Server borders and to live there.

And now he stood in front of the entrance that would teleport them to his new home, far away from Hypixel, which was more of a... homeless shelter and train station with a big arcade than anything else.

The entry wasn't much, but still impressive.

He'd seen the entrance to 2B2T on his way here, with *hundreds* of people lingering about, waiting for their chance to slip through the in warning-signs and stay-away-posters covered double-doors to the Anarchy Server. Itching to see how they would do in the middle of an open-fire no-rules battlefield. Striving to get a look at the chaos, cruelty, and destruction that reigned the place.

The T SMP entrance on the other hand only had two flags painted on it. One was the inclusive Pride flag, the other one was made up from a black half-circle with a yellow rim and X of the same colour in the middle, three stacked stripes with the colours red, white, and blue, and two red Xs in the white middle stripe.

The door covering the portal, even though it had been painted over, was obviously made from Netherite, which was honestly a bit repulsive. Most Server entrances were simply made of wood or iron. *Maybe* gold or diamond if the Admins were daring and blunt enough.

*A tiny part of their brain, the one that sometimes was able to remember tiny details, even if he forgot the big, important stuff, whispered in their mind that **all** the Anarchy Servers have Netherite doors.*

But that was stupid. The T SMP was no Anarchy Server. *That* would be a well-known and widespread fact.

Entering an actual SMP would be a big step for Ranboo.

Although... they took a much smaller one to get through the Gateway to his new home Server.

Ranboo stood in a nice room with a light wooden floor and walls of the same material, maybe birch? The outer walls were purely built out of glass, allowing him to look at a nice forest growing outside.

It was all very bright, simplistic, modern, and welcoming.

They thought back to the rumours he heard of people who had actually managed to get into this SMP only to be greeted by an overgrown, crater-filled forest surrounded by hasty and crudely built barriers keeping them from wandering further into the lands.

If the rumours had been true at one point, like most of them tended to be to some degree, it certainly wasn't the case anymore.

Whoever worked on this welcoming area was quite talented.

He looked around for a door and found it easily, deciding to follow the path through the house.

The next room was just like the last one, but instead of being empty it had a Blackstone sculpture reading **'WELCOME'**.

Huh. That was nice.

The next door was on the other side of the sculpture room.

The new room was filled to the ceiling with chests and barrels.

Each row had an item frame placed to show what was inside.

A sign near the entrance explained:

Hello, Traveler!

Hello, new Member!

To make sure you're safe and get to civilization

in one piece and to give you a headstart, you're free to take one of each of the Items here.

Please be considerate and don't take more than one of each.

Thank yo u !

What a nice service!

A quick glance around showed that there were mainly stone tools in all of the chests.

Sword, bow, hoe, shovel, pickaxe, shield, full leather armour, *all* the boosting potions, and different sorts of food, ranging from fruits to vegetables to meats.

And all of that was given away freely upon entering the Server.

He doesn't think he's ever heard of any other Server doing that.

On the other hand, he might just not remember and this actually was a common practice.

The next room was to his right and had maps hung up on the walls.

Right in front of the doorframe stood another sign.

Hello again!

Now that you're prepared and got the necessities,

we'd advise you to read everything in this room carefully to make your first days on the T SMP easier.

Ranboo looked around to figure out where he should start but found the path to follow easily thanks to a blank map on the wall to his left.

The glass walls had been replaced by wooden walls, but there were still spacious windows expanding from the ceiling to the floor, flooding the room with natural light.

He stepped closer to the map that showed nothing but terrain.

Once again there were signs.

This is the T SMP before anyone built on it and when it was founded by the original Admin.

By now things obviously changed a bit.

The next map showed a single building atop a slightly larger lake in the middle.

The first building on the T SMP was the Community House.

It sadly got destroyed a while ago, but there's still a monument to remember it.

The next map was much more filled, with a bunch of houses spread wildly all over the place.

After a conflict with the old Admin, it had been agreed that everyone should have

their own house instead of living together in the Community House.

Oh... Oh! That made all the buildings look... sad? How close some of them were built to the original House, how many had been built far away.

The next map was bigger, showing a bit more of the land, and there, behind a hill was a small white building.

When the Htodog-Van was established, the greatest change that could have happened to the T SMP started.

The next Map had a black Wall surrounding the aforementioned Van.

L'Manburg's walls are its pride and joy, protecting the citizens and promising them to stay steady until the very End.

O-kay... now it got a bit confusing. What in the End's name was a " L'Manburg "? The Van?

But he followed the path to the last Map in the room.

The wall had been expanded, the Community House was no longer standing, there was a gigantic castle right where the lake and Community House had been, covering it completely.

Half of the houses were missing.

After the Admin left the claimed parts of the land, peace came to the Server.

And nothing big has changed since then.

Ranboo frowned.

This history '*lesson*' was mediocre at best. He had been aware that the past of the **T SMP** was spotty. But this was more filled with holes than some kinds of cheese were!

From what he was able to put together: there had been *some kind* of conflict, and the Admin and this *L'Manburg* -thingy had been involved.

That wasn't a lot.

He took the left into the next room and found walls covered in photos, paintings, and pictures.

He looked down at the room's first sign.

This room will introduce you to some members of the T SMP Server.

Nobody will be mad if you can't remember them from the very start.

The first picture to his left was of a man with white-framed black tinted goggles who held a mushroom cap in his hands. He seemed to be ready to sleep in his baggy sweater and pants. His dark hair was tousled like he had just woken up.

He looked exhausted.

George NotFound

One of the first members of this Server.

Secretary of Finances of L'Manburg

The next man had curly chocolate brown hair. He was smiling in front of a white marble building in a navy blue military uniform decorated with golden and red accents. His posture was tense and the smile forced.

Wilbur Minecraft Soot

Founder and President of L'Manburg

Sounded a bit too important for just one sentence, but... okay.

Third was a boy, probably not much older than Ranboo himself. He had blonde hair with darker roots and streaks and was grinning widely while standing on top of a black wall with a beautiful horizon in the background. He wore black clothing and full Netherite armour and held himself in a way that screamed of surety and subtle power.

He looked... nice, all things considered.

Tubbo Underscore

Founding Father of L'Manburg and Highest Commander of the L'Manburg Military

OH... oh wow. That kid had certainly already done stuff in his life! Jep, he was powerful, alright.

After that was a painting of a person with a heavy golden crown perched upon their dark curly hair. They wore shades and a red ball-gown and had a smirk curling their lips.

They were draped over a golden throne gracefully but didn't appear rude or snobbish. Maybe a bit smug.

King Eret

***A Builder, Founding Father of L'Manburg, and former General of the L'Manburg Army,
now Emperor of the Greater SMP***

Uses all Pronouns

Ah... a Builder. That explained some things. They were an interesting bunch, Builders. They were like *Gods* among Mankind for what they are able to do, and they know it.

Nobody would ever dare to annoy a Builder. They know People and Places, and they will use the power they have if you piss them off enough.

The last man on the wall had black hair. He had a bandana with a flame print on the front wrapped around his head and wore loose white clothing over skin-tight black fabric.

He was sitting on the stairs of some wooden pathway and looked at whoever took the picture angrily.

Sapnap

Arrived at the T SMP together with George NotFound

Eret's Royal Guard

Ranboo studied the man's face a bit longer. He was pretty sure that Sapnap looked unhappy underneath all that anger. But he couldn't be sure.

He glanced at the wall opposite to the exit of the room and found another person.

He wandered over to the last Introduction and found himself in front of a picture of a boy around Tubbo's age.

He was fully blonde, with some white streaks in his hair and stunning blue eyes. He wore the same black uniform as Tubbo did in his picture, he looked a lot stiffer but still at home in it. The picture had been taken in front of a Nether portal, the purple glow made the kid look almost ethereal.

His expression was... blank. No glowing happiness like Tubbo, no smug certainty like Eret, no tense weariness like Wilbur, no bone-deep exhaustion like George, and no open anger like

Sapnap. Just pure... nothing.

Tommy Minecraft Soot Innit

The long name already left Ranboo blinking.

Some of the people here didn't even have a last name, and this kid had *three* of them.

And two of those were shared with Wilbur, the President.

Were they brothers?

Founding Father of L'Manburg, second in Command of the L'Manburg Army, Advisor of King Eret, new Admin of the SMP

What the fuck?

New , as in: He got the Admin title and its powers *transferred* ?! That simply wasn't **possible**!

Servers without Admin? Sure. Admins were kinda-people, they *died* . They could decide to give up their powers and let them fade.

But *handing them over*? That was like handing someone your *heart and brain*! It shouldn't be doable!

Ranboo decided he wouldn't touch **that** issue with anything less than a fifty-foot pole and turned around to leave the Introduction room.

The final room, it had to be the last one, because this time it had an actual wooden door instead of just a door frame that led to the next room, and the glass walls were back, showing a path that led through the woods, had no pictures or maps, but there was one more chest and a bunch of signs.

Hello Traveler! Hello, new Member of our Server!

Now that you know a bit about us

and our history we'll give you some more information and a small run-down.

The T SMP is split into two factions:

L'Manburg and

The Greater SMP

Both are good places to live at and you can choose either side without consequences

and live where you are comfortable. Visit both cities, see where you feel at home.

We'd advise that you visit Eret's Castle first. The Compasses in the Chest will lead you there.

Eret tries to welcome each new arrival and would surely give you a small tour through the SMP

before guiding you to L'Manburg's White House where you can meet President Wilbur Soot

He's a busy man, so he may not have time to show you around, but he will find someone

who would be willing to introduce you to their country.

We hope you'll enjoy your stay with us so that you can become a part of our family.

That was... nice?

Ranboo honestly wasn't so sure if his decision to enter this Server had been a smart one.

They felt like he'd done something stupid by stepping onto these grounds.

But... it was too late to turn around now, wasn't it?

So they stepped in front of the chest, picked out one of the enchanted compasses, and made himself on the way to the populated areas of the **T SMP**.

After all, even if this whole thing was a bit strange and iffy and gave him some off-vibes.

It couldn't be *that bad* ... right?

"Oh. Hello there! You're new here.", called a cheery voice.

Ranboo turned around to look at who was talking to him and noticed a nice-looking flower field with buzzing bees a bit off the road, and a boy who was standing in the middle of the colourful clearing.

His hair was mostly brown, and the well-worn denim jumper combined with a soft-looking yellow sweater almost caused that Ranboo didn't recognize him.

But Ranboo did.

"Hello... Tubbo...", answered the Enderman Hybrid hesitantly.

The boy lit up even more and bound over to him, but stopped a good distance away.

"Hi! You have to be Ranboo! Tommy told us you'd enter the Server one of these days! It's so nice to finally meet you!"

The tall teens' thoughts screeched to a halt.

The... new Admin... spoke about... him?

"Are you on your way to Eret's Castle? I could bring you there, and show you around L'Manburg later. Wilbur hasn't been feeling well, recently, so it would be easier that way."

Ranboo looked around for some kind of out, help, or distraction.

They didn't like being put on the spot like that.

"Uhm... sure...?"

The smaller boy grinned and fist-pumped.

"Awesome!"

And then turned around and started walking in the direction Ranboo had been headed before.

The lanky teen sighed and put his newly acquired compass in his Inventory. Looks like he won't need it anymore.

Being one of two people who knew the truth behind Tommy's existence made a lot of things a whole lot more interesting than they probably should be.

For example:

Whenever the youngest member of their Server took Eret somewhere, it was like playing Roulette.

Would Tommy just want to spend a day with them?

Would the boy look at something happening around the Server and declare an ominous warning that'd send shivers down his spine?

Would she be taken to some random spot in the Tundra together with Tubbo to write down the coordinates of Technoblade's future ***retirement home***, *just in case*?

Especially the visit to the Tundra had been *something*.

It wasn't a real *secret* that Wilbur and Tommy were Philza's sons and thus Technoblade's brothers.

But knowing something and listening to stories about how Technoblade – as he was a Piglin Hybrid – actually went Gold-Crazy around Tommy a couple of times because of his hair when they were younger and the now-feared warrior couldn't control his instincts very well... there was a bit of a difference.

And also, apparently, Philza was able to *jump between Servers* without the Admins' consent or knowledge, because his wife — Tommy's *mother*, was **The Lady Death**, who they all were worshipping, because she was a **Goddess** — granted him the power to cross Server Borders together with his wings so that he could fulfil his duties as the *Angel of Death*?!

Wasn't *that* a **fun** thing to know?!

Tommy told them *a lot of things*.

But... listening to Tommy rant about the future he died in wasn't fun most of the time, if they were being honest.

It left a bitter and ashen taste in Eret's mouth each time the boy let something slip.

All the chaos, pain, and destruction the citizens of the SMP had only barely avoided, thanks to one kid dying a painful and gruesome death...

Sometimes Eret wished there was a therapist on the Server. If not for himself and Tommy, since any notion of getting help had the boy hissing like a Creeper about to blow up, then for Tubbo, who had also listened to Tommy's stories about that distant, unreachable future.

But a week ago something special happened.

When Tommy arrived at the castle for his weekly report about Dream, mostly to ensure that the boy didn't kill the former Admin, his smile was a lot more serene and happy than usual.

Whenever Tommy returned from Logstedshire he had an unhinged, crazed, and hungry aura about him that took a couple of hours to go away.

Tubbo and Eret had figured out early that Tommy was unreasonable when he was in that state.

So they found a solution for it.

The solution turned out to be that they had to lock Tommy away in the cow barn so that the teen would get distracted with cuddling the gentle animals and not even think of screaming to be let out of the room.

A lot of those cows had a name that was a variation of "Henry" by now.

Eret made sure to never serve steak when Tommy was around.

It worked out just fine.

No need to fix it, if it wasn't broken.

But that time it almost looked like Tommy wouldn't *need* cow-cuddle time this day.

The teen had walked into the barn anyway.

He probably just needed it as a part of his routine at this point. Eret wouldn't stop the kid from getting *some* kind of comfort.

But Tommy did emerge a lot earlier than usual with a happy shine to his eyes.

"We'll get a new Server Member this month.",

explained the Admin as soon as he sat down with the two leaders in his Lands.

"Their name is Ranboo, he's an Enderman Hybrid, and he was one of my best friends when I was still alive. They left a notebook in a hidden chest during my second Exile and we wrote to one another.

He was nice. A memory like a goldfish, that one. But they were one of the best of us. Was always talking about how they wanted to choose people over ideals and avoid violence.

Was a total oddball back then, but still a good person."

"They sound lovely.", concluded Eret with a smile and Tubbo nodded in agreement.

"Can't wait to meet him, Toms."

Tommy grinned, before he proceeded to tell them about Dream's behaviour, what he'd been doing to the man, and how the former Admin was handling the loss of power.

"Blob's been fine besides the whole panic-attack-thingy, but I'm sure we'll get it under control."

Ah... yeah. Tommy has taken to calling Dream a new name:

"*Blob*". Or "*Blobby*" if he was feeling affectionate.

Sometimes it sounded like Tommy perceived the man more as an intelligent pet than a person. Which was concerning, but neither Eret nor Tubbo would stop the Time Traveler.

Let Tommy have his fun and revenge. The boy deserves it after everything he went through.

Anyways. Eret was involved in a lot of things.

He led L'Manburg more than Wilbur and Quackity did, someday. She actually *knew* where Dream, or, well, *Blob*, was.

And they knew who the tall lanky, half-black-half-white hybrid kid in a nice suit stalking after Tubbo like a freshly animated Scarecrow was.

Eret smiled when they saw Tubbo stopping at a patch of flowers to pet the bees.

This boy's connection to the usually rather prickly Mobs was fascinating. She was pretty sure the young Military Commander had bribed the entire SMP's bee population at some point to be nice to him.

They made himself on the way to the castle gate to welcome the newest addition to the Server. Although it was obvious that Tubbo was already doing an excellent job.

She reached the gateway just in time to see the two teens walk through the ark that allowed everyone to enter and leave the castle even though it was surrounded by a wall.

A tiny homage to Eret's true home, L'Manburg, and their greatest build: the walls that kept the country he loved so dearly safe.

"Hello, Eret!", cheered the small brunette while waving. The Enderman Hybrid raised a hand in a painfully shy imitation of the greeting.

"It's nice to see you again, Tubbo, it's been a few days. Hello, Ranboo. It's great to finally meet you. Tommy spoke highly of you and anticipated your arrival excitedly."

The Enderman Hybrid spluttered at that, the white side of his face gaining a pinkish tint, while the black developed a bit of a purple glow.

The King chuckled. Ranboo was blushing and it looked quite adorable.

"Come on in. I'll show you around."

Tubbo was dragging a laughing Ranboo after him through L'Manburg's streets.

The two teens were having fun.

They had been to Tubbo's favourite Cafe, had visited the lake and the river, although Ranboo insisted on standing *far away* from the water.

The young Commander didn't blame him.

They stood on the plaza in front of the White House.

"And that would be the end of the tour.", giggled Tubbo, still feeling a bit woozy from running through the streets after he stole a golden apple from a stand.

He would leave the money later at the vendor's place.

But, as he and Tommy had realized on more than one occasion: There was *nothing* bringing people together as well as committing some kind of crime.

"I'll show you around inside as well. Might as well take a look.

Do you know where you wanna settle already?"

Ranboo followed their new friend with his tail swishing behind them relaxed.

"I don't think I'd feel comfortable with a monarch...", mused the tall teen and started fiddling with his crown,

"What if they wouldn't allow me to wear it...?", muttered the boy.

Tubbo burst into laughter at the distraught question,

"Don't worry! Eret would never be mad at someone for fashion choices or sentimentality, he's awesome!",

and then he added,

"But I'd like it if you were here, in L'Manburg, where I could see you each day."

Ranboo hummed at that.

Being with Tubbo was nice. It felt comfortable, like slotting two puzzle pieces together. Like they were made for each other. Like they had been close friends before.

And being in L'Manburg, however strange it was, felt like he had walked into a space he already knew.

It was welcoming and familiar and he liked that a lot.

"I'll think about it. But L'Manburg seems like a great choice."

"Ranboo."

The tall teen whirled around at the voice that resonated with some buried and forgotten part of his brain.

It was Tommy. The New Admin.

"It's nice to see you ~~again~~."

Ranboo knew that Tommy didn't actually say that last word.

But it sounded so much like he did, so his stupid confused brain decided to answer in the way it thought it would be correct.

"It's good to be back . "

He froze up as soon as the words left his mouth.

As wrong as it was. It felt *right* in an unexplainable way.

The blonde teen was like a statue in front of them. Sky-ocean-ice-soulfire-blue eyes stared at him unblinkingly.

"How much do you remember?", asked the young Admin almost desperately.

Ranboo backed away a bit and looked around for a way out.

"N-nothing. I- I don't—"

Their stuttered words snapped Tommy out of his focus and he backed off a bit himself.

"Oh yeah, right. Memory Problems..."

The Admins' whole face lit up suddenly.

"Actually, big man! That reminds me!"

The boy sunk his hand into his Inventory and pulled out a black, leather-bound book with a charcoal pencil strapped to the cover.

It had the golden outline of a crudely drawn crown on the front with two tiny red and one green glass-gem as decoration.

Ranboo blinked, one of his hands wandering up to feel for his crown automatically.

"It's for you. To write down shit you wanna remember.", explained Tommy with a broad grin and a serious look as he handed the book over, forcing Ranboo's hands to close around the soft leather.

Ranboo held the book a bit closer and started to inspect it curiously.

A tiny gasp of excitement escaped them when he noticed the latch with a six-number lock that would keep his book closed.

The book's spine read '**Ranboo's Memories**' in bold golden letters.

Mismatched eyes started to sting with tears, but before they were able to spill over, a white piece of fabric was shoved in their face and kept the salty water from spilling over and burning him.

" Thanks!" , choked the Enderman Hybrid out through his clogged throat in Tommy's direction and continued to clutch the book to their body while his other hand was busy wiping away any tears without burning himself.

"This means so much to me . "

The blonde shrugged.

"Hey. Anything for a friend. I'll show you how to change the code for the latch. Although you should find a way to remember that without leaving behind any clues. Don't want you locked out of your own Memories, Banboo-stick. And probably don't want anyone snooping around in your head, either."

"I... Yes- yes. That - That would be better.", muttered the monochrome-coloured teen, already pondering possible solutions.

"Walk a bit with me, big man. Tell me how you like it so far. I can show you the Code-thing later.", offered Tommy and headed in the direction of the L'Manburg wall where he started to climb the stairs up to the cancellations.

Once they were finally at the top, did Ranboo dare to speak.

"It's all very nice and welcoming so far. Eret was really friendly. Tubbo was great. You must be proud to be the Admin of such a beautiful Server."

Tommy flashed him a crooked smirk, but there was a genuine light in his eyes.

"Oh. I am. This is the best shit that ever coulda happened to me."

The younger boy sat down on one of the cancellations and looked out at the horizon and Eret's castle, which could be seen in the distance.

Ranboo stood close by, trying to subtly keep a hand close to the other teen to make sure Tommy won't fall.

"So. Have you already decided where you wanna settle, big man? I gotta recommend L'Manburg, of course. Greatest place in this entire Server. I **am** one of the Founding Fathers after all!

The Greater SMP is nice as well, tho. Eret's poggers. A bit of a bitch, but a cool King."

Ranboo cleared his throat and looked back at the cosy-looking city inside L'Manburg walls, before straining his eyes to take a look at the over-the-top extravagant builds he could faintly recognize in the distance, surrounding Eret's castle in wild disarray.

They remembered walking between mansions and skyscrapers and UFOs and chalets and other crazy, gigantic builds.

"I... I think L'Manburg is more my style. Eret's nice. But I really liked spending time with Tubbo...?", muttered Ranboo, slightly indecisive. But Tommy smiled knowingly.

"Don't worry, big man. Should you ever come to regret it, nobody will stop you from leaving.

Or you could do it like Purpled. He's part of the Army, but hates being in the walls. The UFOs on the land of the Greater SMP are his."

Huh... the more you know.

Tommy stood up so that he was balancing on the edge of the wall and stretched with a satisfied groan, before clapping his hands together.

"Well then! I'll note down that you're a L'Manburg citizen as of now, and inform Wilby and Big Q about it. Tubbo should be at the caserns, just go there, and he'll show you one of the empty houses he built for you to move in.

Oh. And I'll obviously list you as a new member of the government as well. *Picking People* and all that."

Ranboo opened his mouth to ask Tommy **how he knew about that**. But before he could, the smaller human teen gave him a big grin and a two-finger salute.

"Gotta go, big man. See ya."

And Tommy jumped off the wall with a joyous scream and a water bucket in hand.

Ranboo was wringing his hands nervously.

"And... do you really think they're going to like me."

Tubbo snorted and pushed his whole body against the gigantic wooden doors of the White House, opening it for them to enter with a huff.

"Of course they are, bossman. You're great. Plus, there are only three of them. I'm sure they'll enjoy the company."

He pointed out the different conference rooms in the lower levels and then led the way to the living quarters for the President and the other Secretaries in the upper one.

It looked nice with the white stone and fluffy rugs and smooth carpets and well-groomed plants and impressive paintings.

But it also looked dead.

"Do... they have to live here? Do I?"

Tubbo shrugged while walking down the hallway.

"I mean, it's recommended. And the President does have to live here. He has to be available at all times if things go wrong. But you're living so close, you have to like... fall over three times to get here, so it doesn't matter much. Why're you asking?"

Ranboo cleared his throat awkwardly and shuffled around a bit.

"It's just... this place doesn't look like it's comfortable to live here."

"Oh... **oh**! It's totally fine to think that, Ranboo. It's mainly for the sake of professionalism. Wilbur's idea, not mine.

And I wouldn't get a say in it. Military and Politics not being allowed to mix and all that jazz."

A stroke of genius on his and Tommy's part, if Tubbo was being honest with himself. Credit had to be given where it was due.

With George and Wilbur in high-power Government positions, it would have been easy for them to enter the military, outrank Tubbo, and regain control over L'Manburg through its *true* leading force. Like this, they were trapped.

They entered the living area of the White House and Tubbo patted Ranboo's back.

"Talk to them. Meet them. The three of them will be your colleagues soon, after all."

The smaller Teens' eyes found the President who had tensed up in his place on a black leather armchair.

"Wilbur."

The man swallowed, cleared his throat. It sounded a bit painful.

"Tubbo.", replied a duck Hybrid coldly, his yellow wings were tersely fluttering behind him.

"Tubbo.", croaked the President.

"Be nice to Ranboo, gentleman.", said Tubbo with a sunny smile,

"Tommy likes him. He's already very fond of our newest Server addition.

Have a nice day."

With that, the Military Commander gave a proper salute, before turning around and marching away.

The man in black slacks and a blue sports jacket, who was sporting sunglasses and a blue beanie, scoffed where he was sprawled over a luxurious couch.

"Fucking fake-ass gremlin with his shitty innocent-act. Can go fall into some stinky sewer and drown in the sewage for all I care!"

Ranboo flinched at the harsh tone and watched warily how tiny yellow duck-wings fluttered irritated on the man's back.

Wilbur looked pained at the outburst but didn't attempt to stop his colleague from insulting the powerful teen and simply sighed.

"Quackity. We already agreed. Tubbo and Tommy are kids. No death threats. Please.", pleaded the brunette with an exhausted look on his face.

The Duck Hybrid merely scoffed again, crossed his arms over his chest, and looked away resolutely.

Wilbur's dark eyes with heavy, bruise-like eyebags found Ranboo and the adult gave him a tired smile.

"Welcome, Ranboo. It's nice to finally meet you. Great to have a new addition to the Cabinet...", he tapered off for a bit. Eyes glazing over and unfocusing as the President stared off into nothing, before suddenly flinching and shaking his head.

"Oh yes! Of course. Please, Ranboo, take a seat. Take a seat. Do you want something to drink? We don't have any alcohol here, but you're a minor anyways, so...?"

Ranboo cleared his throat awkwardly and sat down with a straight back, his tail wrapped around his thigh, knees pushed together, and clawed hands resting on his legs to take up as little space as possible.

"I... milk would be great. Thank you."

Wilbur nodded and stood up, wandered over to the kitchen, and returned shortly after with the white liquid in a glass.

Ranboo muttered their thanks and held the glass carefully with the handkerchief Tommy gifted them as to not burn himself with the condensed water. The Enderman Hybrid had figured out pretty early that milk held enough other components to not be considered as water anymore by his body. In other words, it couldn't burn him.

He took a sip of his drink and looked around nervously. The silence was ringing in his ears uncomfortably.

The President groaned from the place where he'd taken a seat again and reached over to slap Quackity over the head, before he started speaking.

"Ranboo. Let me introduce us, since my Vice decided to be an asshole today.

The big pouty baby is Quackity, the Vice President of this country, and he's a fucking *idiot* sometimes.", the introduction was said pleasantly, but the last part was in a harsh tone and accompanied by a nasty glare.

Quackity merely stuck out his tongue in response.

Wilbur looked around in the room, searching for... someone? Something?

The President looked a bit lost when he directed his dark eyes at Quackity.

"Dove, where's George? I could swear he's been here with us the entire morning."

Quackity actually snapped to attention at that and started looking around as well.

The Duck Hybrid stood up after a few seconds of looking around and Wilbur rubbed both hands over his face with a groan.

"I'm so sorry, Ranboo.",

muttered the man,

"The Cabinet is a mess. We're not really...", he trailed off and rose from his seat.

"Stay here, kid. We'll find him and then we're back."

Tubbo, thought Ranboo desperately while they drank his milk and stared off into vacant space, *Tubbo, please come back and let me join the Military. I take everything back. Fighting is great.*

"Found him!", shouted Quackity and Wilbur stormed through the room in the direction of the Vices' voice while muttering something about *Mushroom Hybrids* and cursing *Trauma Development* and *Stress Traits*.

Ranboo blinked at that, shocked.

Trauma Developed Traits?!

As in: A human with dormant Hybrid genetics sprouting their Traits forcefully after a highly traumatic and damaging incident?!

The procedure that knocked people out for entire *years* sometimes in order to protect themselves?!

Something like that didn't just *happen* !

Why would a member of the L'Manburg Cabinet suffer from that?!

George. Secretary of Finances of L'Manburg. Holding a Mushroom Cap in his hands. Looking tired and ready to sleep in his picture.

Oh...

What *happened* in this Server?

"Okay, okay, we've got him!", exclaimed Wilbur. He was carrying the newly developed Mushroom Hybrid in his arms bridal style with a strained grin and wild eyes.

George had the Cap on top of his hair, and his head was slumped forward in such a way that it hid a big part of his torso.

"This is George NotFound. He's our Secretary of Finances and got the job one day after I was declared President.

He's a Fly Agaric Hybrid, that development is kinda recent, so he needs a lot of sleep.

He hides in a lot of strange places to sleep, so... if you find him in some wardrobe or hollowed-out wall or something like that, just get one of us, please?"

Ranboo nodded and gave a reassuring smile, before continuing the meeting-round with:

"And you are President Wilbur Minecraft Soot. Founding Father of L'Manburg.

I saw your introduction sign in the Spawning area."

Wilbur blinked at that, looking stunned.

Quackity barked a humourless laugh at the teen's words.

"I can't believe Eret and Tubbo actually fucking did it! They built the Spawn House?! Like, full plan? Welcome-statue, starter supply pack, History-room and all?!"

"Uhm... yes?"

The duck Hybrid roared with laughter. Before walking out of the room, muttering and shaking his head.

The man gave them an "I'll be back" and then he slammed the door, making Wilbur and Ranboo flinch and George startle awake on his beanbag.

The President cleared his throat and shuffled around a bit in his seat.

"But. Yes. You're right. I am Wilbur Soot. Founder and President of L'Manburg. I also wrote the Anthem."

"That's cool. Music is nice."

"Hnn... 's 't mornin...?", mumbled a scratchy, sleep drunk voice.

George.

"It's about eleven A.M., Bluebird.", explained Wilbur softly,

"Do you want to go back to sleep, or meet our new Cabinet member?"

The Mushroom Hybrid blinked his eyes open at that.

Ranboo felt a tiny thrill run through his mind when he realized that the other man had heterochromia like him, with a brown and a blue eye.

"Who managed to piss off Tubbo and Tommy enough to get stuck in here with us?", slurred the man while rubbing his eyes.

Ranboo blinked. Tried to comprehend what the other Hybrid just said.

What?

"I... uhh... I *pissed* no one *off*?", answered the Enderman Hybrid, offended.

George blinked at that slowly, looking at Ranboo but not really *seeing* the teen.

Wilbur jumped in before some kind of conflict could start.

"George. This is Ranboo. He's been on the Server for three days now. Tubbo seems fond of them and he mentioned Tommy liking him."

The sleepy man hummed at that.

"should've placed him in the Military, then."

"I don't like fighting.", grumbled Ranboo, honestly annoyed that they talked about them like he wasn't there.

His ear twitched irritated and they looked over at Wilbur.

"Is he always like this?"

The President gave them a pained smile.

"No. Usually George's really sweet. We just haven't had the best of days recently."

A *thunk* startled Ranboo and the Enderman Hybrid turned around to see that the Mushroom man had slumped off the bean-bag and was now sprawled over the floor like a starfish, face down.

Wilbur shook his head and threw Ranboo a desperate glance.

"I'm so sorry, kid. I- we don't really look like much, here. And, to be quite honest - *we aren't* . We're here for bureaucracy and we're probably the weakest members of this server."

The door slammed open again, which had George roll over on his back to glare at Quackity tiredly.

"It probably was their smartest move.", declared the black-haired man.

"We are in the middle of the safest space of this entire fucking Server – next to where Tommy is keeping Dream, of course.

And Ranboo is surrounded by three of the most harmless Members. No better place to keep someone important than here."

"I- *important?! I'm just... **me**. I'm not *important* ."*

Wilbur chuckled at that.

"Trust me. We're all important in here. Just not in a way that matters. Or helps."

George groaned and peeled himself off the floor before sluggishly wandering over to the couch and plopping down on Wilbur's lap.

Quackity returned to his spot on the couch before he ran off.

"Anyway, kid. You're here. And you'll be stuck. Just like the rest of us. Might as well explain what is happening to you now."

"What did the Spawn House say about the Server's history?", asked Wilbur.

And so Ranboo told them about the confusing, patchy story the nice signs had relayed to him when he arrived.

George had started nodding off from time to time, but Wilbur kept the other man awake with soft whispers and gentle shaking.

Quackity had started walking around while muttering some fast-paced, passionate-sounding language not long after Ranboo began their story.

Wilbur merely nodded, making tiny sounds whenever it was appropriate to keep the teen going, but the President looked pained and sad at what he heard.

"So... basically, what you're saying iss—", George was interrupted by a wide yawn that split his face, just like it happened to Ranboo at times, the President and his Vice looked endeared at the rather odd sight,

"... isss that they scratched all the important parts."

Ranboo shrugged at that.

"I wouldn't know."

Wilbur sighed.

"Who wants to start?"

Quackity patted the taller man's fluffy brown hair.

"I think Sleeping Beauty should start, Songbird. He was here since the very beginning, after all."

Wilbur nodded and shook the dozing George awake again.

Ranboo tilted his head at the nicknames. They were cute and quite fitting. It made them smile a bit.

George grumbled tiredly but blinked awake and focussed on the boy in front of him.

"This Server wasn't always the *T SMP* . It was actually the *Dream SMP* , about a year ago. It belonged to my best friend, he named it after himself. He was amazing, was on his way to become someone *great* .

If he'd gotten the chance to fight against Technoblade, like they were planning, I'm honestly not sure which one of them would have won. But... anyways:

We were living peacefully in the Community House. Dream wanted some privacy, which caused a lot of discussions and we collectively decided that everyone had to leave the house and each of us built their own home.

And shortly after Tommy Innit entered the Server. And he brought *Conflict* .

He stole, he grieved, disputes popped up all over the Server, more than one of them caused by him.

And after a rather confusing altercation, Dream and Tommy started fighting over the kids' music discs. And then Wilbur, Tommy's older brother, arrived to defend him - and he raised the whole thing to another level. Wilbur decided he wanted a piece of land he named L'Manberg to no longer be under Dream's control to keep Tommy safe and do his own kind of stuff.

He started a revolution."

Wilbur sighed, leaning his head back while he pulled George closer, who promptly fell asleep after he stopped talking.

"And I paid the price.", continued the taller man with a gravelly voice.

"Tommy was a great brother at one point. But... as the Revolution went on, he changed. He wasn't the only one, either. I lost all my soldiers, all my comrades, all my friends, my brother,

and my son.

I'm... still not entirely sure who started it. Probably Tubbo. But it could have been Tommy or Eret as well. But Tubbo was the one in command, in the end.

The war was drawing close, and I knew I would hold them back if I tried to enter the battle – I've never been the best fighter. So I distanced myself a bit, let them run free.

We just had two rules to distance ourselves from the Greater Dream SMP:

No weapons. No armour.

You might have noticed nobody carrying either of those within our walls by now.

But back then?

I later found out that none of them had been happy about that rule.

I... I knew Tommy didn't like it. We discussed it more than once when the battle drew close. But... I didn't listen to him–

And when the final fight came, I woke up to see the country of my enemy destroyed. Buildings had been grieved and burned to ashes, animals and pets had been killed, plants and farms had been trampled and razed to the ground, streets and paths had been destroyed, the entire water supply had been poisoned and spoiled.

Dream was the only one *able* to fight, and he came alone, thinking he stood a chance.

They... Tubbo. Tubbo; He had planted *tons* of TNT beneath the Greater Dream SMP. And blew it up. An entire country. Exploded to dust.

They locked me away after that. I only know their tellings of what happened next.

Dream arrived, my son and Eret went to collect George and Sapnap, Dream's best friends, from spawn after their second deaths.

And the rest of the soldiers went to fight Dream.

They had tricked him into setting a spawn close to the battlefield and after Tommy killed him the first time. Niki killed him a second time as soon as he respawned.

With the entire fighting force of the Greater Dream SMP down on one life, they declared the war as won and made their demands, and collected their spoils.

Dream, George, and Sapnap were split, and forbidden to ever contact each other again.

I was declared President.

Eret was crowned King.

And Tommy was chosen to watch over Dream in his Exile.

I... — a lot of it was intricate powerplay.

By declaring me President I was trapped in a position of seemingly high power.

They wrote the laws of the land and declared that Politicians couldn't get into the Military, or the other way around.

A day later George was in here, with me, and declared the Secretary of Finances.

And the Military turned out to be L'Manburg's driving force.

They ensured laws were followed. They made up the bigger part of the population. They made the actual rules.

We were decoration.

It happened about... two months after the war, I think. When every communicator got the message that Tommy made the advancement '*Over Powered*' nobody has ever heard about something like that before.

But Tommy showed up later that day with a letter for George, from Dream.

It had been a deal.

Dream gave Tommy the Admin powers in exchange for one last message to George and Sapnap. The next thing Tommy did was to change the name of the Server."

Quackity sat up in his place and levelled a speechless Ranboo with a serious look.

"I arrived about a month later. The Spawning Area was still a mess, back then; but the path leading to the Castle had already been built.

I met King Eret. She showed me around, told me how much better L'Manburg was compared to their Greater SMP.

I met Tommy, who told me that L'Manburg had a glorious history, stood for freedom and equality and shit.

I met Tubbo who showed me around and made those fairytales look like reality.

And then I found myself in the White House, just like you did. And I met two messed up people held prisoners in this fucked up golden cage.

George was refusing to sleep, back then. He stayed up for *weeks* , until hallucinations kicked in, and then he collapsed in random spots to sleep for a day or two, and then he repeated the bullshit all over again.

Wilbur here wasn't much better. He refused to eat or sleep when Gogy was down. They just... stayed here. Wilbur lying on the couch. George pacing around.

They did their best to keep it together.

Back then, there were weekly visits from the tyrant-trio, so I figured out something was wrong pretty early.

And when George and Wil told me their story?

Well... I'm proud to say I punched our shit Commander and his puppet Admin in the face. The house arrest is worth it."

"Tubbo?"

"Yea, Bossman? What can I help you with?"

"I... I saw— Big Q wears an ankle monitor, Tubbo."

"Oh, yeah. There was a bit of a misunderstanding, once. And he attacked Tommy and I. We thought it was safer for everyone involved to keep a closer eye on him. Why you asking?"

"I... it's a bit concerning, to think one of my colleagues is a criminal, I guess."

Tubbo laughed.

Tommy sighed as he looked at the date that was closing in.

Each 16th made his brain sound the alarms and his muscles coil, prepared for the worst.

He would never dare to approach the 16th of any month carelessly.

Blob watched wearily as his friend frowned down at the calendar on his communicator.

Tommy always tended to grow irritable around the days before the 16th. It was a rather painful truth he had learned the hard way very fast.

It always starts on the thirteenth. That's when Tommy realizes that the sixteenth will be there, soon. For Blob, thirteen really is an unlucky number.

The thirteenth is okay-ish, out of the bunch.

Tommy snaps at him with a little less provocation, but besides that he's handable.

The fourteenth is probably Blob's least favourite day next to the sixteenth each month.

Because that's the day when Tommy lashes out and bargains with Time Itself. Again and again. If Blob dares so much as breathe or look the wrong way, the chances of him ending up with bruises or a bloody face, maybe even a broken bone as Tommy cries and screams are way too high.

The trick to get out of the fourteenth unharmed is to do *exactly* as Tommy taught him throughout Exile.

Don't look him in the eyes.

Never stutter.

Only talk when demanded.

Keep your steps quiet, but not silent enough to startle the teen.

Always stay a bit behind Tommy.

Make sure your friend can see you at all times.

Don't be loud.

Don't call yourself by the *other name* , don't even *think* about it.

Don't gain his attention.

Never laugh or smile, no matter what happens.

Don't ask for any food or items – you won't get them, no matter how well behaved you were on the thirteenth.

If Tommy decides to give you something, accept it and be grateful; thank him as much as you can as soon as he gives you the *signal* .

Don't flinch.

Don't cry.

If Tommy decides he wants to spar, give him a bit of a fight, don't aim for the midsection, never aim for the back, (*you won't like what happens when you aim for Tommy's back, **ever!***) make sure you lose in the end.

Just be good for Tommy, Blob, he's your best friend after all, and takes care of you, no matter how ungrateful you were in the beginning (~~and sometimes still are~~).

Tommy is always doing what is best for Blob.

Blob just... sometimes has a hard time seeing that.

But that's *okay* because he has Tommy with him to remind whenever he forgets.

And Blob *is* pretty sure that he's helping Tommy as well.

Like, on the fifteenth.

That's the calmest day. Tommy will be short with Blob, snappish. He'll bark his commands in terse tones.

But everything Tommy needs that day is a way to distract himself.

To chase the fear of the next day away.

Ask him if you can listen to some music - he'll put on Chirp and Blocks and Cat and Mellohi.

Ask for permission to talk the entire day - he'll grant it.

Ask Tommy to tell stories about what is happening on the other side of the ocean - the teen will brag about his friends' accomplishments to his heart's content.

The sixteenth...

Those days were a special kind of routine for Blob.

Tommy will step through the Nether Portal, decked out in full L'Manburg Soldier Uniform and with all his weapons at the ready.

He *won't* look at Blob (~~never make Tommy look at you before the Hunt!~~).

Tommy will scream for Blob to come to him – and Blob will rush to his friend's side.

He had the exact way how he had to position himself around Tommy down to an *Art* at this point.

The trick is to stay *exactly* an Inch out of arm's reach, diagonally to Tommy, so that he could see Blob and all his movements clearly, but didn't have to look at him directly.

And his friend would tell him exactly two things:

"We're going to train today. Prepare to run."

And then he'd aim his crossbow at Blob and fire his warning shot.

It's the only warning he will get from Tommy that day.

The most important lesson Blob had to learn for the sixteenth was the fact that he *couldn't* win.

No matter how far he'd run or how fast, regardless of how well he'd hide.

Tommy **will** track him down and ~~Dr~~ and **Blob** will end up getting dragged to Lady Death's door by his friend once more, before he wakes up in good health back in his hut in Logstedshire.

Tommy never came for the seventeenth, it gave him enough time to calm down after the stress of the Hunt and the days leading up to it.

Blob always wondered why it was the sixteenth out of all the days, but he'd never dare to ask.

He watched how his friend stared at the 12 on the Communicator and knew what would come tomorrow.

It's been like that thirteen times by now, after all.

"Blobby?"

The man immediately snapped to attention and felt a tiny bit of tension leave his body at the affectionate nickname.

"Yes, Tommy?"

The teen nodded a bit at the instant reply and Blob could feel the excitement rise.

He was being *good* .

"I need to talk to you for a bit. Let me finish first, after that you're free to talk until I say otherwise."

"Of course, Tommy."

The Admin gave him a slight smile at that and Blob couldn't help himself but to grin.

He was being good .

"Okay, listen. This might be a false alarm, but I don't want to take the risk."

Blob nodded. That was smart.

"It looks like Wilbur is planning to rebel against me."

... *oh.*

The man shuffled nervously at Tommy's declaration.

Wilbur was... a complicated topic, especially for ~~*Dream's*~~ Blob's awfully scrambled brain.

"And if he really does, then he will try to get you."

That startled Blob out of his musings.

WHAT?! Why?! Why in Prime's name would Wilbur try to get **Blob** on his side?!

Tommy chuckled at the man's shocked expression and walked closer to pet his head.

He leaned into the nice, comforting touch his friend gifted him immediately.

"You were *Dream* at some point, Blobby. It's good that you forgot, but *they* don't know you changed for the better."

Oh... oh yeah. That - that made sense.

"But. If Wilbur actually aims to steal you away from me. Then we have a bit of a problem."

Blob stiffened and grit his teeth to stop a whimper when the gentle hand carding through his hair turned into a merciless, uncomfortable iron grip.

"Because that *means* he will try to steal you away again and again *and again* . The knowledge of you being here, and of what you were able to do in the past, would keep him going in that single-minded way only Wilbur can pull through!", hissed the teen while tearing at Blob's honey-coloured hair.

The man did everything in his power to keep quiet as the pain stung his scalp.

He's let go and immediately straightens out without even swaying. He's very good at that.

"Which means I will have to get rid of you, should that happen. I love you, Blob. I'm your best friend. But if that scenario becomes reality, then you're a liability I can't afford. You understand that, right?"

He nodded hastily.

"Of course, Tommy. Do whatever is necessary."

~~And, hey. Being dead was a lot better than living like this for another couple years, thought Dream.~~

Ranboo had *principles* . He had *ideals* .

They believed that the only thing of worth were people and their relationships. And memories. Memories are very important.

Factions, Countries, Borders, all those Lines, and Rules are made-up-fake-fantasies and Ranboo would rather be caught dead before picking some kind of *side* .

He'd choose people. They always will end up choosing people.

Except if pets are involved. Ranboo is pretty sure he'd pick the animals, then.

But the point still stands. Ranboo can be both Tubbo's and Tommy's friend, while still wanting to help the Cabinet members.

Wilbur was a good guy. A bit paranoid and toeing some line of insanity from time to time, but Ranboo couldn't really fault the man with his history and relation to his captors and country.

Having your very own brother stab you in the back like that for his best friend had to leave some kind of screw loose.

George was nice company. Obviously half-delirious and sleepy or tired most of the time, but he was great for spending time with someone without talking.

And after the initial wariness and distrust, he was really friendly and Ranboo would almost say the Mushroom Hybrid took over some familiar role in his life - like an older brother or an uncle or something like that.

And Quackity... well... Quackity wasn't *bad* . But the man was *a lot* and Ranboo didn't know how to handle the territorial Duck Hybrid at times.

But he had a good heart and it was beating in the right place, especially for his husbands.

And *that* certainly had been a *revelation*.

Turns out the three men living in the White House were *married* . Had been for a couple months at the point where Ranboo joined the Server.

They guessed it made sense. The three of them had been stuck in this building all on their own, surrounded by a hostile environment, forced to somehow take care of each other. The Florence-Nightingale-Effect was hitting hard, Ranboo was sure.

(Yes. He had spent a couple hours researching what the Effect was called in the library because he couldn't remember the name, but knew that it existed.)

But they seemed genuinely happy to be in a relationship, and it was adorable to witness some of their soft-affectionate moments.

Like when Quackity makes coffee for his husbands and knows exactly what to mix into each cup to make their faces light up.

Or how George tended to just *plop down* on Wilbur whenever the man was overworking himself, effectively forcing the Poet to sit still and fall asleep.

Wilbur sometimes got out his guitar and played Quackity's and George's favourite songs — that was always Ranboo's highlight of the day, or week, when it happened.

They sometimes were disgustingly sweet, but then there were days where they seemed to hate each other's guts.

Those days were never pleasant, but they left Ranboo out of it, which was very considerate, they appreciated it a lot.

The thing is: Ranboo grew fond of the chaotic trio and he hated to see them so miserable all the time.

So they offered to help them.

The first to take up his offer had been George, which had been kind of shocking, but the Enderman Hybrid would never say anything about it.

George asked him quietly, tentatively, if they'd be willing to visit Eret's castle and talk to Sapnap, the King's Guard, for a bit.

George explained that there were certain movements, signs, and phrases he had to use to communicate with the Blaze Hybrid.

Ranboo wrote down an entire *lexicon* of code phrases and double meanings the *Dream Team* had apparently figured out over the years in his Memory Book so that he could tell Sapnap

what George wanted him to know, and in order for them to be able to tell George what his friend wanted to say to him.

When Quackity walked in on them pondering over how to *say* certain things, he went and fetched Wilbur without another word, the President and his Vice taking a seat next to their Husband and the youngest Cabinet member without a complaint to help them figure out the things Ranboo *had* to say during their visit to the Greater SMP.

When Ranboo visited Eret's Castle the next day he didn't think anything bad would happen. They were planning on finding Sapnap, talking to George's old friend, receiving whatever message the Blaze Hybrid wanted his friend to know, and returning back to L'Manburg's White House to relay the message, before going home.

That was the plan.

Fate had other plans.

The part of talking to Sapnap was actually pretty easy.

The King's Guard was suspicious at first, but when Ranboo started dropping the hidden lines that he offered George to be a messenger and that he had some things the Mushroom Hybrid wanted his friend to know, Sapnap caved easily and their apparent Small Talk was a heartfelt conversation how much both remaining members of the *Dream Team* missed each other, and how neither of them knew where their third friend was.

Although, Sapnap had been able to confirm the old admins' status of being alive.

Tommy apparently visited Eret's castle weekly and he always brought a strand of blonde hair and a tiny blood vial to prove that Dream hadn't been killed.

Of course, both things could be fake – taken from Tommy himself, for example – but the tiny handwritten message in Dream's neat letters was a lot harder to fake.

Sapnap was never allowed to sit in on the meetings, no matter how many things Eret trusted him with at this point.

Once everything was said and Ranboo wrote down the last sentence, they bid each other goodbye and went their separate ways.

Only for Ranboo to be dragged into a sideway by a pair of strange hands as soon as they rounded a corner.

A palm was slapped over their mouth before he was able to scream.

"Quiet!", hissed a deep voice and the lanky teen froze.

... *Eret?!*

The Hybrid stopped struggling and was released immediately.

They looked at the King offended and rubbed the places where he'd been grabbed.

They took off her shades and levelled Ranboo with pure white eyes, for some reason it didn't make his brain itch and his skin crawl with the violent urge to make the other look away *at all costs* .

"I admit, I didn't think you would actually do it.",

started Eret with a slightly impressed tone and leaned against the wall behind him,

"It takes a lot of nerve to go behind people's backs and betray them. *I would know* ."

Ranboo frowned.

"I was simply talking to Sapnap. He seems nice, if a bit aggressive and slightly too fond of fire."

Eret hummed and nodded for a bit.

"Of course, of course. That conversation of yours seemed a bit too emotional for just talking about the weather, flowers, and food. I've been a Traitor, kid, I know how to talk with people without saying stuff. And you forgot that they were a *trio* , not a duo. And that the third member of their group has been a leak for *months* now."

Oh... Eret was talking about *Dream* .

They pushed off the wall and motioned for Ranboo to follow her.

"I'm not mad. And I'm sure neither will be Tommy or Tubbo. Tommy said this might happen, after all."

Ranboo stumbled at that.

What?!

"Which is why I will do you a tiny favour, Ranboo, just like I received one about a year ago.

You're a good kid, you seem smart. So don't get caught up in things that might cause you trouble."

Ranboo's tongue felt like it was blocking their entire mouth, but he managed to spit out the "Is this a threat?!" anyway.

Eret chuckled and shook his head.

"No. No, it isn't. Trust me, you'd know if I threatened you, I learned from the best, after all.

I'm doing this so that you won't get on the wrong side of people who are *actually* threatening."

Ranboo felt a deep rumble starting up in his chest.

"Yeah?", growled the Hybrid through clenched teeth,

"You're the King of the *Greater SMP* . Who would be more threatening than you?!"

Eret snorted.

"How about the Commander of the Military of an entire Army-based nation? Or, you know, the Admin of this entire place?"

Ranboo blinked, the noise in his throat dying in his shock.

"Tubbo and Tommy?", asked the teen unbelievably.

Eret shrugged before stuffing her hands into the pockets of their pants with a smirk.

"We've got some *powerful* friends, Ranboo. No need to upset them.

Now, I'm going to show you something."

They arrived at a side entrance just as Tubbo walked down the path towards the Castle.

"Hey Eret!", greeted the small teen with a grin. His eyes wandered over to Ranboo, but he only smiled with slight confusion.

"Hey, Ranboo."

"Hello Tubbo.", replied the taller teen with a smile.

"I found him talking to Sapnap in that secret language Tommy told us about.", commented Eret as their small group made their way to a close-by room and sat down around a nice table with pastries, cookies, and tea already waiting for them.

Tubbo's smile froze on his face and was replaced by a soft frown.

The boy sighed.

"I can't exactly say I'm surprised. Tommy said it might happen, he's never been wrong about that kind of stuff."

Ranboo glanced between the two leaders in confusion.

That was at least the second time that Tommy had been mentioned in relation to predicting future circumstances correctly.

Tubbo took a seat right next to Eret and reached for his cup, taking a sip before grabbing a cookie to munch on it.

Ranboo stood a bit off, feeling incredibly awkward.

Eret perked up.

"Oh right! Ranboo. Don't be shy, take a seat, drink some tea, eat something. This might take a bit."

Tubbo furrowed his eyebrows and placed down his cup delicately while Ranboo sat down on the couch opposite of the two leaders carefully.

"Do you really think it's smart to show them? I mean, no offence, but it's a *bit much* to see, and we don't know if Tommy's okay with it."

"I'm sure he's able to handle it. And if it turns out to be too much for Ranboo, they've been warned. And we *did* talk with Tommy about it, you know his theory."

Tubbo heaved a deep sigh at that and nodded,

"You're right, big man. Doesn't mean I like it."

Eret patted the teens back with a slight smile.

"But today's the sixteenth.", mumbled Tubbo into another biscuit before nibbling on it.

Eret sighed.

"I know. Do you think we'll have to force him into the bath again before putting him into the barn?"

The smaller boy rolled his eyes.

" *Obviously*. Tommy is a messy fighter.", the brunette looked at the half-and-half teen in front of him after that with a slight smirk,

"I hope you can stand the sight of blood, Boo."

Ranboo swallowed his own sip of tea nervously at that.

He really wanted to go home now, *please* ?

But they didn't get the chance. Someone knocked at the door and Sapnap opened it with a cold look.

"Tommy is approaching the backdoor at the barn.", declared the Blaze Hybrid with slightly glowing fingers and eyes. He was upset.

"I would advise that nobody gets to see him.", this was hissed through gritted teeth.

"Thank you, Sapnap. Could you please make sure nobody is in this part of the Castle? Tubbo, Ranboo and I will take care of the Admin."

A curt nod was the only reply the King received before his Guard vanished back into the halls.

"You're too nice to him.", commented Tubbo.

Ranboo felt a tiny part inside him freeze over at that.

Tubbo always seemed so nice, but that behaviour right now was more of the *opposite* .

Had they been getting fooled the entire time?

Yes, Wilbur, Quackity and George *insisted* that Tubbo was evil-incarnate.

But... Tubbo was Ranboo's friend, ... *right* ?

"He doesn't have anyone else here. It's not like how you have the White House Group. And he needs *someone* to attach to, might as well be me."

Oh, okay. Or maybe the stories about the *Tyrannic Trio* were just **true** and Ranboo had been too naive to see it.

They arrived at the door and as soon as Eret and Tubbo opened the small entrance Ranboo decided that he had to overthink his entire worldview.

It was Tommy.

The young teen was on a hidden pathway that led to the door.

He was *covered* in half-moist and drying-flaking **blood**.

Ranboo could smell the iron-scent even from inside the castle.

The blonde boy – although that part was also hard to distinguish, since it looked more like he had copper-coloured hair at the moment – was swaying dangerously on his way to them. Stumbling over his feet with wobbly knees.

The Enderman Hybrid's ears flicked and twitched when slurred and mumbled words and inhuman noises reached them. They could *see* the young Admins lips moving.

The most terrifying part was the way Tommy *moved*. Parts of his body just seemed to set themselves in motion without the other teens' consent. He was twitching and jerking, hands curling and uncurling. He was trembling and shivering.

And Tommy's expression topped the entire thing off.

Glazed over, cloudy eyes were wide open, staring at nothing even while looking ahead.

And Tommy was *grinning*.

If it had been just the grin under any other circumstances it would have appeared *happy* , **cheerful** and *joyous* .

But with Tommy in this deranged state, it was a gruesome and frightening sight.

Tubbo sighed.

"You went over the top again, big man. C're Toms, let's get ya cleaned up and then you can go cuddle with Henry The Third. Doesn't that sound nice?"

The younger Teen didn't even react and Tubbo took over carefully manoeuvring his friend.

"We'll be back in a bit!", hollered the military Commander over his shoulder.

"W-what **was that?!**", asked Ranboo, upset.

Eret threw him a *look* .

"That, kid, was the most dangerous person in the entire Server, in their most volatile state.

And the people who caused Tommy to turn out like this are Wilbur and the Old Admin."

Ranboo shook his head.

"No, that can't be *true* . Wilbur *loves* Tommy, he did everything in his power to keep him safe, before the betrayal.

And Dream got exiled so soon after Tommy entered the Server, he wouldn't have had any chance to cause any kind of damage."

Eret sighed and placed a hand on their shoulder.

"It's great that you listen to the other side of the story, kid. But don't forget that there's always a counterpart. Everyone involved perceives things differently.

Loving someone doesn't mean you can't hurt them.

Hating someone doesn't mean you're unable to sympathize with them.

Go home. Tell George his message. And tell them they really shouldn't use minors to do their dirty-work."

Ranboo nodded with thin lips and walked off, but before he reached the door Tommy had stumbled through, they turned around once more and told Eret:

"It's nice that you care for me. But **I** was the one who offered to do this. And I don't regret it. Even if they did things that hurt people, I can't imagine it being bad enough to warrant any of

this."

He closed the door softly on his way out.

It was a day later when Ranboo wandered the Server's lands with a buzzing head, different coloured eyes fluttering over messy pages as he read and re-read his memory book again and again in an attempt to get things to make *sense* .

They was walking over Prime Path when he heard it, one of their ears perking up and twitching to locate the faint sounds of a droning melody.

A spike of curiosity led the teen on his way to follow the music. As it grew louder, they was able to recognize the crackling sound of a disc being played by a jukebox.

And there, at the end of a small sidewalk connected to the big Prime Path that formed a bridge between L'Manburg and the Greater SMP, was a cobblestone tower, an impressive flower garden, and a carrot farm, in front of a dugout hill that also served as a dirt-hut.

And there was a bench, a bit further off, right at a cliff, next to a lemon tree.

The Jukebox stood right beside the bench.

And there, lying in the middle of the field, eyes closed, arms crossed behind his head, a cow and a mooshroom resting next to the young boy while happily munching away at the grass and flowers surrounding them, was Tommy.

The blonde boy looked exhausted, even while asleep.

It was in the harsh lines surrounding his mouth, in the slight furrow of his brows, the lavender shading beneath his eyes, and the slope of his shoulders.

The song looped.

Ranboo recognized that it was *Blocks* , now.

Tommy started to stir awake.

The boy looked up at the lanky teen with dull eyes.

"Hey there, Boo.", croaked Tommy, his voice still scratchy from sleep,

"Sit down. Talk to me. Eret and Tubbo let you see me yesterday."

The Enderman teen nodded and sat down with crossed legs.

"What *was* that, yesterday?", asked Ranboo at the invitation to talk.

The question had been burning inside him since he saw the half-delirious and (if they could believe Eret) *very dangerous* Tommy.

"Ahhhh... hn. I'm a bit... *allergic* to the **sixteenth**, you could say. It's not– that day's not very poggers, man. Good things don't happen that day."

Ranboo frowned.

It still didn't make *sense* .

"Hey, big man. Do ya think it's possible to remember *too much* ?", inquired Tommy after a bit of silence between them.

It startled Ranboo out of their musings *how* they could ask their next question without offending the Admin.

"I... I'm not really sure what you mean, man?",
admitted the taller with a nervous chuckle.

Tommy was staring off into the tree line with a far-away look.

"Do you think there's something after permanent death, Ranboo?"

There were *so many* alarms and red flags going off in Ranboo's brain, it *really* wasn't funny.

"Tommy, whatever you're planning. I'm – I'm **sure** we can talk about it. Don– *Don't* do anything stupid, *please*. "

Dull blue eyes blinked and the younger teen looked at him confused, before something akin to understanding spread over Tommy's face, followed by a mixture of panic and... amusement?

"Oh. No! No no no no no! That's not what I meant, Ranboob! Not at all! I - **I'm over *that!***"

But... you meant to do it at some point...?

"No. What I mean... I *know* I remember things I really *shouldn't* . I... haven't really tried to find out what's going on, to be honest, but – there's not really anyone here who'd be able to help me anyway? I'm pretty sure my Mom's involved, but it's not like I can just, y'know, *ask her* ."

The boy started ripping grass out of the ground around him and Ranboo could understand that all too well.

Without much of a thought, he scooped a bit of dirt with the grass on top of it in his hands and held it.

The soft, damp earth felt great in their grasp in this stressful situation.

He didn't know what to say and it felt like Tommy wasn't done so they stayed silent.

The Admin next to him heaved a breath.

"It's just... I think I might know what's up with your memory loss. It'd make *sense*, wouldn't it? Me remembering *too much*, and you forgetting *it all*, and shit? Like, don't tell me that that moment where you said "*It's good to be back*" was the only one like that, bitch boy! I *know you*! Weird shit happens around you **all the fucking time**! And, I reckon that it's connected to **this**! ... whatever the fuck **this** is..."

The topic made Ranboo uncomfortable.

The way they could *almost* see a similar flower garden cover this hill. The way he could almost navigate the streets of L'Manburg some days, only to run into *walls* that feel like they shouldn't have *been there* .

How the teen was sometimes picturing a great crater filled with water and wooden houses standing atop it, when in reality L'Manburg was mostly built out of stone and on **solid ground**.

~~("A very big and now blown up L'manburg~", a soft voice sang, echoing in their memory.)~~

It was the way he sometimes tried to reach for Tubbo's hand and *purr*.

Or how a deep **guilt** settled in the depths of his stomach for a few seconds when they were looking at Tommy some days.

It was the flashes of Wilbur wearing a yellow, torn sweater and a red beanie with blue staining his very *being* .

It was the hint of a mask smiling at him from the dark.

Ranboo stood up abruptly, tearing the piece of dirt apart with their claws on accident. Their chest was heaving with fast-paced, shallow breaths.

Tommy **couldn't** *know* about that!

But the Enderman Hybrid could already see the realization dawning in the Admins eyes, could see the satisfaction it brought the boy to *know* that he wasn't *really* alone, as unhelpful as Ranboo was with his missing memories.

He ran.

Ranboo was hiding something.

Wilbur didn't like it.

Neither did Quackity.

It made George nervous.

But out of the three of them, Wilbur disliked it the most.

He would *not* allow someone to stab him in the back again.

Oh no! He had learned his lesson! He would always sleep with the letter opener underneath his pillow and one eye open!

There would always be one invisibility and one instant-death potion stashed away beneath the chests in the living room, his office and his bedroom.

If Ranboo thought they could just go ahead and sell Wilbur out, plan with Tommy and Tubbo and Eret behind his back, the kid had another thing coming for him!

Wilbur was *so sure* that Ranboo was a traitor, so why...

"I'm sorry. I know I've been... acting *strange*, lately. I just... got confronted with some stuff I didn't like, and had to wrap my head around it."

... so why was Ranboo openly admitting what they'd done and *apologizing*?

"I... I should probably tell you, shouldn't I?", muttered the kid before straightening his back and looking at the three husbands sitting in front of them,

"I'll tell you. You have the right to know. Uhm... The day I visited Sapnap for George, I... did you know it was the *sixteenth* that day?"

It was such a stupid, *stupid* question.

What did the date have to do with *anything*?!

"Yes. So what?!", snapped Quackity.

Ranboo swallowed and looked around the room for a bit.

"Did you know Tommy doesn't like the sixteenth?"

Wilbur startled.

An entire *day* ?! Tommy somehow developed a dislike towards an entire *day* ?

Why?!

And why exactly the *sixteenth*?!

Ranboo nodded at their reactions. George was dozing off again.

Wilbur didn't have the heart to wake his Shroom up once more, so he just pulled him close.

"Although... '*doesn't like*' is probably too light.", mused Ranboo,

"He *hates* it. Said it's ' **bad luck** '. It most certainly *is* bad luck for **Dream**.

Eret heard me talking to Sapnap and *apparently* they, Tubbo, and Tommy all know the *Dream Team* 's secret language.

She pulled me aside and we had tea with Tubbo, who was there for a meeting.

And then Tommy arrived. He looked... *drunk*, I'd say is the best comparison. And was *covered* in blood."

That last comment shook George awake. The Mushroom Hybrid ***clung*** to both his partners with a terrified sound and Wilbur immediately rushed to soothe the other man.

Ranboo looked sorry, but they kept going:

"I don't know what is going on, but... something is **wrong** . With this entire Server. And you guys need *help* . I want to help you. Because I honestly *don't know* what else to do.

But if I can get the three of you out of here, then I'll already have done *something* and that is everything I can ask for at this point."

Wilbur and Quackity exchanged a look over George's head.

This... might actually be their chance.

Wilbur could feel a grin spread over his face.

While it had been mostly fantasizing and delusional daydreaming, he *did* have a plan for a scenario like this.

It was one of those things he's been desperately waiting for.

A chance to get out.

To escape.

To get his revenge and... -- most importantly:

*Get **Dream** .*

If he got the man, *the former Admin*, on his side, then he could make him revoke Tommy's Admin Rights and get him to perma-ban Tubbo, Tommy and Eret!

And then everything would be good again!

If he had to choose between Dream's or the *Big T's* tyranny, he'd pick the masked man *every. Fucking. Time .*

So that's what they would do!

He just needed to make sure he could trust Ranboo first.

"It's great that you want to help us, Ranboo. *But...* "

"We've kinda been scammed and fucked over more than once by now.", added Quackity dryly.

Prime , he *loved* that man sometimes!

"We need a way to make sure you won't do that to us as well."

Wilbur spoke softly, as if he regretted not trusting the teen.

Ranboo nodded.

"No, no. I *understand* . I'd be cautious as well. Uhm... I could give you my Memory Book? And the Code for it? It'd be like you have my brain.", offered the Enderman Hybrid.

The Poet had to fight everything within him to not grin like a madman.

Ranboo almost made it *too easy*.

The half-and-half teen handed over the leather-bound book willingly and showed Wilbur how to open it without any kind of fight.

The president scanned the pages as he thumbed through them.

Ordinary stuff, most of the time.

Meetings, plans, who Ranboo sees as friends, who he's cautious of, things they did over the day, recipes, books he'd read, things they'd heard or said.

But then there were the crossed out parts, hardly illegible but still somewhat recognizable, talking about how Ranboo sometimes *knew* things about people they shouldn't be aware of. How he sometimes thought things looked different than they *should*.

And wasn't *that* interesting?

But there was nothing incriminating; besides the fact that there were only question marks behind the names of the *tyrannic trio* in the ***friends list*** instead of them being scratched out

and written in a separate list for *enemies* .

But Wilbur could work with that. He can work with this, all right.

"We appreciate your help and cooperation greatly, Ranboo. Allow me to introduce you to the plans we've made so far."

Two cloaked figures met when it was dark, under the cover of night.

One of them tall and lanky, a well-used book and pencil clutched in their hands.

The other one smaller and stockier, with sparse flames glowing in his hands and embers burning in his eyes to help his secret companion to write whatever was necessary inside that book of theirs.

"Y'know that this game you're playing is fucking dangerous, right? There are things you shouldn't mess with on this Server, kid. I appreciate your attempts to help... and that plan you told me about might actually have a chance. But your opponent is *fucking* Tommy Minecraft Soot Innit – that damn Dreamon Spawn knows the fucking *future* !",

the man scowled, although it was hard to see with his overshadowed face,

"And don't think I didn't see you hang out with the *big T's* and Prupled just yesterday. The four of you were in the cow barn, Eret sent me to make sure you're all fine. That friendship you've got going with them won't hold for long if you keep stickin your nose where they don't want it to be."

Ranboo rolled his eyes and continued staring at the Blaze Hybrid expectantly until Sapnap caved with a sight.

"Okay. If you plan on *that* , you lot are going to need to know about their fighting styles.

I sometimes spar with them. I don't know about of the rest of the Army, but maybe Quackity or Wilbur are informed for pretence sake?",

he waited for a bit to give the teen to scribble down whatever they thought to be important, before continuing,

"Purpled goes close and hits where it's dangerous. He was a mercenary and a hitman before joining the L'Manburg Army. He's there to get in, kill, and get out. Doesn't to very well against more than one opponent, though."

Ranboo nodded and signalled for the Guard to continue.

The black-haired man honestly wished the kid would just... *give up* instead of starting another conflict.

A lot of people were happy with the Servers' condition, only a few, (*George, Wilbur, Quackity, Dream and him*) were actually miserable, and it was mostly their own fault in four of those cases.

Dream was under Tommy's thumb, how unlucky his old friend was depended solely on the teen. But... he himself, George, Wilbur, and most out of them all, *Quackity*. They had all the chances to be happy. They would have to bow their heads and surrender, cast some important memories and ideals into the back of their heads, and give up things they held close to their hearts – **but** if they cooperated and stopped fighting and started to actively *look* for the good sides of their situation, they had every possibility to accept the lot they had drawn.

And Sapnap was *tired* of fighting and hating.

Eret was nothing but nice to him. Even when Tommy and Tubbo cried for him to be locked up or punished, the King merely talked to him and tried to figure out his boundaries so that they could avoid future conflict.

Sapnap, out of his friend group, was the only one who actually remained in a powerful position, as little as that power might be.

And he had to thank Eret for that, as disgusting as that felt.

He... wasn't the smartest out of the three of them. But he was pretty sure that a year of peace on a server that had been made up out of nothing but conflict since the first month it's been built was a big improvement. The three leaders of the claimed lands being close friends and talking out fights before they could even *happen* between their citizens... it *helped*.

And, it hurt Sapnap to think that. But he doesn't think Dream would have been able to keep this peace.

For his friend, this entire Server had been a *game* , just like the Manhunts and the Duels and the Competitions.

The wars were Dream's playground. He simply *wouldn't* have kept things safe.

Sapnap felt like a horrible friend. But... giving in seemed like the better decision.

And yet... here he was.

"Tubbo isn't that good of a fighter.",

he had to force himself to continue,

"He does have a few very strong moves, though. He's great in TNT combat and a decent Archer. And he can tank hits like they're nothing.

Which makes him the perfect addition to Tommy. Tommy is... dangerously good. Too good, some say. I... recognize some of his moves. He had Dream train him. And I saw Technoblade fight a few times. Tommy uses some of his moves as well. He's quick. He's reckless. He charges every chance he gets. And he won't hesitate to bleed a bit if it gives him the perfect opening."

The Blaze Hybrid thought about the one on one spar he had with Tommy, once, when Eret and Tubbo were still trying to figure out the problem surrounding the *sixteenth* . Sapnap had almost died during those fights, the only thing that had stopped the teen from skewering him, ripping open his jugular, and chopping his head off, had been Tubbo's constant reminder that they had nobody else Tommy could fight against.

He remembered his sword tearing open the boy's arm and him thinking it would be *over now* , only to have a ferally grinning Tommy right up in his face and knock his lights out with a

well-aimed punch.

He shook himself out of his musings and cleared his throat, embarrassed at the slip-up.

"Anyways. It gets *really dangerous* when you throw Tommy and Tubbo together. They're so tuned to one another, they don't need to talk anymore. Tommy will charge you and Tubbo will cover him at all costs without getting in his way.

If they both focus on a target, whoever it is should surrender. They won't win that fight."

Ranboo nodded and write that down as well.

Sapnap threw the Enderman Hybrid a displeased look. Whatever kind of avalanche this kid was kicking loose, it would be *massive* and leave things in ruin, and Ranboo, as nice and decent as they were, openly admitted to not allowing anyone to drag them into an actual conflict.

So, in the end, the kid would cause the catastrophe and not even help with the cleanup.

"Listen, Ranboo- the only information I can offer besides all that, is that Tommy is never on the claimed grounds during the early hours of the *sixteenth* - he only arrives an hour before sunset or so. Like last time. Any other day it's impossible to say when Tommy is going to show up where."

He extinguished the glow in his hand as soon as Ranboo stopped writing and looked back at him with shining mismatched eyes.

"Do with that information what you will, kid. I'm glad that you're trying to help George, Wilbur and Dream. Really, I am. But... please leave me out of this from now on. I don't need rescue. Not anymore."

Kristin loved her husband. Truly. She *did*.

Those years she had been able to spend with him before her brethren decided she "*meddled too much in human affairs*" had been some of the best in her entire existence.

And knowing that her boys were there, that they had the chance to live a life – it meant *so much* to her.

Her strong and stoic Technoblade.

Her silver-tongued and charismatic Wilbur.

Her wild and passionate Tommy.

Her chaotic and loving Philza.

But no matter how much knowledge and how many powers she had been able to grant her husband before they had been separated until *the End* came — she hadn't been able to tell him everything.

There are some things mortals – not even those toeing the line of immortality – could ever comprehend.

Like, how she was watching over an *infinite* amount of possibilities, always keeping an eye on her family, watching them mend and shatter and become in so many different states and ways.

And there, in the middle of this vast tapestry of *what if's* and *could-haves* , so very close to the centrepiece of it all, was a special part of this web, that she loved dearly and held close.

It was a... **fragment** . Of the *O riginal* .

A place where the other had allowed her to meddle a bit more. To influence some things.

XD was involved in the Center Piece.

All of them had one shard picked out where they did what they thought might allow them to see the world they wanted. But all of them, Gods or not, could only do so much.

She did her changes, and now she had to see if they would work out the way she wanted them to.

But her Toms was happy, Wilbur was safe, so far, and everything looked like it might work out this time.

She could hope, after all.

But her husband...

Once the **End** came, she'd have to have a serious conversation with *her Angel* .

Leaving the kids **alone** ?! What had he been **thinking** ?!

She watched how Wilbur beckoned a crow he'd been taking care of for the past few months over and gently caught it, to tie a scroll to its leg.

Would he finally contact his father?

If so, she was happy. It had been long enough since her boys had been separated in this run and it certainly would help Tommy if Philza and Techno returned to help him with his memories.

She was already glad that Tommy decided to talk to Ranboo about his unique situation. Her son needed more friends who knew his secret.

Maybe, just maybe...

*She had to hope. **She had to!** It's gone wrong so many times by now...*

Surely it would work out this time!

Why wouldn't it? It was one of the best runs they had so far!

She was certain they could do it this time.

She had faith in her family. Faith in her husband. Faith in her son's.

They would reach the **End** this time and she would finally be able to hold them again.

She watched how Wilbur softly patted the crow's head before feeding it a few nuts, and finally said the words all those birds would recognize to send it off to its journey.

*"Fly for me. **Find Philza. Find the Angel of Death.** And deliver my message."*

She gently reached down and ran her hands, invisible to the world, over the animal's wings and back. Telling the creature where to go to find the man it's heading for. Ensuring that it wouldn't grow exhausted on the way. That the winds would be in its favour, and that its fragile bones won't ever break. Promising safe travel and flight. Blessing it with the promise of always finding food and water and a safe place to rest.

As soon as the gorgeous bird took to the sky, heading right where it should, she turned and looked at her son's pale and haggard face and took it in her hands *oh so gently*.

Knowing it felt like nothing but the wind to him.

She bowed down and ran one of her hands through his hair, before placing a soft kiss on his forehead.

Wishing for it to clear his mind a bit.

She wondered if her little Poet had been cursed to fall to Insanity once more.

"I love you... my lovely Songbird." , whispered the Goddess, chuckling lightly when she stole the nickname her son's husbands used for him, and pulled away.

Looking away when she saw tears dripping from his eyes as he sat there, *small, oh so small and fragile* .

It *had* to work out this time. It just *had* to.

It was a normal day in the Minecraft household.

Phil was sitting at the kitchen table, nursing a cup of tea as crows were screaming outside, trying to tell him *this* , and *that* , and *something else* .

Techno was sitting next to him, head buried in his arms, grumbling and grunting and snoring softly in his sleep.

His son's crown was currently discarded, sitting safely in a box on the chest that also worked as their couch side-table.

The Piglin Hybrid was always tired after Hibernation, sometimes taking a week or two to fully wake up after staying asleep for a couple months.

Phil remembered when Techno had hibernated the first time when Wilbur and Tommy were old enough to understand what was going on.

His two younger sons had stayed in their brother's room whenever they got the chance, allowing the Piglin Hybrid to use them as plushies and pillows.

Giggling whenever he shoved his snout into their sides to hide it in the warmth of their bodies and blankets.

Wilbur would spend *hours* singing to the sleeping boy, sometimes bringing his guitar and playing it while two strong arms were wound around his middle. His son had made up so many great stories and poems and songs in that bed – just for Techno. Just to make the Oldest feel safe and cared for and loved in his most vulnerable state.

That had always been the months when Phil actually got to witness that Tommy could be quiet. The young Toddler humming the melodies of the Discs they had gifted him for his first four birthdays while in his big brother's arms.

Sometimes Tommy just sat there, carefully combing Techno's long pink hair and braiding it clumsily.

Phil thought fondly of that time. Back, when his family was still together.

But kids had to grow up.

He would never fault them for going out to look for their own adventure.

Tommy was always like a wildfire. He *needed* to accomplish something. And Phil was sure his youngest would.

Wilbur had always been like a river. He found his path and followed it steadily. His middle son would wear mountains down to flat ground if he needed to.

Techno was like an earthquake. Mighty and uncontrollable. Indiscriminate. He would stoically tear down whatever he came across and leave a wasteland that could be built upon again.

Phil guessed, if he had to fit himself in there with his sons, he was like the wind. Freely wandering from place to place, doing what he thought was right, sometimes helping people on their way, sometimes turning into something disastrous if he felt like it, or saw the need.

His family was made up of natural forces that had to be reckoned with. His beloved wife right up there above them: Death Herself. Inescapable and silently watching over it all.

The End of all Time would come someday and she would be there, waiting for them to return to her arms.

He had all the Time in the world, but he couldn't wait to see her again once the time was right.

Techno made a disgruntled noise next to him as he was woken up by his own body once more.

The father chuckled and stood up to gather a new cup to prepare hot chocolate. It would be the fourth try this morning, but he was willing to do it for his son.

"Hey there, mate. You ready to wake up for real this time?"

Techno made a couple more unhappy sounds before finally lifting his head and blinking blearily. It didn't last for long, all too soon his son decided it was too bright and he squinted his eyes closed with a whine and slammed his head back into his arms.

Phil laughed quietly.

"You can go back to bed if it's *that* bad, mate. I won't stop you."

Technoblade sniffled a bit, obviously thinking about it, before grubling a muffled sentence into his arms.

"Did it happen again?"

Phil sighed and placed the cup back in the cupboard before leaning against the workstation of the kitchen.

"It didn't. I'm still not sure what happened, Mate. My best guess is that Kristin wanted to tell me something. But I wouldn't know *what* ."

Techno frowned a bit and Phil rushed to stop his son from overthinking so soon after getting out of his most vulnerable state. Like this, Techno wouldn't be able to ignore *Chat* at all.

"Hey hey! It's okay. I'm sure it was nothing bad. Tommy and Wilbur are alive and fine. We are still here and well. Tubbo's okay as well. And it didn't happen again, so we should be fine."

White eyes with black scala gave him a sceptical look, but in the end, Techno nodded, and that was what really was of importance.

The thing his son had mentioned happened a bit over a year ago, maybe fourteen months from today.

Technoblade had just woken from his Hibernation when Phil collapsed without any kind of indicator or reason.

He had been awake after maybe ten minutes and he had been perfectly healthy and fine.

But the feeling that ran through him while he was unconscious had been strange, to say the least.

He would have described it as a *pulse* . A shock zapping through his entire being.

Later, when he attempted to make Techno understand what it made him feel like, to get his son's help in research, he hadn't been able to find a good or fitting metaphor for the strange sensation that was nagging at the back of his brain like a particularly bad mosquito bite.

It was like the puzzle that made up their world had been completed, but the final piece, instead of having the colours it was supposed to have, was a blank and pure black. And as soon as it slotted into its place, the piece had sealed up the entire unfinished picture, allowing no one to pry it out of its slot.

It wasn't a particularly *wrong* feeling. But he'd like for the actual piece to be where it belonged, instead of this fake.

Techno had laughed at him and Phil decided to search for an answer by himself instead, without any success.

They continued their quiet morning undisturbed by sudden bouts of unconsciousness or blood lust.

It didn't seem like anything would happen until today until, suddenly, a loud **bang** shot through the entire house, making both men jump up with startled shouts.

Philza had his bow and arrow in hand and Technoblade his *Axe of Peace* when they calmed down enough to be aware of themselves again.

Father and son exchanged a glance and nodded.

The Piglin took the lead, pressing himself against the walls and rounding the corners narrowly, the Avain following close behind, always ready to shoot at any possible intruder.

They found the cause of the noise in Philza's bedroom.

A crow with a scroll of paper bound to its leg sitting on the windowsill dazedly, a bit of blood sticking to the glass, and matting the shiny feathers of the bird's head.

The winged man felt a coo forcing itself out his throat as he let his weapon vanish in his inventory, pushing himself through the gap between the doorframe and the hulking figure of his son to rush over to open the glass and let the poor thing inside.

As soon as he had the crow in his hands it clacked its beak happily and croaked some meaningless sounds.

"It's alright, buddy.", assured the father while gently petting over black glossy feathers,

"You did great, mate. Thank you for finding your way here."

He carefully removed the soft leather strip that had been used to tie the letter to the animal's leg and handed the piece of paper over to Techno, while he started working on cleaning bloodied fathers and dabbing a bit of healing salve on the crow's from where it collided with the glass.

Techno made some soft snuffling and grunting noises as he read and Phil relaxed back into the new familiar motions of caring for someone.

Until his son made a startled sound.

"Dadza. It's from Wilbur. He's in trouble. And Tommy's as well."

No.

He whirled around, his feathers ruffled, fixing his son.

"Read it to me. Word. For. Word."

Techno nodded and looked back down at the sheet of paper which was much larger than Philza would have anticipated from its size when it had been folded.

The younger warrior cleared his throat and began to read in a steady, monotone voice:

Hello, Philza and Technoblade,

It has been quite a while, hasn't it?

I admit, I dislike that I have to contact you at all. I'd rather we stay as far apart as possible, not that you would ever have noticed the distance, or how long it's been since the last time we talked.

Nonetheless, I require help and I can think of no one better suited but the two of you for this particular kind of problem.

*Tommy, Tubbo and I settled in a Server called the **Dream SMP** not long after we realized that you had left for good, this time. Starting a new life without you seemed reasonable.*

*The Server now bears a different name, it's the **T SMP** and a lot of things changed – none of them for the better.*

We did not get along with the former Admin of this place, Dream, and started a revolution to create our own country. It ended in war, and the war changed Tommy and Tubbo. They betrayed me. Stole my troops and took over command. They destroyed the other side in a fashion fitting the two of you. But they did not stop once the war was won.

I am currently held prisoner with two others in the middle of the country I strived to create. Tubbo is the one in Command.

And Tommy, from what I've been able to gather, he went mad.

He is the New Admin. He somehow stole the old Admins powers and is keeping the man in Exile somewhere on this End-damned Server.

I think I would have tried to make a run for it long ago, hadn't Tommy Closed The Borders of the Server as soon as he was in control.

I honestly do not think you will help me, should you receive this message. But I am desperate, and my friends and I need all the help we can get.

We have a plan, and we have an ally who's been helping us set it into motion.

He will break me out on the sixteenth of August.

Tommy apparently developed a weird relationship to that day?

And bring me to a hideout he's started to prepare.

852, -534

If you ever cared at all, or at least want to tear down another Empire, you will find me there.

Don't use your Communicators to contact me, Tommy has his linked up to all the prisoners.

Wilbur

Ranboo shook some dirt out of their hair with a sigh.

The Ravine was slowly turning into a usable space.

Wilbur had told him that he would contact his father and brother. The President hadn't been confident that he'd even get a *reply* , but he was desperate so he sent off a message with some hidden method, anyway.

So Ranboo prepared for three residents, just to be sure.

They found themselves down here a lot. Mostly when it was raining, or when he was in a particularly bad mood.

And they were having a lot of bad days.

Wilbur didn't understand that Ranboo would not fight his battles for him.

Ranboo tried again and again to explain.

" No, Wilbur. I am not your soldier. I will not die and fight for you. But I won't betray you either. I am your Friend , but there's only so much I will do for you. "

The Poet didn't get it.

And every time it ended with the elder screeching about *betrayal* and *abandonment* and *mutiny* and *treason* .

Ranboo honestly considered making the man's thoughts become reality and to just ask Tommy to let him enter the Greater SMP.

He could still be friends with Tubbo, Tommy and Purpled. They made it work now, after all, it should be even easier once Ranboo wasn't caught up in some kind of office.

They wished Tubbo could help with preparing the Ravine. It would be so much more fun to have the chaotic Commander around than to dig out rooms and build pathways and smooth out walls and place railings and carve out staircases all on his own.

But then Tubbo would know where this place was and it wouldn't be a safe hideout for Wilbur anymore.

Once more Ranboo had to stop to collect their thoughts. He was sure he wasn't picking a side in this, but sometimes it felt like he was, and they didn't like it.

"You know what?!", asked the teen the thin air around him upset,

"Screw this! I'm going to visit Tubbo! And we're going to have a nice day together! Wilbur can finish this thing up when he's here!"

With that resolution, the Enderman Hybrid left.

Tommy watched Ranboo leave the Entrance to what might become Pogtopia once more.

He hated to be right, but it wasn't like he hadn't been planning for this.

And this time, Wilbur wouldn't die.

And if Phil and Techno should show up... well, Tommy had plans to keep his family close, to keep them *together* .

They would all be happy together this time.

Because that's what the hero got:

The Happily Ever After

... who tells your Story?

Chapter Summary

WARNINGS!

Character Death!

Animal Cruelty and Animal Deaths!

Mentioned Self-Canibalism!

Permanent Injury!

Loss of Limbs!

Loss of Senses!

Be careful, please.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Technoblade stood next to his father, looking at the doors that hid the Portal to his brothers' Server.

One part of the Netherite door had been decorated with the Inclusive Pride Flag, the other one was a flag made up from some weird mixture of colours and shapes, blue, white, red, black, yellow with stripes, half-circles, rims, and Xs.

That *monstrosity* looked exactly like something Tommy and Wilbur would create in their free time.

Them deciding to build their own country was the biggest middle finger they could have given him and Phil, really.

It was the sixteenth of August and Wilbur would be broken out of his imprisonment today.

And Techno and Phil would await him in his hideout.

His father had been devastated at the jabs Wilbur had spread all over that letter of his.

He had asked Techno to read him that stupid thing again and again until both of them could recite it from memory.

He probably should have stopped. Should have spared Phil the pain.

But he knew his father; and the bird-brain would have agonized over *not knowing* even more.

Technoblade couldn't exactly *fault* his younger brother for his words.

Wilbur had always been the strongest when he wielded a pen and had something to write on.

End-damned *silver-tongued Poet* !

Techno wasn't stupid. Far from it, actually.

He did his research; he knew his languages; he had read '*The Art of War*' so many times he could probably recite it backwards in his sleep; he was a scholar at the end of the day.

Sound body, sound mind, and all that. You can swing a sword *oh so hard* — if you don't have the brains to back it up, you'll never hit your mark.

Skill came with *practice* . Skill came with *learning* .

And Technoblade *prided* himself for his Skill.

And *that is* why he was the Best out of his brothers.

He actually was *balanced* .

Wilbur could wield his words to cut like a knife and make them pierce through your heart like a spear. But may *Prime* and *Lady Death* help his poor brother and everyone within a twenty-foot radius of him if he ever decided to hold an *actual* weapon.

And Tommy... he was a decent fighter, all right.

But too stupid to think. Too wild to pause for a second and *plan* . Too stubborn to actually *learn* from his mistakes and others. Too self-centred to realize that others might have smarter ideas than him.

Out of them all, Techno had always been sure that their youngest would be the first one to bite the dust.

Tommy just wasn't *made* for survival. He was created to burn bright like a Sun and go out in a Supernova.

And yet...

"So... we're doing this?"

"We gotta, mate. We owe it to them."

The Hybrid rolled his eyes at that.

"We really don't. It was their stupid decision to go and start a government."

Phil sighed and lowered his head, resting it against the painted Netherite and pushing his hat back so far it almost fell off in the motion.

"They wouldn't have come here if we'd been home, Tech. Tommy would still be in his right mind. Wilbur would still be sane. We were the catalyst, we've gotta own up to that."

The young warrior groaned and stretched himself before rolling his head to crack his neck.

"I'd just say: *let's go* . But... Wilbur said that Tommy **Closed the Borders** . I know Mumza gave you the ability to get us *in* whenever you want, but..."

Phil sighed.

"Ye, you're right. I won't be able to get us out until the Admin **Opens the Border**, or dies."

Techno nodded. He almost guessed it.

The few times they had gone in to take care of Admins who **Closed the Borders**, it had been messy.

Those Admins usually had lost their grip on reality and went mad with power. Locking other players in their Server to force them through some fucked up shit.

Mumza had always sent Phil in to get rid of those shitty Admins and once Techno was old enough he'd fought at his father's side to kill those tyrants.

"You won't be able to kill Tommy."

It was a simple statement. An observation. They both knew Techno was speaking the truth.

"You'd like to think otherwise, Techno... but neither are you."

And that was the problem, wasn't it?

At the end of the day, if *everything* went wrong, they would be locked inside the Server their youngest family Member took over forcefully forever. Their gremlin child, who most likely had jumped headfirst into the deep end to pull a stunt like that.

"We'll just have to convince him. He's still my son and your brother."

Techno scoffed.

" *That's* never stopped Theseus before."

Phil sighed, his wings dropping with his shoulders.

"I –", the man groaned and rubbed his hands over his face,

"I *know* ! But I have no fucking clue what else to do besides *hope*, Techno!"

The piglin shuffled a bit at his father's irritated tone, but Philza's face softened almost immediately.

"It's okay. I know you're just looking out for us, and I appreciate it, mate."

Techno gave a nod at that and directed his attention back to the door.

"There was always the chance of our next adventure being our last one.", the young warrior grunted roughly,

"And if it happens to come while we try to help our family, then so be it."

Philza took a deep breath and tried to gain a bit of his son's calm acceptance with closed eyes.

"For our Flock.", breathed the father and spread his wings in preparation to fly.

"For our Sounder."

Before either of them could overthink their decision, Philza beat his wings to take off the ground and swooped up his son, the momentum the Avian had gained was the only thing allowing him to hold on to his son who was taller and far heavier than him.

They rushed at the still closed portal like they had done dozens of times by now.

Techno remembers that he was clinging to his father and screaming like his life depended on it the first they did this.

Right before the feared warrior duo could impact with the heavy Netherite doors a black Portal shimmering with silvery dust opened up and swallowed them whole.

Philza was blinking rapidly to get his eyes to function again after using the Portal.

It was the *one* problem he had with his wife's truly powerful and helpful gift to him.

Techno and he had been knocked out *so many fucking times* and if they managed to stay awake —

The coughing sounds of retching next to him left him sighing as his vision still refused to reinstate itself.

— the vertigo, nausea, disorientation, temporary partial blindness and/or deafness always left them *wishing* they were unconscious.

Flying through tears in the fabric of time-space-dimensions in the Multiverse would do that to you.

As soon as he knew where up and where down was and found himself able to see blurry shapes he kneeled down next to his son and patted the young man's back gently while brushing some loose strands of hair out of the Piglin Hybrid's face so that they wouldn't get in the way.

His son, one of the strongest fighters to ever walk upon the Minecraft Multiverse.

The ***Blood God*** . The *Blade* .

Groaned as soon as his body decided that it had turned inside-out long enough, and let himself fall to the side with some desolate sounds.

Fully drained from puking his guts out.

" *Phiiiiiiiii* " "

The father snorted. His son was *whining* . That hadn't happened in a while.

"It's alright, mate. You did great staying awake.",

He pulled a water bucket and some wool out of his Inventory.

His son whined some more but sat himself up and cleaned up his face before rinsing out his mouth.

Only when the water Techo spit out hit wood instead of dirt did the two men finally realize a rather important detail.

The Piglin Hybrid warrior grunted when he fought himself onto his hooves, followed much more elegantly by his Avian father.

"Where in *Prime's Name* are we?", asked Techno as he looked around the spacious, clean room with ceiling-high windows and birch wood floor and ceiling.

Phil shrugged, looking around as well. He wasn't able to see the glass, but he's grown pretty good at guessing where the nasty stuff was... most of the time.

"Dunno, bud. But there's a doorway. Might as well take a look."

So that's what they did.

Weapon's in hand, just to be sure. With silent steps and shallow breaths to not draw any attention.

WELCOME

Both fighters blinked at the gigantic Blackstone statue.

Techno raised a brow and glanced over at his father who shrugged at the greeting.

This might as well happen.

The new room was some kind of storage and they finally got their answer to *what the fuck was going on* .

Hello, Traveler!

Hello, new Member!

Techno read the sign out loud out of habit. His father *could* read, with enough time and mental preparation. But part of being Avian also made the man dyslexic and close to illiterate. He guessed it had something to do with the bird-brain.

They were being given basic necessary supplies right at the beginning.

It would almost be kind; it would almost seem generous; it was almost a brilliant idea – had it not rubbed Techno and Phil the wrong way.

A part of this seemingly caring gesture struck them as condescending and *wrong* .

It was a debt, right at the start.

They wandered through the halls of the spawn-building and the place made their skin crawl.

People usually try to get away from Spawn as soon as possible.

It's an old-wives-tale that staying at Spawn brings misfortune, but there tends to be a seed of truth within tales and fables like this.

Philza never truly questioned it, neither did Technoblade.

They just *moved* as soon as they were able to. Gathering supplies and never returning to Spawn if it was possible.

The next room was a badly written history lesson.

Techno scoffed at the blatantly left out parts and pieces.

Terribly done propaganda and botched eradication of knowledge.

Philza listened to him as he read the barely informative texts written about different maps and frowned at the poorly done explanations.

The introduction room left them mentally stumbling as they were confronted with pictures of two of their family members and the honorary child Phil had gained in Tommy's best friend.

Wilbur got nothing more than a single sentence and his name besides his picture.

He looked tense and paranoid in the photograph, as if someone was standing behind the device with a crossbow, threatening Wilbur to look happy *or else* ...

Tubbo looked content and relaxed, in comparison.

Powerful in his military uniform and sure of his place on those walls.

And then there was Tommy.

Blank, emotionless face and perfectly neutral, controlled posture.

Standing in front of that Nether portal like a heartless guard.

It was so ***not-Tommy*** that Techno struggled to recognize him at first.

The next thing Technoblade realized while reading his baby brother's short introductory text, was the fact that Tommy was involved with every position of power of the Server.

Founding Father of L'Manburg, second in Command of the L'Manburg Army, Advisor of King Eret, new Admin of the SMP

So many positions of mediocre importance, and then, in dead last, the thing that made the kid *actually* powerful.

So far down that list that it almost seemed insignificant.

Tommy's information and pictures hadn't really been hidden away, but placed in a way that one might oversee them if not being careful and paying attention.

Finally, they found the room where the directions for the usual procedure for new arrivals and the compasses leading to the main part of the Server were kept.

Phil snatched one of the Compasses while Techno read the signs out loud.

They obviously weren't going to visit King Eret of the Greater SMP, or the White House of L'Manburg, but the compass would lead them out of the forest, even though it looked like a path had already been established as well.

And so the warrior duo made themselves on their way to find their future hideout.

Ranboo was pacing at the back wall of the White House, well hidden from sight.

Today was the day. He would break Wilbur out of L'Manburg's clutches.

He wasn't quite as sure about how they felt about the man, but, in the end, it was irrelevant for them.

The Enderman Hybrid had started this entire plan, and he would see it through to the last part they were involved in, which wouldn't be for much longer.

Ranboo had thought about this *a lot* . Had talked with Tubbo and Sapnap, Niki, Purpled, Fundy, and later on, reluctantly, even with Tommy and Eret.

They had pondered and argued and defended for and against both sides of his dilemma.

And concluded:

Liking one person doesn't mean you have to like the people surrounding them.

And it is okay to feel about people differently after a while.

Three months ago Wilbur had been great company and a cool friend, even with his flaws.

But by now the man was insufferable.

Quackity has never been Ranboo's favourite person to begin with.

He really was just here for George at this point.

And he would stay for George; but first, he had to smuggle the Mushroom Hybrid's idiotic husband out of the country without getting caught in the process.

There were a bunch of problems with that plan, *of course* .

Wilbur wasn't really allowed to leave the White House, and there usually were some guards keeping half an eye on the building so that the three politicians didn't escape their marble prison.

Then the two of them would have to reach the walls without getting stopped on their way, which would be a *pain* considering the fact that the very second people realized that Wilbur was missing, they'd sound the alarm.

And after that, Ranboo would have to get himself and Wilbur *over* the huge wall without the soldiers killing both of them in the process.

They were quite lucky that this particular path through the city wasn't the one they would have to take then, right?

Because Ranboo had something hidden beneath his house.

Under one of their chests in his basement was a secret trapdoor, reaching even deeper, splitting off into two tunnels. One leads to their panic room, which he was *pretty sure* was situated right underneath L'Manburg's lake.

The other way went directly in the opposite direction, away from L'Manburg, underneath the walls, straight into the wilderness.

It had started as a strip-mine, but if it already reached that far, why not use it for something useful like an escape tunnel?

The Enderman Hybrid just found that it was really calming for them to dig tunnels, so why should he quit?

The only thing the teen had found was that he wasn't the only one digging through the underground like a mole. It happened more than once that they broke through an already existing wall to find himself in Tommy's sewer system.

But from what the half-and-half kid had been able to gather Tommy wasn't actually able to navigate the sewers and tunnels, while Ranboo had everything noted down in the form of a crudely drawn map and actually helpful pointers.

So, the plan was simple.

The L'Manburg army should find the smiley Ranboo painted on the wall together with the hole caused by a TNT explosion soon.

There would be an alarm, the Guard — Ranboo stopped his pacing to look around the building and saw Fundy leaning against a pillar while talking to Eret.

...

ERET?!

The teen bit his lip and tried to calm his racing thoughts.

Hopefully, Eret being here wouldn't cause any complications.

Before the Enderman Hybrid had time to actually worry, the alarm started howling.

Their ears pressed flat against his head on instinct.

Fundy and Eret both jumped, startled by the sudden noise, before exchanging a few heated words, looking down on their communicators and running off together, in the direction of the hole.

Ranboo watched as the Plaza cleared out and rushed to the front door, ripping it open.

Wilbur was already there just as planned, crooked smirk and tear tracks on his face; he wore black pants and boots, a long brown coat over a white shirt, a black beanie plus fingerless gloves and a scarf of the same colour; a bag was slung over his shoulder.

Quackity was missing, but George was there with concern flickering over his face together with a sad smile.

"Thank you for doing this for us, Ranboo. Please take care of our Songbird, yes?"

Ranboo straightened out a bit, shaking his head ever so slightly and George's face fell, but the Hybrid stood strong on his decision: no promises he couldn't keep.

"Whether I can help him or not, depends entirely on Wilbur.", stated the black'n'white teen seriously before gesturing for the president to follow him.

"C'mon man, we've gotta go. I'll see you in a couple of days, George."

Nobody but the Mushroom Hybrid saw them leaving.

"BLOB!"

The man stumbled when his hunter yelled his name and froze.

He didn't dare to turn around, holding his breath.

As far as he knew, he hadn't done anything wrong!

Had he done something bad? Has there been a slip-up?! What had he *done* ?!

He could hear Tommy cursing behind him.

Could hear him swinging around his axe to get rid of his anger.

What had angered Tommy on a ***SIXTEENTH?!***

That was a blatant ***death wish*** !

The teenage Admin's tantrum ended with a hoarse scream, the sound of splintering wood and a tree falling over.

Blob startled at the cracking of sticks and branches and huddled down on himself, not daring to move.

He could hear heaving breaths behind him.

*Too close, too close, **too close, TOO CLOSE, TOO CLOSETOOCLOSE!!!***

A hand clamped down on his shoulder and he flinched, biting down some pathetic sound that was trying to rise in his throat.

"Blob. It seems they are having some problems without me, over there, my man. 'M afraid I'll have to leave early today. I reckon you won't see me tomorrow. Looks like you got away this time."

~~Dea~~ Blob knew better than to relax after that.

And he had been right.

The hand pushed him forward not even a second after Tommy stopped talking, sending him to the ground and a heavy shoe with steel cap and heel dug into his back as soon as he was low enough, forcing him to suppress a scream.

He got no warning, no comment, nothing.

Just the blinding pain of the blade of Tommy's axe biting so deep into the flesh of his thigh that it hit bone.

The boy left him behind sobbing hysterically on the forest floor and bleeding with nothing but some clean cloth, a water bucket, and one healing potion.

"It should be somewhere around here."

Technoblade, fitting his title of the Human GPS, had taken the lead as soon as the father-son duo had reached the claimed parts of the Server to find their way to the hideout Wilbur's acquaintance had picked.

Their travel went smoothly, they kept keen track of their surroundings, weapons at the ready to ensure they could shut anyone up who saw them the very instant it happened.

At one point they could hear wailing sirens going off in the distance, but they paid it no mind and kept going. Really, it was in their favour, since it would keep the citizens of the Server busy and distracted.

The hideout was further out of the claimed parts, but still, only one hour by foot, which was more than manageable.

And now Technoblade and Philza Minecraft stood in a small clearing in the middle of a dense forest close to the cliff-side of a mountain and saw *nothing* that would indicate any kind of secret base in their proximity.

The Piglin Hybrid felt an irritated rumble start up in his chest.

Wilbur's "*friend*" had apparently lied to them and the coords were **fake**.

"If you're looking for Pogtopia, Phil is standing right with his back to the entrance."

Both men flinched violently at the sudden words, swords were drawn almost faster than the eye could see and pointed in the direction of the voice.

And there, in all his teenage glory, cloaked with the shadows of the forest and leaning against a tree almost casually, with his arms crossed over his chest and head resting against the bark in a relaxed posture, was **Tommy**.

A quick assessment showed that the boy had nothing but his sheathed sword on him regarding weapons.

The blonde kid wore his L'Manburg Army-Uniform, although the black long-sleeve shirt had been replaced by a red one — it was a dark and rich colour, like burgundy wine, not the bright flame-like colour Tommy had tended to wear before.

The warriors remained tense, Techno fully focusing on his little brother, while their father kept an eye on the surroundings.

The teenage Admin chuckled at his family's tense reaction to his presence and pushed off the tree in one fluid motion, stepping closer to the clearing - but he stopped at the edge, still out of range.

"To be honest; I hoped you wouldn't come. Would've made a lot of things a bunch easier for me. But I reckon I've gotta deal with what I get.", stated the boy with a shrug before stuffing his hands in his pockets, obviously dismissing two of the strongest fighters known to mankind as non-threatening with the simple gesture.

Technoblade scowled at the blatant disrespect towards his skill.

"Tommy, mate. We've got a really concerning letter from Wil—"

The teen scoffed, interrupting his father rudely.

"Yea, I *know*. This is *my* Server, old man. I know when shit happens. Just honestly thought you wouldn't read the enddamned letter. Or that you'd ignore it, like the past ones. Or that that stupid bird would croak before even reaching you.

I saw how Wilbur got that dumb feather-ball, it has a habit of diving head-first into windows. It's hilarious, innit?"

The youngest son of the Minecraft family cackled at the thought of how the crow had slammed into multiple window-panes during its stay with his older brother and even before that.

It was a miracle that the bird was still *alive*.

"Leave the bird alone, mate. She's trying her best."

Tommy sighs and hangs his head.

"Of course she is..."

Y'know, you're always *so fast* when it comes to defending anyone who isn't me or Wilbur, aren't you, *Dad?!'*", the way he said the usually fond title had something - mocking, biting, *venomous* .

Techno squared up at the insulting tone directed at his father: "Watch your words, Tommy-!"

"Or what?! Is *The Blade* gonna kill me? On my *own* Server?! Isn't *Daddy-dearest* able to defend himself and needs his golden boy to do it for him?"

Dark wings flared up between the two brothers, blocking them from each other's view.

"**Boys!** Calm down!", snapped their father, glaring at the youngest first and then at the oldest. "We're here to help Wilbur, Techno! Not to start a fight with Tommy!"

“Yeah Techno, be a good boy, listen to Dadza-”

Techno gritted his teeth but remained silent. He knew a provocation when he heard one, Tommy was *looking* for a fight right now and he wouldn't give the **Gremlin** the *satisfaction* . In the back of his mind the voices were chanting, longing for the blood of the youngest because *he really was asking for it* -

Tommy laughed and held up both hands in a sign of mock surrender.

“Hey. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm just a bit mad I was, y'know, *abandoned* at age seven so that my old man can fuck off into the sunset with my *awesome* big brother to conquer worlds and fight wars. Wouldn't you be a bit *pissed* as well?!”

Phil sighed, his wings sagging at the accusatory tone. Now it wasn't *just Wilbur* but Tommy as well.

“I'm sorry, mate. Really. We shouldn't have left the two of you just like that. But we're here to make up for it.”

Tommy scoffed, but looked away, obviously not able to handle his father's sincere tone.

Phil looked around the clearing with curious eyes.

“So... you mentioned “*Pogtopia*” being somewhere around here...? What is that?”

Tommy froze up at the question and gave a nervous chuckle.

Technoblade's eyes narrowed at his little brother's strange behaviour. Something wasn't right – and Chat was agreeing with him.

[We really trusting Tommy? He is sus- SusInnit- We voting, everyone who trusts him say 'E', and who isn't put 'F' in- E E E E- F F-]

The debate was *already* causing him a headache.

“Ehehehe- y’know how I am, Dadza. Always namen’ stuff ‘n shit. Gotta talk about Wilbur’s and Ranboo’s fuckin’ base *some way* .”

Both older males raised a brow at the lacking excuse, but they didn’t know what exactly was *wrong* about the name, so they had to go with what they got.

Tommy's demeanour changed rather suddenly and the teen sent them a nasty glare and pulled up to his full height, which was also towering above Philza by now and both warriors noticed that the youngest had bulked up quite a lot since his photo in the greeting era had been taken. The teen was far away from his oldest brother's hulking stature, but he also surpassed Philza when it came to muscle mass effortlessly.

“You don’t need to know about it in the end, anyway.”, said the boy,

"Wilbur’s gone mad! He’s a fuckin’ **wrongen!** He wanted to send us all off to **die** ! And you don’t *really* care about us enough to actually help - so why don’t you two fuck off right about **now**, before shit gets ugly?!”

[Tommy wants to fight?? Blood for the blood god! Skull for the skull throne! Milk for the cornflakes! Blood Blood Blood- E E]

Techno took a deep breath. Chat really wasn’t helping right now.

Phil frowned next to him.

“Tommy... from what Wilbur wrote us... things already *are* ugly, mate. We’re pretty sure Wil’s not sane anymore, but... neither are you.”

Tommy barked a humourless, loud laugh that made his older brother and father tense with its abruptness and sent Chat into a frenzy.

[Oh SHIT he snapped! - MadInnit - Villain Arc Pog??? - wasn't the whole insanity-stuff our thing?!??? - BAMF Tommy I stan! :D - E E E E- L L L L- lol -]

“Oh, don’t worry, Phil. I *know* I’m fucked in the head. It happens.”

The boy shrugged nonchalantly at the prospect of having lost his mind before he seemed to re-centre himself and leaned back against a tree.

“Anyways. Technoblade, *The Blade* ; Philza Minecraft, *The Angel of Death* ; I’m here to offer you a *one-of-its-kind chance*. A way out of the **T SMP** ! I’ll **Open the Border** for you and you can just leave and never come back.

Nobody comes to harm. Wilbur returns to his presidential position, *which he wanted* , by the way! And I get to take care of my Server. And **you** can keep going on epic adventures and brutal quests and whatnot. I reckon everyone would be happy with that. It's the best outcome, innit?”

Phil pursed his lips and shook his head.

“We’re not going to leave, Tommy. We’ll stay here, with Wilbur. And help him. And help *you* .”

The youngest gritted his teeth at that and clenched his hands to fists, before hissing:

“In that case... I warned you. That’s all I can do. If it doesn’t go your way, don’t come cryin’ to me!”

With that, the teen whirled around and vanished in the shadows of the forest.

“We’re almost there.”, declared the lanky Enderman Hybrid teen as they poked his head out of a hole in the forest floor.

“Great! And then we can finally plan on how to find Dream and take down Tubbo and Tommy!”

Ranboo growled at the man's cheer. They did not want to associate with that kind of mindset and behaviour. He was here to help a friend to get away from a bad situation, *not to start a new one!*

“Wilbur! I *need you* to drop that.”, rumbled the teen irritated,

“I’m not going to help you hurt Tubbo or Tommy. Or *anyone* for that matter.”

“Wha-- but... You said you were my *friend!* ”

Ranboo sighed and rolled his eyes. *Here we go again... You know what? I’m **Done!***

“And I *was* your friend, Wilbur! But you disrespected each and every single line I set! And I’m *done with it* ! Everybody else respects my ideals and boundaries; *everyone but you!* I’m not some little toy soldier you can move around on your board however you see fit! I’m a person! And I honestly *thought* we could be friends, but you don’t respect me as one! But, you know who does?! **Tommy and Tubbo!** So, once I’ve dropped you off and shown you the entrance to the base, *I’m gone* ! And you can *bet* that I won’t be back!”

The former president and general gaped at the tall teens' words, but the Enderman disregarded him with a flick of his ear and continued his way towards the cliff he hid the entry-room to the underground-ravine inside.

But when they arrived at the clearing, closely followed by a stuttering and spluttering Wilbur — who was far away from his former silver-tongued self after such a long time where nobody but people who agreed with him listened to him — there were already two people waiting.

One of them was only a head or so smaller than the Enderman Hybrid (which was absolutely impressive) and *packed* with muscles. A truly frightening and imposing figure with a pink-skinned pig-head and imposing tusks, a golden crown glimmering atop their pink hair. They held an enchanted netherite broadsword that almost matched their body size in their hands.

Next to the Piglin Hybrid was a much smaller and more nimble person with shoulder-long blonde hair and beautiful black wings folded behind their back.

Ranboo blinked at the unlikely duo of an Avian and a Nether-Mob.

The Angel of Death and The Blood God.

Wilbur's *family* .

The half-and-half teen chuckled nervously as two war-hardened warriors focussed on them with cold-gleaming eyes. What was it with the Minecraft family and having scary presences that take up too much space?

"Hello there. Don't mind me, please.", pleaded the lanky Hybrid and crept over to the wall while pulling out his pickaxe,

"I'm just here to open the entrance for Wilbur and then I'm gone."

As he started hacking away at the granite wall, an uncomfortable and awkward silence spread out in the clearing behind him as family members sized each other up for the first time in *years* .

"You look like you crawled out of a grave.", droned a monotone, rumbly voice -- Technoblade, if Ranboo had to guess.

"Get locked away inside a government building and forced to do paperwork each fucking day for over a year with your captors right outside your front door and we'll see what you look like after that, you fucking pig!", griped Wilbur with a shrill voice.

A sigh.

"It's good to see you, too, Wilbur." - this voice was smoother and emotive. Probably Philza, then.

“... I didn’t think you would come.”, this was said a lot softer. Ranboo felt almost sorry for the man. To be so uncertain about your own family had to suck.

Good that Ranboo didn’t remember his family then, right?

“Aww, mate. Of course we came.”

The pickaxe broke through the second slab of granite that blocked off the entrance and the teen released a breath of relief.

His work was now officially done.

They turned around and wandered towards the tree line, preparing to teleport to safety in advance; he didn’t think they’d be let off the hook so easily.

“Well then. I’m off. Wilbur, I wish you the best of luck and all the happiness – but... I also hope we’ll never meet again. We could have been good friends... I think. You did this to yourself.”

Before anyone could open their mouth after his rather rude parting words, he took a step into the forest and with a ***vwoop*** they were off, on their way home. Back to L’Manburg and Tubbo and George.

He was stopped by the familiar figure of the Servers Admin.

Tommy was standing a bit away from Ranboo in the middle of the forest, soulfire-blue eyes firmly fixed on the Enderman Hybrid's shoulder section, which was deeply appreciated, with a big grin on his face.

The older teen froze up, nervous about what the younger boy might do. Tommy was too close to the entrance of the hideout for it to be a coincidence. The chances of the younger having heard something he shouldn’t were too high for Ranboo’s comfort.

“That was *awesome*, big man! You really showed Wilbur who’s the boss, back there! I’m fuckin glad that you finally saw how shitty he is and left him in the dust! Tubs and I were honestly gettin’ a bit concerned that he got you for good. But it seems it just took ya a bit to grow a spine! Ohhhhhh! This is **great**, my man! C’mon! Tubbster is going to want to hear that!

I mean... it’s shit that you helped Wil break out, but nothing we weren’t prepared for. You don’t have to tell us a single thing. I get it if you just wanna stay out of everything from now on, honestly; I reckon I’d do the same if I could. What do cookies from Niki sound like, right now, big man? I would die for some, I’m starvin’!”

The Enderman Hybrid laughed quietly at the human boy's antics. *This* was why they’d choose Tubbo and Tommy each day over Wilbur without question.

“Cookies sound great, Tommy. I’ll even pay.”

"Poggers!"

Techno looked around the well lit and spacious underground ravine.

His father's wings were puffed out and fluffed up, the man's bird brain getting nervous in the “*cramped*” space and uncomfortable with not seeing the sky; plus the fact that Phil was generally convinced that Ravines were bad places from his past adventures.

Technoblade himself was rather comfortable. It wasn't the *Nether* , but being underground always felt a tiny bit like coming home to him.

Wilbur was rushing ahead of them, the sound of heavy boots hitting dark oak planks echoing through the cold and damp ravine.

The middle brother was acting like a small child on Christmas Eve, giddy about everything surrounding him, giggling and laughing and enjoying every little bit of his new environment.

They would just have to be careful about none of them getting sick in the conditions of the hideout.

The slight hint of mould he could sense in the air was basically proof that their stay here was like begging for some kind of lung infection, and the climate guaranteed to catch a cold.

But they'd make do. Techno would take care of his family.

He just wondered if they should move the base, considering that Tommy already knew where they were.

Maybe somewhere colder? Tommy always hated the cold. And the dry coldness of snow-biomes was a lot easier to handle than whatever *this* was.

"I'll build a farm.", mused the Hybrid out loud after noticing a particular cave that had a tiny rivulet of water flowing through it. It would be perfect to keep the potatoes watered and the hardened earth that made up a big part of the floor looked like it might be sandy enough for his favourite crop to grow perfectly, with a bit of loosening up.

His father smiled next to him, ocean blue eyes trained on his younger brother who was balancing on a ledge dangerously.

Technoblade sighed at the sight.

"And maybe you should child-proof this entire place."

[Child railings Pog! No one gonna talk about Tommy?? Potatoes! Lots of them! F F E F SBI Boys!]

Philza nodded next to him.

"Sounds like a good plan, mate. But you have something else on your mind."

Techno huffed an amused chuckle at that. His father knew him too well.

"While this place isn't *bad* , I think we should leave. I don't think it's safe."

His father hummed, the avian tilting his head in thought.

"Being underground always fucks with my instincts.", groans the man,

"I'm full-on for leaving, mate. But we *should* stay here until we know where to go."

Technoblade nodded. That sounded like a plan, for now.

"This place is amazing!", cackled Wilbur somewhere further down, hidden away in a small nook he had already mentally declared his own.

The older brother looked over to where the younger one was approaching him and their father, a deranged grin on his face.

"It's poggers.", declared the Poet with his hands stuffed into the pockets of his coat,

"I think I'll name it Pogtopia."

Both warriors froze at those seemingly harmless words.

Pogtopia

Just like Tommy called it.

While Tommy and Wilbur were plenty close in the past and for a long time, they obviously weren't attached at the hip anymore.

This was a bit too *in-sync* for the almost-immortals to feel comfortable.

Wilbur had already wandered off again without a care in the world, not noticing the inner turmoil he had caused his father and brother with a few simple words.

Technoblade frowned as he stared at the back of the foolish poet.

Just *what* was up with Tommy and Wilbur and this whole enddamned Server?

(This will be good, a few voices whispered in the back of his mind.)

The door to the White House was bashed open unceremoniously a day after Wilbur left.

Tommy was right at the front leading the charge with Tubbo, their most loyal soldiers, the roots of the L'Manburg army, following after them proudly.

All of them were in their uniform, decorated with the few medals they could earn in the country's army, and armed to their teeth, decked out in full netherite armour.

"**Search everything!**", barked Tommy, immediately making their group scatter to tear down walls and rip out the floorboards and throw chests and barrels over and push cupboards till they fall and break closets.

Tommy and Tubbo marched their way through the building until they found a snarling Quackity holding a terrified and petrified George, who was shaking as if they stood in the middle of the snow-biome, too close and tight for it to be comfortable.

"What are you doing here?!", yelled the Duck Hybrid, yellow wings spread wide and fluffed up and ruffled in an effort to make the small man appear taller and bigger than he could ever be.

Tubbo smiled pleasantly,

"This is a take-over, Big Q. It appears that our President bailed and left his country to the wolves. We can't allow L'Manburg to go without any kind of guidance."

Tommy straightened out next to his best friend.

“As this Servers Admin, and with the approval of Eret - the King of the Greater SMP, it has been decided that it is within L’Manburg’s best interest to have Tubbo as the new President.”

The young Ram Hybrid smirked.

“The military’s taking over, Q.

All of you were on house arrest and I don’t doubt that you helped Wilbur with his escape plan. You will be escorted to your new residence. No one will harm you as long as you don’t attack, and you will be supervised and guarded constantly.”

While Tubbo did his job of intimidating the two government officials into submission Tommy wandered off, looking for Wilbur’s office to see if there was anything of importance. The room hadn’t been searched so far, which Tommy was glad about, he did not want to root through that kind of mess.

He didn’t even waste his time looking through the piles of documents and papers spread all over the room - he knew his brother, Wilbur probably had a few secret hideouts and stashes spread all over the room and building, it was just a matter of finding them.

Soulfire blue eyes swept over the room, looking for some kind of indicator, and got drawn to a framed document, hanging on the wall right next to the cluttered desk.

The teen stepped closer, eyes narrowing at the tiny scripture and the three signatures at the bottom. And then Tommy sorted.

He never would have thought that his brother would be so sentimental now that the Exile hadn't pushed him into the most unstable form of insanity.

That was an official marriage-certificate hanging on the wall, declaring *Wilbur Soot Minecraft* , *Alex Quackity* and *George NotFound* legally betrothed and married husbands in the eye of Country and Law.

How... *cute* .

And how **rude** that nobody told Tommy about his brothers-in-law! *That simply wouldn't do.*

He honestly should have seen it coming, mused the teen as he took the framed certificate off the wall and held it gingerly in his hands.

He'd been there, back in the first Exile when he was still alive, after all. He knew of Quackity divorcing Schlatt before running to them — Notch! He'd been the one to invite the man!

And he'd seen how Big Q and Wilbur in their hurt and toxicity just *clicked* in all the wrong ways. Techno had been smart when he stayed away most nights to grind for ores. Even if Tommy had never acted on it, they were still living in a **Ravine** with no real doors or walls, the place had terrible acoustics and caves that were prone to create echoes.

*He had heard what they did. He knew things about his brother and Quackity he **never** wanted to know.* And in the end he had been too mortified to even look them in the eyes for a week, not that either of them noticed.

So, really, he should have expected them to get together again this time.

It was in his favour, really. More leverage and all that.

But first, he had to make sure that Tubbo got accepted in his new role as a Military Commander and President. They would have to lift the law that kept Politics and Military separated, but that shouldn't be too hard. The people *adored* Tubbo.

He allowed himself a moment to just... *breathe* . Things were hard, but it will get better. He could make this work. He could get the best out of this.

It was all going to plan so far.

Philza stared down at his birds, his chat, his *flock* in absolute despair and shock.

Some of the crows had been going missing while they were looking for Dream, trying to follow Tommy and Tubbo and Eret.

They had reported to him regularly, but some birds just... didn't return.

He thought they had just flown off, found something that was interesting, discovered some kind of lead and followed it.

He had thought wrong.

Eret was nice, from what the crows told him. The king of the Greater SMP took good care of his Subjects. She was close to her citizens and nice to their prisoners. Sapnap - the only prisoner of the kingdom, was the captain and head of the *Royal Guard* for fucks sake!

The former member of the *Dream Team* could barely be considered a *prisoner* anymore at this point!

Obviously, Philza could hear the manipulation in his crows' tales, but he could appreciate the gentle cunning and soft slyness Eret used. Slowly warming up cold water to cook their victims. Bending spirits slowly with caressing fingers, instead of breaking to rebuild.

The king sometimes sat down in their garden and beckoned the birds to come closer to her, feeding them nuts and little pieces of raw meat. Phil was glad that they apparently had researched what was healthy for the stupid birds, Chat would eat anything given to them.

(And when he said anything, then he meant *anything!*)

The flock liked King Eret.

Tubbo was a bit different.

When the boy noticed the crows following him he'd frown. If they approached places like his house close to the barracks or tried to follow him to the mansion he was building in a snow-biome he'd throw stones at them, never actually hitting, and if that happened it never was at full force.

The recently declared President had a busy schedule and managed it surprisingly well, finding a work-life balance that was admirable. The most impressive thing was how well Tubbo handled giving work away, in Philza's opinion. The kid trusted his higher-ranking Military to handle the tasks he gave them, and to do them well, which sped up a lot of processes that would usually take five times as long.

Phil would *know* , he led an empire, once upon a time.

It spoke of trust, how the old L'Manburg army operated. They functioned like a well-oiled machine.

Tubbo found time to meet with Ranboo (who had opened a pet shop after the old government was abolished) each day for a couple of hours, and Chat was debating heavily what kind of relationship the two teens were in.

Tubbo also found time to sit with Tommy on that bench of theirs to listen to music each sunset.

And then there was Tommy.

Sometimes he sat down and talked to the crows, crooning and cooing at them. Letting them sit on his shoulder and head as he wandered around the Server aimlessly, sitting in hideouts he had spread all over the Server, spying on Badboyhalo and Skeppy and Antfrost and Awesamdude and Ponk for some reason.

But as soon as Tommy left the claimed lands, the truce he had with Chat was over.

And his youngest son wasn't just lashing out half-heartedly like Tubbo does, it turns out.

Phil feels his heart break and shatter when he kneels down in front of the two corpses his flock had dragged and carried to the ravine.

Those two crows had been some of the first that were part of Chat.

One of them had been shot with a crossbow bolt. The guts were ripped out and a hole went straight through the body.

The other crow had its wings hacked off and bled out because of the gruesome wounds.

It made his own wings twitch and hurt in phantom pain. Those last moments must have been horrible and frightening.

Because, here's the thing:

While Tommy sometimes merely lashed out at Chat violently when they followed him for too long or off the Claimed Parts, the teen usually doesn't aim to kill.

This time he did.

A bigger part of the flock had been there to witness the murder, that's what allowed them to return and report to him, Tommy wasn't able to kill them all.

It gave Philza a new perspective about what probably happened to his crows that vanished.

Tommy had wanted to take these two as well, but Chat had swooped in to rescue the corpses.

"You did good, Chat. You did good.", the man soothes the mourning animals with a trembling voice. He isn't *that close* to the flock, doesn't know each crow in Chat by heart and name, but they still have a place in his life and heart, and to see some of them brutally slaughtered *hurt* .

"You better stay away from Tommy, Chat. Won't do any of us any good if more of you got killed.", croaked the father around the lump in his throat, gently patting some of the especially distraught crows' heads.

He sighed.

"Where did it happen?"

Towards the mountains, they told him.

There was a gigantic one, far in the distance. Tommy went there sometimes.

The crows that followed him there never returned, they realized.

Philza drew the only logical conclusion.

While Tommy never allowed the crows to leave the Claimed Lands, going as far as training *falcons* to hunt down the black birds and to injure their wings — killing was different.

Tommy *really* didn't want anything near that mountain, apparently.

It was suspicious.

Tommy was sitting in a cave he dug out himself, in the snow biome, the arctic, so far away from everything but *this* .

Rows upon rows of cages, birds cawing quietly, clacking their beaks softly. Wings with ripped out feathers sprawled limply over the metal.

Chat was hungry and weak.

And down there, mounted at the wall parallel to the entrance, a single Wither-Skull in homage to what this room had been in his past life:

Technoblade's Wither stash.

Tommy thought it was a funny *fuck you* at the time, by now it was a prison, keeping him just as locked up as the birds that surrounded him.

He was... trapped in his past. And he *couldn't* let go at this point.

"I'm sorry, you know?", croaked the boy, head leaning against a metal beam between two rows of cages.

The crow he was talking to was one of the first he captured.

A poor, malnourished and featherless thing by now, with carefully applied bandages, where the bird had tried to eat itself for a while.

Tommy remembered that phase from his second exile.

Thanks to Mushroom Henry he never really had a shortage of food. The fungi growing on the Mooshroom had been helpful. But it could only satiate him so much.

And there was a time where he had that slight, morbid... hope. That if he fought against Dream. If he defeated his warden – that he could *escape* and return home.

And there had been nights where he stared at his too-thin legs and pondered, if he really needed them to be complete, or if eating some of his own flesh wouldn't give him the necessary strength to shank his "*only friend*".

He didn't do it in the end, of course.

But... he understood.

"It's shit, innit? I know it is. But I *need* to do it."

He held out some nuts and dried meat for the bird to eat. He named this specific one *Clementine* .

"Once everything is over I'll let you out. And if I don't, Eret will. They know you're here. She knows he has to let you out if something happens to me."

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"Once you all are out you can- can go back to *Phil* and snitch all the shit I told ya. Like- like what I'm doing to Blob, or about my plans, or about all that *Time-Travel shit* I'm stuck with."

He swallowed and stared at Clementine. Glassy black eyes stared back at him.

"You're going to hate me so much more when I let you out. Pray to **Prime** it won't be me. ***I do*** - I pray. **Prime** do I hate myself for being the *Hero* of this story."

Hot tears spilled over his face. He didn't sob, his breath was only ever so slightly more shaky.

He learned to cry quietly.

And got taught how to cry loudly. So loud you scream through heaving breaths.

Cry so long you feel numb and run dry.

He learned.

"I don't want to be the villain. I don't want to be horrible. *But what else am I supposed to do* ?"

The crows didn't answer.

Ranboo lifted a clawed hand carefully to knock at the door in front of him.

"Hello, boss man. Here to visit George again?"

The tall teen startled a bit at the sudden words, but smiled nonetheless when they looked down at the boy next to them.

"Hey, Tubbo. You're the guard today?"

The President — and *wow*, wasn't **that** a strange thought? He was best friends with the *President* — shrugged.

"A bit. But Tommy and Eret will come over today to discuss some stuff with George. I'm not sure if they'll allow you to stay for that. I honestly wouldn't care if you did. You were good at what you did when you were still working for the Government."

The Enderman Hybrid accepted the compliment for his former work bashfully. They had long since learned that arguing with Tubbo about those kinds of things was a lost battle.

"Is it something good? What you all plan to discuss with George, I mean...?"

The smaller teen grinned up at him.

"I'd think so. But you'll learn about what it is soon enough."

The lanky teen nodded and accepted the words at face-value.

Tubbo had never lied to them.

George welcomed them into the fortified house close to the barracks with a tired smile.

"Quackity's occupied at the moment. He's in the basement.", explained the Mushroom Hybrid as he led the two teens to the living room.

"Do you want a hot-chocolate, Ranboo? And I've been trying out a new recipe Niki told me for an apple-tart — I think it worked out quite decently for my first try."

Ranboo smiled sadly at George's forced ramble.

He knew his friend felt uncomfortable in Tubbo's presence, but the man did his best to cope with his new situation. He mostly slept, but he also tried new hobbies – baking being one of his favourites, much to Niki's delight.

"I'd take the hot-chocolate and a piece of the tart, if it's not too much trouble. Do you want any help?"

"No. Thanks for offering, Ranboo, but I'm fine."

"George.",

The man froze on his way to the kitchen when Tubbo called his name from the couch,

"I have been asked to prepare you in case of visits that aren't Ranboo or your guards, per Quackity's, Ranboo's and Eret's request.

This is your warning. King Eret and Admin Tommy will arrive here within the next two hours."

The Mushroom Hybrid stood tensed in the doorway leading to the kitchen, his shoulders almost all the way up to his cap.

"Of course.", George acknowledged clearly and vanished into the other room while Tubbo leaned back with a sigh.

"What do you think, is it this time? Did Quackity have another one of his fits and destroyed the entire basement-gym? Or did he try to dig another escape tunnel?", asked the President nonchalantly.

Ranboo merely shook his head in answer and Tubbo nodded, showing that he understood that Ranboo didn't want to talk and that he would shut up for now.

George returned later than a hot-chocolate and two pieces of cake warranted, but Ranboo never commented on it, simply accepting both his treats with an excited grin and thumping tail while the older Hybrid settled next to them on the couch.

They spend their time with pleasant conversation, the Enderman Hybrid doing his best to distract their friend once Tubbo stood up and wandered around the house, obviously going to check in on Big Q.

As soon as the young president was gone, most of the tension left George's body and he slumped against the taller teen with a little groan.

"I don't think I'll ever get used to this...", mumbled the former member of the Dream Team with a shudder,

"Tubbo just... gives me the creeps. That kid is too mean to be an actual child. Has to be a *Dreamon* or something like that."

Ranboo crooned sadly at the admittance. He wished his friends could just get along, but he knew that would never work out completely.

Tubbo returned after a while, seemingly satisfied with what he found, and Quackity stayed wherever he'd been before the two teens' arrival.

And then it knocked on the door.

George flinched so hard he almost fell off the couch next to Ranboo, but the Enderman Hybrid held their friend carefully and calmed him down gently when the familiar panic rose.

Tubbo had stood up, but didn't make a move to open the door for the other two members of the *tyrannic trio* .

"George, I really think you should answer the door.", Tubbo called and the man nodded, freeing himself from Ranboo's clawed hands and stumbling over to the door on unsteady legs.

When he opened the door, Eret and Tommy were there, but George honestly couldn't care less.

Because, there, right in front of him, stood one of the people he was *sure* he'd never see again.

And so he just... stood there. Trying and failing to comprehend Sapnap being in front of his door. On ***L'Manburg grounds*** ! Without being hunted down!

This had to be another hallucination. He hadn't had them in a while, and this one is frighteningly realistic – but it really had been just a matter of time for him to finally snap and go batshit for good.

Sapnap smirked that crooked smile of his and took a step closer – George still couldn't find it within himself to move.

"You look like shit.", said his old friend and the floodgates opened.

"Oh you *motherfucker* !", hissed the Mushroom Hybrid as his vision blurred and his eyes burned.

He clawed his hands into his *idiot friend's* shirt without care and pulled him close, half-hugging half-crushing his ribs.

"You absolute *asshole* !", sobbed George while pounding a fist weakly against the smaller man's shoulder,

"Do you know how *worried* I was for you?! All the shit I went through without you?! *I thought I'd never see you again, you idiot!* I thought- I - I **thought**—"

The rest got cut off by desperate gasps for air and the Blaze Hybrid pulled the hysterically crying man into his arms, hugging him carefully and shushing him softly, murmuring sweet nothings to calm his friend down.

This went on for a few minutes, until the Mushroom Hybrid sagged suddenly in his friend's arms and Sapnap had to rush and catch George before he could hit the floor.

The Royal Guard looked around panicked, not knowing what happened to his friend.

Ranboo, who had led Tommy and Eret into the house to give the two men some privacy for their reunion, heard that the crying stopped and headed for the door with a sigh.

Looks like George cried himself to sleep.

"He's fine.", explained the Enderman Hybrid gently and reached out to take George from Sapnap's arms, who held his passed out friend awkwardly against his body.

"It's his Forced Development and Hybrid Traits, he falls asleep a lot, and fast. He'll probably be up in a bit again."

Sapnap nodded and handed over his exhausted friend gratefully.

As they walked through the house, Ranboo looked down at the Blaze Hybrid.

"So... you're in L'Manburg."

Sapnap nodded.

"Jep. Looks like I am. It's strange..."

"I take you're part of the discussion Tommy and Eret are here for?"

"Jup. I was there when they talked about doing this. Tommy and Tubbo decided that they were going too hard on Gogy and that he deserves some space for himself. It's really good news."

They arrived at the living room and the teen placed the man gently on the couch so that George would wake up comfortable.

Eret, Tommy and Tubbo were sitting at the table, each nursing a glass of water.

None of them were too shocked at the sight of Ranboo carrying an unconscious George in his arms.

The same moment the teen placed the man on the couch George groaned quietly, mismatched eyes fluttering open.

Ranboo grinned.

"Hey there. You awake for now?"

The Mushroom Hybrid grumbled for a bit, but nodded and sat up.

Tubbo clapped his hands with a smile, making the man flinch and almost fall off the couch.

Tommy snorted at the reaction, which earned him a glare from Ranboo.

The young Admin held up his hands in a soothing gesture.

Eret cleared their throat and Sapnap wandered over to stand at his king's side.

"George NotFound.", started Tubbo with a festive tone,

"Today's your lucky day. The White House has been finally searched completely and we found nothing that could incriminate you in any way, shape or form."

Tommy picked up,

"Seeing as both your husbands decided to commit crimes against the state of L'Manburg, while you steered clear, we decided that your past punishment is no longer necessary."

Eret smiled at George, who was sitting with a slack face, unable to comprehend what he was hearing.

"I take back the order against you. You're welcome to roam the lands of the Greater SMP."

"We also lifted the restraining order between you and Sapnap. You're allowed to talk to and see each other whenever you like.", added Tommy.

Tubbo narrowed his eyes at the man a bit,

"While we also decided to lift your house-arrest, you still remain a L'Manburg civilian. You are required to spend at least 72 hours on L'Manburg-Grounds each week."

Eret looked at his knight with a warm smile.

"You're also allowed to enter L'Manburg, Sapnap."

Both men exchanged unbelieving looks. Not able to comprehend that they had basically been *freed* after over a year of what they had been told would be the rest of their lives.

It was too good to be true.

But the tyrannic-trio merely smiled and nodded their heads at them as they stood up and headed for the door.

"We trust that you won't do anything that is counterproductive to your newly regained freedom.", warned Eret gently.

And they were gone, leaving George, Sapnap and Ranboo behind in joyous silence.

"Tommy."

The boy groaned at the monotone, deep voice calling his name and turned around.

"What do you want, Technoblade?"

His brother was leaning against the wall of his home, casually sharpening his axe - *The Axe of Peace*.

Tommy was almost a bit sad that *Toothpick* wouldn't exist anymore. The name of the pickaxe, when combined with its history, was a perfect pun and just the right amount of dark humour.

His warrior brother put the whetstone away and let the axe vanish into his Inventory. It was an easy threat, showing that *The Blade* was ready to fight at any given moment.

And then the Piglin Hybrid pushed off the wall and marched over to his youngest brother with heavy steps, an easily imposing figure with his tall and broad build.

Tommy met white irises head-on without even flinching.

"Do you know what Phil was forced to do a couple of days ago?" growled the *Blood God* right into the young Admins face.

Tommy returned his older brother's sneer right back and just as fierce.

"I don't, but I'm sure I'll find out in a minute."

"Phil had to bury two crows that *you* slaughtered, Tommy! You know how close he is to his *Chat* ! Those were some of the first members of his flock!"

Tommy deadpanned at him.

"I couldn't care less, big T. They spy on me, they face the consequences. I set my boundary clearly. They can stay within the borders of the *Claimed Land* and everything will be **fine**."

The teenage Admin shouldered past his older brother forcefully.

"Leave me the fuck alone! You had your chances, you didn't take them. I don't need you anymore, **Blade** . I'm my own weapon."

Tommy ground to a halt when a big calloused hand landed on his shoulder.

"Get. Your *filthy* **hand**. Off me. Technoblade!", rumbled the boy, but the warrior didn't falter.

"You're playing a dangerous game here, Tommy. Actions have consequences, as you said. Karma doesn't care who it punishes. You'll get what you have coming for you if you keep going like this. In the end, Justice is blind and will just do her duty."

Tommy scoffed.

"Oh, and you're going to be her harbinger? Will rain down Justice upon me with all your might, **Blood God?!"**, Tommy whirled around, glaring up at his brother with burning anger as he hissed,

" ***Don't!*** *Underestimate me!* It. Won't. End. Well!"

Technoblade lowered his hand, shocked at the intensity and Tommy took a step back, straightening out his ruffled clothes with a cold look.

"I did what I had to do. I did what was right. And I will continue doing so, *Technoblade* . Neither Philza nor you will change that."

He walked away before the stunned warrior could say another word.

Ranboo was grinning happily at the kittens that were crawling and climbing all over him.

One of the strays they had taken in had turned out to be pregnant later into his care, when she finally had enough weight to allow the little lives to grow inside her.

The Enderman Hybrid had been there when the little things were born and Netherrack – named like that because of her reddish brownish colouration – had been quick to entrust them with her little-ones, Ranboo rarely had been as happy as when she came out of her den with a tiny bundle hanging from her mouth and she placed the small thing on his lap, before rushing off to gather the next kitten.

And now they had three baby cats using him as a parkour-track while hiding behind the shop's counter.

The bells at the door chimed and jingled and Ranboo called an upbeat "I'll be right there!" And started to carefully gather the kittens in their arm so that he could stand up without the risk of any of the tiny cats getting injured.

"Hey there, boss man!", replied Tubbo and Ranboo looked up when they heard a gasp above them from where they were sitting on the floor.

The young President had come around the counter and was looking at the other teen with absolute delight.

"Kittens!", exclaimed Tubbo enraptured and sunk to his knees next to Ranboo, holding out a finger for the smallest of the three cats to sniff on.

"Kitty kitty kitty...", babbled the Ram Hybrid with a goofy grin as he scritched the tiny kitten's cheek with a finger.

"Ranboo, they're *adorable!* Do they have names?"

Ranboo purred loudly as Netherrack slinked around the counter and plopped down on Tubbo's lap with her own content purrs.

The kittens mewled and hurried over to their mother.

"They don't have names yet.", explained the Enderman Hybrid as he watched Tubbo staring down at the cats lovingly,

"I'm going to give them up for adoption once they're old enough, y'know. Don't wanna grow attached 'n all that."

Tubbo merely grinned in response to that and pointed at the smallest one with its coppery fur.

"Then I'm gonna adopt this one, Bossman. And their name will be '*Catsbee*'."

Ranboo snorted at the name and shook his head.

"Okay. I'll tell you then when you can take *Catsbee* home with you."

The President nodded enthusiastically.

They stayed next to each other on the wooden floor in amiable silence, watching the kittens play as Netherrack slept.

Tubbo sighed.

"Thanks, Ranboo. You don't know how much this means to me and how much it helps."

"You're welcome. Although I didn't really do anything."

The smaller teen shook his head and leaned against the counter, pulling his knees up to his chest.

"No. You... you don't understand. You're not *in there* anymore. Being a Military Commander is one thing; being the *President* is a whole other level.

I think I'd go insane if I didn't have Niki, Fundy and Jack with me all the time, and Tommy and Eret as help. Prime! Sometimes even *Purpled* shows up and helps us with finances and paperwork! And there are so many people who won't listen to me because of my age, or my looks, or the way I dress, or my position in the Military! I tell you, man, it's fucking stupid! I'm not an enddamned idiot-brute! I've led this country from the shadows for over a *year*, damnit! I know what I'm fucking doing!"

Tubbo sighed and let himself slump against Ranboo's side, as he has done so many times before - more than either of them would ever know.

"Thank you for being here for me. I honestly could marry you at this point. You've been helping me so much."

I could marry you .

Ranboo blinked. This felt... familiar to them.

It felt *right* . Like a comfortable blanket. Like it was meant to be.

The Enderman Hybrid's face split into a grin.

"You know what, Tubbo? Let's do it. *Let's get married* ."

The smaller teens eyes lit up as he glanced at Ranboo through his fringe of hair with a smirk,

"Ranboo Beloved, would you give me the honour to ask for your hand in platonic-marriage?"

"Yes, Tubbo Underscore. I would love to."

"So... you want to marry Tubbo?"

"It seems I do."

"Hmmm. Y'know he's batshit crazy, right? And that I'll make sure you'd wish you were dead if you ever hurt him?"

"I'm well aware."

"... then you'll fit together perfectly. Good on you, man. You wanna get married in Church Prime, or just want me or Eret to officiate it?"

"We'll have to see about that one, but thanks for offering."

"Anything for you and Tubs, Ranboob. I'm happy for you two."

Technoblade had a gigantic card of the known parts of the Server spread out on the table in front of him and studied it with a stony expression.

The crows had stopped looking for Dream as soon as two of them had been killed by Tommy. So it had been on the three of them to follow Tommy stealthily in order to find the old Admin.

Wilbur was growing frantic. They had gotten a message delivered by the crows from one of Techno's apparent brother's-in-law, since Wilbur apparently went right ahead and married two men at the same time, without telling his father or brother about it.

George and Sapnap happily relied the message that the tyrannic-trio declared George innocent and freed him from his house-arrest and contact-blockade. Tommy having shown how he deleted the link to George's comm in front of the man and several neutral parties as witnesses.

But after that message, George never showed up in Pogtopia, staying in L'Manburg, sending messages through crows from time to time, but it still sent Wilbur spiralling.

His brother was swaying between hurt, anger, frustration, sadness, understanding and manic-fondness like a confused Pendulum on Speed-Potions.

One second his younger brother was explaining that *it made sense, George couldn't just come to them, it would incriminate him again* the next he was raving how *Bluebird was **his** and only **his and Dove's*** , *how dare he stay away from him, when they could finally be together again?!* and a couple of minutes later he'd be sobbing *everybody hates him, why was he even still alive?*

It was concerning, to say the least.

And the only way Technoblade could think of to make it better was to end this stalemate and start the actual fight to win the war.

The only question was:

Where, in the name of Prime and all the Gods, did Tommy keep Dream?

Techno had a couple of guesses, but nothing he was willing to bet their lives on.

He groaned and slumped into a chair at the table.

Being caught in a ravine was only doable for so long. Even for him.

The place was getting stuffy, the air was thinning out and filling with smoke each day they stayed.

All of them were weary and fatigued at this point.

They could only hide out for so much longer until some form of in-fighting formed, most likely in the shape of some petty family conflict they have been holding off for too long about.

He was a good hunter. A good tracker.

But he was confronted with too many obstacles.

For one, the lead to his target was anything but fresh – about one year and five months old, by now.

Second, Tommy had done anything in his ability to make Dream vanish from the memory of the Server.

Third, Tommy had also created so many fake leads and crossing ways, as well as such a big target area, it was impossible to follow.

Dream was somewhere outside the Claimed Lands.

That was it.

Actually, it wasn't.

Technoblade was also ninety percent sure that Dream was somewhere northwest from the Claimed Lands.

But that was still a ***quarter** of the fucking map!*

Techno stared at the part he marked down once more and froze when his eyes caught onto small black dots.

Most of the crows didn't know which direction the missing one's had gone, but for each one they knew Phil had made a small dot, to mark down the exact parameter within which they were allowed to roam freely.

There were an awful lot of dots centred around one part of the border of the northwest quarter of the map.

"Phil! Where exactly did those two birds of yours die again?!"

Tommy knew that his family had fallen into his trap the very second he saw his fathers lithe figure hiding in the shadows around the mountain base he used as a second entrance to the path to Logstedshire.

The entire design and machinery he'd worked on with Tubbo, Eret and Sam was inspired by Dream's Vault from his past life.

Tommy made sure to obviously look around before he revealed the lever to open up the mountainside, which led into the labyrinth he added as a fun little bonus.

In the middle of the maze was the elevator.

And once one reached the bottom of the mountain there was one gigantic hall that Eret had a lot of fun decorating.

Connected to the hall was only one more room, which held the Netherportal that led to the pathway that aimed straight for Logstedshire's Netherportal.

The perfect deception.

The ideal decoy.

He stepped into the Labyrinth and waited.

It took about an hour before Philza opened the door.

"What the *fuck?!* ", whispered the avian heartfelt when he saw the vast expanse of the Labyrinth.

Tommy stifled a snicker at the reaction.

His father tried to fly over the Labyrinth but collided with the glass wall Tommy had built over the entrance to ensure that exactly *that* wouldn't be possible.

Once Phil hit the ground with a thud and a groan, the Admin decided it was time to act.

"Who's there?!", barked the teen and ran towards the exit.

His father started cussing up a storm.

As soon as Tommy reached the entrance, he pulled a face.

"Philza. I'm going to have to ask you to leave. Nobody is allowed in here. There's a monster, a Minotaur, so to say, roaming this place. He's been locked away for everybody's safety. He's been a wrongun, you see. I reckon we can agree he should stay here, can't we?"

Phil threw him a distrusting glare.

"Tommy. You, you keep Dream in here, mate? That's kinda fucked up."

"Wha— no! He deserves it!"

Phil took a few steps back without looking away from him, before turning around and bolting for the exit, flapping his wings before he even reached the opening in the mountain.

The man was flying before he even left the cave.

Tommy watched him go with a smirk.

It was finally time to end this once and for all.

"Anybody on the Server who is able and willing to fight, no matter the faction they belong to, is welcomed to join in the battle against the threat for our peace.

The rebels of Pogtopia want to bring back Dream and destroy everything we built and that we fought for.

Our Peace, our *Freedom* is in danger!

Now is our time to stand."

Behind Tommy stood Eret and Tubbo with stony faces and raised chins, in full armour.
Declaring their side silently.

War has arrived once more, after a year and a half of peace.

Techno had seen it during the second stake-out of Dream's prison.

A military camp.

Almost a small city at that point already.

At the foot of the mountain.

Tommy was right there, with at least half of the L'Manburg Army and a bunch of citizens of the Greater SMP.

All of them looked more than ready for war, with full Diamond and Netherite equipment, most of it was enchanted in some way.

He snuck away before anyone could notice him being there.

His damned little gremlin brother apparently was willing to camp out to keep them away from Dream – he obviously knew they were coming for the man.

They would have to fight their way through the camp to reach the mountain and then they'd have to work their way through a whole ***Labyrinth*** to get to the former Admin.

This would be a pain to deal with.

He wondered if they could lure them away by attacking L'Manburg and the Greater SMP?

Technoblade, Philza and Wilbur were sitting around the table in varying states of exhaustion, exasperation, desperation and insanity.

Techno wasn't quite sure how he felt about the peculiar part, that he wasn't the 'mentally-unstable brother' of his family anymore.

He thought his place in this specific category was secure, but both his younger brothers had obviously made a mad-dash to claim his throne.

He didn't like it.

Here's the thing that leaves all of them on the brink of a breakdown in some kind of form:

They only had enough material and manpower for one, single attack.

Even if they spent the next *year* grinding for Gunpowder and TNT and Wither-Skulls it *still* wouldn't be enough, because they were only *three* against *at least twelve*.

Not the worst odds, don't get Techno wrong. Both Phil and he had faced far worse situations together, and all by themselves.

The actual problem was the geography. Even if they decided that Philza fought against L'Manburg, Wilbur against the Greater SMP, and Technoblade against the Military-Camp which had been named "**Snowchester**" by now.

They would be too far apart to successfully rescue Dream.

There was about one-hour running distance between L'Manburg and Eret's Castle.

At least three hours between the Castle and Snowchester, probably five between L'Manburg and Snowchester.

Pogtopia was only half an hour from L'Manburg, but almost two from the Castle, and *maddening* **Seven Hours** away from the Labyrinth!

But, moving base, as much as their father and him longed to do that, was resolutely out of question.

Their one attempt to switch somewhere else had been foiled by Tubbo when the President of L'Manburg used the place in the Snow-biome they had aimed for as a testing site for his nuclear-weapons.

They had seen the mushroom cloud from far away. It had been *massive* and honestly, it had scared the shit out of them.

War-planes and poisonous gasses were one thing and they had dealt with it before — and they had handled it well; nuclear-warfare was a whole other shoe and, if he was telling the truth? It was one Techno never even *wanted* to try on.

Call him archaic, but he was made to clash blades, shoot crossbows and ride warhorses into the battlefield, maybe summon a ton of Withers.

Not! *That!*

Phil had felt similar.

And now:

Their prepared base was a crater in the middle of radiated wasteland.

Their old base was horrible.

Their morale was somewhere at the bottom of Nether-Level.

The most stable of them all was Philza Minecraft.

And they had the constant threat that they might end up being blown to kingdom come by a nuclear-warhead hanging over them like a Damocles-sword.

Techno had seen better odds.

There was no chaos, no chip in Tommy's well-crafted armour, no opportunity.

They didn't know themselves well enough for this fight, *nor* their enemy.

They had *nothing* at the end of the day. Not even a decent plan!

Because the chances of them reaching Dream while the man was alive were only so high.

And there was always the thing that the former Admin had been stuck with **Tommy** , who was *nothing* like how Technoblade remembered his youngest brother, for over a year!

For all they knew, Dream was nothing but a lifeless husk of a man who once had potential for greatness.

This Tommy probably wouldn't *hesitate* a second to suck all will to live out of a person, if it allowed him to reach his goal.

... whatever this goal might be.

Techno sighed and stood up, bracing himself against the partially-rotten wood heavily.

They were trapped. Caught in a stalemate. There was no way out, only Wilbur's insane hope for a light at the end of the tunnel. The only light, by now.

Who knows where it'll lead them?

Techno certainly didn't.

He was about to say something he'll never be proud of.

"We have to attack.",

the words *hurt* in a way only knowingly bad-decisions could. Sometimes doing something stupid and unbelievable with all your might also led to victory. But it was a wildcard.

One should never bet on wildcards.

"There's no other way. Our disadvantage is only going to grow. If we don't strike soon, we might as well hand ourselves over and beg for mercy. It's our best bet to concentrate our entire force at Snowchester. In the end, only one of us needs to find his way to and through the Labyrinth. So... we'll either make this work. Or we'll probably die trying, or worse-"

Fundy looked out at the moon shining above the snowy fields at the foot of the mountain.

He couldn't sleep.

His father and him hadn't gotten along since L'Manburg won the war.

Fundy still wasn't quite sure what he and Tommy and Tubbo did *wrong*.

Wilbur had gotten everything he asked for. Everything he wanted, laid right before his feet by his pack. By his family.

But Wilbur rejected it all.

It had been quite the shock when Tommy pulled him into Wilbur's office to show him a marriage-certificate that declared George and Quackity as his stepfathers.

But he went along with it and tried his best to gain some connection to the two men whenever he guarded them.

It was awkward and felt wrong, but the Fox Shapeshifter would never be forced to say that he didn't try his best to mend his relationship with his family.

George was actually really nice to him and offered him cookies and cakes that could rival Niki's every time he came over, after a while.

And Quackity merely rolled his eyes at him, and didn't scoff at his very sight.

It still wasn't *good* , but it was better than nothing.

And after George's sentence was lifted, the Mushroom Hybrid had actually gone ahead and invited Fundy to the celebratory dinner that evening.

It was very nice.

Fundy felt sorry for George. The man didn't deserve to be married to someone like Fundy's father.

He didn't deserve to be so trapped in Dream's manipulation that he *still* thought the former Admin was his friend.

"A beautiful night, isn't it?"

Eret's deep voice felt soothing to the young foxes' troubled thoughts.

Sometimes the King felt more like his father, than Wilbur ever did, the only reason Fundy hadn't moved into the Castle at this point was because he was too attached to L'Manburg to simply *leave* .

He hummed and continued looking up at the sky.

Tommy had them on a guarding schedule to ensure they wouldn't be surprised by the three oldest members of the Minecraft family when they attacked.

"Is it your shift already?"

Eret spread their monarch's-cape out on the snowy ground next to Fundy and she groaned a bit when he plopped down next to the young soldier.

"No. I just couldn't sleep. Tommy's... restless. I think I would have lost my mind if I heard him repeat his plan one more time. The poor kid worries too much at times."

Fundy flicked his ears at that comment.

"I think Tommy's right to worry. We're going to fight *Lady Death's Heralds* , after all. Few people out there who did that and lived to tell the tale."

Eret chuckled and shook her head a bit, making curls fly and gold glisten in the cool light

"While I'd usually agree with you, we have something of equal power on our side. I'm positive Technoblade and Philza don't stand a chance against Tommy and Tubbo."

Fundy pulled a face. The two were strong, no questions asked.

He'd fought against them with the rest of the L'Manburg army for training more than once. And the duo had wiped the floor with them more often than not.

But they were talking about ***Philza*** and ***Technoblade***. They weren't just some random soldiers; those were ***Lady Death's husband*** and ***oldest son*** — The **Blood God** and the **Angel of Death!**

Forgive Fundy, if he wasn't feeling adequate enough to fight against that kind of force.

"Trust me. They have a plan.", assured Eret and the Shapeshifter sighed.

"Sure. I'm...", he hesitated, but looked at the King, she was smiling at him gently, sunglasses discarded to allow him to see their full expression,

"... It's Wilbur. I don't know what to... he's my *father!* But—"

The young man made some vague hand gestures accompanied by frustrated noises.

Eret nodded.

"I see. That's a problem. Do you want to sit out tomorrow? Return to L'Manburg? Nobody would blame you."

"No!"

Both of them startled at the exclamation.

Fundy looked straight ahead stoically, his ears turned back and almost pressed flat against his skull.

"No. I — that's the *problem!* I **want** to be there so *badly* . And I *hope* Dad will cross my path during the fight."

The fox curled up on himself, hugging his legs against his chest and wrapping his tail around his body.

"I- I want to **do it**. Does... doesn't that make me a bad person? A bad son? I want to take one of my father's lives.", mumbled the young man bitterly.

Eret contemplated the admittance and their answer to it for a while.

Finally, she settled for a reply.

"I think it doesn't make you any worse than the rest of us. I think nobody would hesitate if they got the chance, by now. Least of all Tommy and Tubbo. And... I'd say they – especially Tommy – had been closer to Wilbur than you."

The soldier gritted his teeth at the painfully true words. It *hurt* .

Eret hummed thoughtfully.

"Those you're close to always have the opportunity to hurt you the most. That's the reason why love and hate are so close to each other."

Fundy laughed humorlessly.

"So... you're saying that me wanting to kill Dad is an act of love."

The King, much to the Shapeshifters' shock, *shrugged* .

"If I learned one thing since L'Manburg's rise to power, then it's that your family has a very skewed sense of loving and caring. It might as well be."

The young man chuckled, stunned at the words.

"You know, that's exactly how you create serial killers, right?"

Eret laughed and smiled cheekily.

"After the first, it only takes two more kills to be a serial killer. A lot of us aren't that far away from reaching that goal. In fact, I'm pretty sure Tommy is one."

"Well then. Nothing there to stop me, I guess..."

"There isn't. Do what you think is right, Fundy. You know what you do. We all believe in you."

"Thanks, Eret. That's more than Dad ever did..."

"Of course."

It started about an hour before dawn.

Niki was standing guard when she noticed the faint flickering light of a torch in the distance.

Everyone who wanted to fight against Pogtopia was in Snowchester by now. And nobody would come to visit at this kind of time, especially not with the constant threat of an attack hanging over their heads.

She squinted and tried to make out more than the diffuse light. It vanished, suddenly and quickly.

Somebody put out the light to erase their trace in the darkness.

She grit her teeth and stomped onto the pressure plate that would activate a silent signal to wake everyone up on her way to the ladder.

Tommy had insisted on one of his hideous cobblestone-towers, but Eret had been able to convince the kid that they could make it look nicer and more intimidating, and she had fully delivered, if anyone asked Niki.

By the time she reached the ground most were already awake and outside, prepared to fight and ready for whatever might be thrown at them.

She really hoped it wouldn't be Withers.

Tommy and Eret made it sound a lot like Withers would be involved.

Tommy was right at the front with Tubbo at his side, the two teens were checking the straps of their armour for each other, shields leaning against their legs so that they could be grabbed and used at any given second.

The two boys were radiating a cold intensity that made her shiver a bit.

It reminded her of the day where they stalked into the Final Headquarters with stacks of TNT they had just dug up.

It's been over a year since then... it felt just like yesterday, and like it's been decades ago, at the same time.

She watched as the last few stragglers arrived, and how everyone helped each other prepare for the last bit.

The air was vibrating, humming with terse anticipation and nervousness.

They were about to face the **Blood God** and **The Angel of Death** . *Lady Death* 's favourites.

Tommy cleared his throat and took a few steps in front of the crowd to gain their attention.

"We're about to face one of the worst attacks this Server will probably ever see, folks.",

started the Admin, most fighters, whether soldiers or volunteers, tensed up at that,

"I'm glad I'll get to face it with you all at my back and side. Makes it seem a lot less scary. I know my family's got a reputation that makes you shit your pants, but there's only three of them, and a whole lotta more of us.

There's probably gonna be Wolves and Withers 'n shit involved, knowing Blade and dear old Dad.

I know all of you killed Withers and Wolves before, don't let the masses fool you – they're no match to us."

Tommy turned around, looking towards where a faint light was glowing once again in the distance.

"It'll feel like ***The End*** has come raining down. It'll be fucked up. Any of you might die. You'll give a life doing what's right."

Tommy whirled to face them once more, soulfire blue eyes *burning* in the darkness of the upcoming dawn.

"Your orders:

Keep whatever the fuck they throw at us off Tubbo and my asses. We need to fully concentrate on taking down **the Blade** and **the Angel**.

If you see a chance to take them out without risk, take it. If there's an opportunity, grab it with both fucking hands and hold on so tight your fingers break. It doesn't matter who gets the lucky shot, in the end. What counts is that we end this quickly, and that as many as possible survive.

Got it?!"

They chorused their agreement and Niki felt the excitement rise in her chest.

This, *this* was why she stayed in the army. The rush of being part of a unit, of being surrounded by people who think just like you, and, for a moment, you are one.

In the close-by distance a blinding flash of light appeared, followed by the distorted scream of a Wither and the tugging feeling everyone always felt when those monsters appeared.

Niki bared her teeth and grabbed **Rifle** while Fundy pulled **Schlong** from his Inventory next to her.

If they wanted to play the game like that, L'Manburg would move accordingly.

"Fight! And pray to Prime and Lady Death that they allow you to see another day!", yelled Tommy before grabbing his own bow off his back and aiming the first shot at an oncoming Wither, opening the warzone with a battle-cry.

The fronts crashed in a very unequal manner.

Technoblade had done his best to recreate the Hound-Army. Tommy could appreciate the consistency and dedication.

It was about ten to fifteen tamed wolves per person, if Tommy had to guess.

Plus the fact that they had about fifteen Withers screaming over their heads, the mobs turning the field into wasteland swiftly.

He hated his brother's love for these nasty monsters with burning passion.

Another Wither was shot down above Tommy's and Tubbo's heads as they rushed across the battlefield to reach Philza and Technoblade in time.

For now the two warriors were hanging back, waiting for the United Army to tire out before they went down to slaughter them.

The two Commanders wouldn't allow that to happen.

Tommy's eyes kept flittering over the chaos, trying to locate the lanky figure of his second brother.

Wilbur had to be *somewhere* around, he was too pretentious to *not* show up for his great battle, even if he wasn't going to pull any actual weight.

And, well, if Wilbur aimed for the Labyrinth, who was Tommy to stop him?

A snarling wolf jumped in front of Tubbo, launching itself straight into the Ram Hybrid's face.

Tommy bared his teeth with a feral growl of his own, hitting the animal out of the air with his axe, stomping down on its ribcage for good measure, making the bones crack beneath his armoured boots and the wolf howl and whine in pain as he raised his axe once more, swinging it to chop off the dog's head, tearing open its neck in the process before kicking the twitching carcass away.

He didn't have time for some fucking mutt distracting him and going after his Tubbo, he had brothers to kill.

"Step away from the cave and surrender yourself now, Wilbur Soot. Nobody needs to get hurt."

The man turned around, hands raised.

His brown curls were in wild disarray with the first few grey and white streaks appearing, it gave him a dishevelled and manic look.

Brown eyes were open wide behind slightly cracked glasses and an unhinged grin stretched over the poet's face.

"Fundy. My little champion. There's no need for drastic measures. It's just me."

The fox merely bared his teeth with raised hackles and growled, lifting his sword a bit higher to point it directly at his father's throat.

"You'd say *this* aren't drastic measures?! You pulled **Technoblade** into the fight! It's nothing *but* drastic! Tommy, Tubbo and I – we did *nothing* but what you wanted! We played soldier! We fought your war for you and **won** ! You got your country, you got the presidency! *Fuck!* - you even got your husbands out of this!

What did we do to deserve this, Dad?! You got what you wanted! What else would you **need** ? "

" *Power* , Fundy! It's about *power* !", yelled the poet, making his son flinch back with a silent whine and flattened fur,

"I built a country that would be able to stand up against **Dream** so that *I* could finally get what I deserved! And then **you all** decided to turn against me and left me with a great amount of *nothing*! My plan of greatness was turned into filling out fucking *paperwork*, Fundy! That wasn't *my L'Manburg*! And when I'm done, **nobody will have her!**"

The young fox studied his father, who was panting heavily with rising and falling shoulders and an even more deranged look on his face than before.

He... almost felt a pang of pity, knowing what awaited his father at the end of the battle.

His shoulders dropped.

"Wouldn't it have been **great** , had you broken a family tradition and been a good father?",

Fundy sighed,

"I love you, Dad. More than you could ever possibly know. But... I'll try to show you."

He smiled and Wilbur's form loosened in shock and confusion.

Before the man could do a single thing, his son had lunged forward.

Fundy needed just one hit, wielding the sword precisely; he embraced Wilbur with one arm, as warm blood sprayed over the other, dampening his hands with the sticky, metallic fluid.

A startled, pained scream left his father's lips as he buried his face into the taller man's neck; hearing the rushing pulse; smelling smoke, mould and decay clinging to skin; and feeling how blood dribbled out of Wilbur's mouth onto the top of his head.

Fundy chittered and purred to the best of his ability.

He held his father until he dissolved in his arms, fully content to show his love.

Wilbur Soot was slain by Fundy with "Stick"

Wilbur woke up gasping back in the ravine of Pogtopia.

He just spent multiple minutes listening to his son ramble about how much he loved him and how glad Fundy was that he was able to take one of his lives instead of Tommy or Tubbo – or, *even worse*, someone insignificant to their family! – while Wilbur's guts slowly filled with blood, forcing him to puke red and making it hard to breathe.

A part of him was almost impressed.

And while it might sound crazy, he actually felt loved as he died in his son's arms. Still did, if he was being honest.

Fundy thought he'd get hurt, so he wanted to be the person to hurt him, someone Wilbur was close and attached to. His son wanted him to die in the company of someone who loved him.

He stood up and prepared to leave Pogtopia again. It would take a couple hours to return back to the Battlefield, but Techno had spent hours capturing and taming horses, looking for the fastest and swiftest he could find.

They had taken some of the '*weaker*' horses, animals that could get caught up in the attack without being mourned this morning.

Wilbur didn't have time for that, he'd take the best horse Techno gave him, Icarus. He wasn't dumb enough to grab Carl.

The poet rushed over to the door that led him into the ravine, but froze when he heard two voices talking.

Phil and Techno couldn't be back already, by the looks of it the fight should have at least lasted one more hour.

Plus there was a four-hour distance on horseback between them.

Which meant that those were intruders.

Likely there to take him.

Wilbur turned heel and headed for the far wall of his "room" instead.

He hadn't trusted his brother and father to not pull something stupid because of the situation they were in.

It was just a question of time before they sold him out, just like Tommy did.

So Wilbur had prepared.

Hours upon hours he could have spent so much better, slaved away over a tunnel that led away from the *Claimed Lands*, should the need ever arise.

It seemed the time to use his hidden escape just arrived.

He pulled the stone slab behind his torn L'Manburg Warflag to the side and threw one more look over his shoulder, before grabbing a lantern off the wall and vanishing into the depths of the earth.

Tommy was laughing.

Tubbo was laughing with him.

And Techno actually had a hard time blocking the two feral boy's continuous attacks.

"If they both focus on one target, whoever it is should surrender. They won't win that fight."

Techno had snorted at the written words Wilbur had handed him.

He *knew* Tubbo and Tommy.

Tommy better than Tubbo, but still. Those two might be good, but not *that good*.

... or so he thought.

Turns out he didn't know them as well as he believed.

An axe came crashing into his shield and the warrior grit his teeth when he saw purple-glimmering Netherite actually had broken through the wood and iron that was meant to protect him.

Before he was able to do much about his baby brother grinning at him crazily over the edge of his shield, he heard rushing steps from his side and his peripheral vision showed him Tubbo rushing him with a brandished sword, ready to run him through with the weapon.

The small boy gave an impressive warcry when he came close enough to actually attack.

The Piglin Hybrid tore his arm out of the leather loops that held his shield to his arm to parry the oncoming attack in time.

Behind him wood splintered and shattered and another yell alerted him of Tommy's new oncoming attack.

The warrior whirled to the side, gaining a bit of distance between his two attackers and himself.

Sweat was dripping down his face and back, making his clothes stick to his skin beneath his armour.

He could feel some scrapes and shallow cuts the duo had managed to land on him pulsing and burning.

His braid was dishevelled and halfway fallen apart.

Dirt was splayed up to his chest, the ground beneath his hooves was muddy and slippery — the entire battlefield was a torn-up wasteland by now, thanks to Withers, TNT and the feet trampling the ground.

Underground rivers and lakes had been exposed and flooded the crater-filled field and blood of fallen and injured soldiers and fighters mixed well with the filth.

Over their heads clouds were starting to tower and turning dark, far away rumbling heralding a coming late-summer thunderstorm.

It was a scenery fitting well to the showdown between a family like theirs, one bound to Death Herself.

Techno was heaving, his opponents were as well.

Philza was circling over their heads like a vulture.

Technoblade didn't know how long it has been since his father had taken flight, but the remaining soldiers and fighters refused to let the man land, attacking him whenever he came too close to the ground for their liking, and Phil had no more arrows left.

Which left Technoblade alone on the ground without any form of support.

He ducked and growled at the two teens.

No shield just meant he had another hand to attack. He passed the grip of the *Axe of Peace* to his right hand, pulling a shortsword he had taken from some fallen fighter out of his Inventory and wielding it in his left.

Tubbo was assuming a similar stance, the teen's feet a bit further apart to sturdy his stance as the Ram banged the flat of his axe against his shield to create noise and distract Technoblade from Tommy, who was standing upright next to his brother in arms, head held high as he whirled his own axe in his hand.

The blonde teen's soulfire-blue eyes were burning cold and calculating.

Their stand-off was interrupted by a victorious bird-like screech, panicked shouting, a flash of blinding light and the screaming of a freshly spawned Wither.

Tommy started swearing wildly and bolted for his older brother, axe raised high with a scream; Tubbo following right after his friend, throwing himself between Technoblade's oncoming counter-attack with his shield, bracing himself with his entire dense muscle mass, shocking the gigantic warrior with how little he budged beneath the force he was hit with, the Admin smirked, using the momentary distraction to aim for **The Blades** neck, without success.

The second an explosion went down right in the middle of the fighting trio, flinging them apart.

Techno stumbled back, blinking rapidly and shaking his head wildly to orientate himself again.

Tommy landed on his side in a painful, graceless heap with ringing ears and groaned as he fought himself back onto his feet as his vision was swimming and doubling.

Tubbo landed on his back, air got knocked out of his lungs forcefully, leaving him gasping and wheezing with watering eyes as he struggled to get his body to cooperate.

The next second a gigantic dark shadow ascended over the young president and taloned fingers dug into his armour and clothes and skin.

A rush of air and rustling feathers were the only warning before he was torn off the ground, flung into the air and carried away in a merciless grasp, meters beneath him the ground and people shouting his name.

Overhead lightning cracked and thunder rolled; the first raindrop hit the ripped open and overturned earth.

Tommy and Technoblade were circling each other in the middle of a devastated field.

The smug satisfaction had finally been wiped off the youngest's face and been replaced by a nasty scowl.

"If Dad even *dares* to kill Tubbo, I hope he won't mind meeting Mom early. Nobody hurts *my Tubbo* .", seethed the boy.

Techno huffed at the blatant threat.

"As if you could actually lay a hand on Phil, Tommy. Don't kid yourself. I was prepared to show you mercy, but for that I'll make it long and painful."

Tommy barked a laugh and showed his teeth in a smile that was anything but nice.

It was bloody, it was feral, it was violent and dark.

"How funny, Almost wanted to say the same, big man.", sneered Tommy.

The taller brother huffed and put his sword away, leaving him with nothing but his precious axe and armour.

Tommy seemed to calculate something, before finally letting his axe vanish into Inventory and replacing it with a sword.

The **Blood God** raised a brow at that. Tommy seemed pretty aware that Axes were the superior weapon, since they dealt a lot more damage.

Tommy smirked.

"It'll be funny after you die."

Techno scowled and pounced, swinging to behead his annoying gremlin brother as an opening move, but Tommy, instead of startling, simply dodged as if he hadn't done *anything else* in his entire life.

"Don't fucking underestimate me, you shitty bastard!" , screeched the boy and before Technoblade knew what was going on, Tommy's sword scraped off the side of his armour, scarily close to an opening in the protective layer.

Thunder deafened Technoblade momentarily, *Chat* was chanting in his head, thirsting for blood, egging him on and keeping him going.

Kill kill kill kill BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD SLAY THEM ALL!!! BATH IN THE BLOOD OF YOUR ENEMIES blood for the blood god bleed for the blood king ATTACK INCOMING!!!

The warrior threw his axe up just in time to catch the blade of Tommy's sword with the handle as it came crashing down.

They stood close enough to each other that Techno could feel his brother's heaving breaths ghost over his skin.

Tommy growled breathlessly and forced them apart again.

Their fight continued as the storm started howling.

Tubbo was twisting and writhing in Philza's grasp as the Avian continued carrying him away from the battlefield and cold rain fell down around them.

The teenager was well aware of the distance to the edge of the battlefield. He couldn't stop keeping track of his oncoming doom, after all.

The entire warzone was torn-up, muddy ground filled with little lakes and puddles that could cushion his fall.

Phil had *told* him how the man sometimes used exactly ***this fucking method*** to kill in fights! Grabbing his victims and flying high enough that the fall would kill, and then letting them go, leaving them to hit the ground in a splatter of blood, guts and broken bones.

Tubbo did not want to end like that!

So he fought and clawed and screamed and hit and kicked and bit — because his life depended on it.

He knew it would be his first one, but he didn't want to imagine what kind of frenzy and rampage a loss of his lives would send Tommy into.

Tommy had told him how he fought Technoblade in a pit with nothing but fists and was almost beaten to death by his oldest brother in his first life.

Tommy wasn't as weak this time; but crazy, powerful and stubborn enough to do something equally stupid and problematic.

With a hoarse scream and a motion that made it feel like he tore his limb out its socket he was finally able to twist his arm in a way that allowed him to hit the man who once took him in against the temple.

Philza startled at the attack, the man's grip loosening a bit more and Tubbo didn't hesitate, writhing himself out of the Avian's grasp and then his stomach lurched as gravity took hold

and the boy fell to the ruined ground like a stone.

His descent slowed abruptly with a splatter and he sank into dark, thick liquid, before dragging himself to the surface of the sludgy-fluid gasping and coughing desperately.

The Ram Hybrid crawled blindly into one direction and collapsed as soon as he met semi-solid ground and promptly vomited to the side, before wiping his dirty hand over his face to get the worst of the mud off his face.

His heart was beating wildly in his chest.

He could have *died* !

His limbs were shaking and twitching uncontrollably and Tubbo laughed hysterically as he realized that he actually *survived that!*

He managed to escape the grasp of the *Angel of Death!*

Thunder clapped and lightning blinded him for a moment.

He could see the shadowy silhouette of Philza over his head as rain splattered to the ground around him.

Tubbo stayed lying on his back and sunk a hand into his Inventory, pulling out a crossbow and a rocket.

He aimed the rocket launcher at the winged man flying up above and pulled the trigger.

The battlefield had no place for *Angels* .

They were growing exhausted.

They were slowing down.

Both of them were covered in blood and mud and filth and dirt and drenched to the bone.

Technoblade, as well as Tommy, had both lost their footing more than once on the slippery ground.

They were growing slow and their attacks were turning out sloppy and uncoordinated.

Techno had rarely seen himself so evenly matched by another person.

Philza could keep up with him.

There might have been a time where Dream would have been able to meet him like this.

But **Tommy**??? Not so much.

And yet...

His youngest brother was recklessly determined to kill him.

They clashed again, and *again and again*.

It was more a battle of wills than an actual fight at this point.

Whose arms would cease to raise?

Whose legs would give out first?

Who would collapse before the other did?

It was gruelling and Techno despised each and every second of it. He wanted this maddening, violent dance to *end* .

But he just couldn't get in a hit that would keep his brother *down* .

And so they kept fighting.

It felt like an eternity by now, and the Warrior wondered if it wasn't true.

If they had not actually died at some point and were now stuck in their personal purgatory, damned to face off in this hellish battle in the middle of the storm forevermore.

Tommy lunged for him again and the tip of the sword grazed off Technoblade's chestplate narrowly.

The Piglin warrior scowled and retaliated by raising his axe, aiming for his brother's ankle in hope to take his leg out and finally *end this*.

Tommy jumped over his blade.

Their fight continued.

Wilbur was pressed flat against Icarus' back as the horses' hooves thundered over the wet ground, carrying him back to the fight.

The rain was hitting his skin like icy needles and the storm was howling in his ears like a wild beast.

His fingers were turning numb where they were clutching the reins and his face was burning from the cold.

The horse was heaving beneath him, but each time it tried to slow down to catch its breath he spurred it on again.

He *had* to return to the fight!

He grit his teeth and clenched his eyes shut, trusting the animal to keep running straight forward for a second, before he remembered that trusting something like an animal was probably one of the worst decisions he could make.

Trusting *anything* was a bad idea in general.

He for sure didn't trust himself. But so did nobody else.

And he really didn't trust his family. Techno and Phil were on his side *now* , but it was just a matter of time. He *knew* . He was ***well aware*** .

They wanted to go.

They wanted to leave him again. That's why they helped him, they needed Dream to **open the borders**.

They thought he was stupid, but he *wasn't*! **HA!** Wilbur had heard them talk about how they needed **open borders** to leave. Which meant that they really just wanted to fuck off to another Server as soon as possible!

But... they knew that the **borders were closed**. They really didn't have to enter in the first place.

On the other hand. Who said it wasn't **Mom** who sent them, to get rid of another Admin-gone-crazy in the first place?

Wilbur really loved his family, they were always so determined and strong. So much stronger than him.

It made him jealous.

He always wanted to be a bit more of a fighter, but he knew he wasn't, so he did the next best thing, and actually took one Tech's many monologues to heart, and learned to wield words instead of weapons.

Maybe, if he had tried fighting instead of learning rhetorics and holding grand speeches and poetry Phil would have paid him more attention.

Maybe he would have stayed.

Not that he ever blamed his father! Philza was the **Angel of Death**, he had divine work to do.

He had to help Techno with the Voices so that Techno wouldn't attack Tommy or Wilbur.

He fucking *hated* Techno for his " *holier than thou* " act and his shitty attention-seeking, sucking-it-up-to Dad attitude! As if he *actually* heard voices! He was just faking it so that he could take Phil away from Wilbur and Tommy!

No. No, that wasn't actually true.

Wilbur remembered the time before the Voices.

They changed Techie a *lot* and his older brother had cried about it all the time.

It was sad.

Nobody deserved that.

No. Actually. Tommy deserved whatever came his way.

Except that Tommy was his baby brother. Wilbur didn't want to hurt Tommy.

His... brother? Could he even consider Tommy his brother anymore?

The kid was just getting in his way.

Wilbur needed Dream back in power so that he could take it. Tommy wasn't willing to share.

Tommy *took* **his** power from him!

He was going to kill that little brat for doing that to him!

And once that was done, he'd get rid of Philza and Technoblade, too! And then nobody would ever be able to stop him!

Obviously, he had to keep his family close and safe, after he won, or else someone might try to take them from him to force him back into submission. That would never happen again!

Wilbur was getting close, he could see the muddy ground at the foot of the mountain by now, and Phil flying above the battlefield.

Everything was going to work out. He had his father and one of his brothers on his side, after all.

And they'd get Tommy back, for sure. He just needed a bit of help. But that was fine. Wilbur could be patient.

Techno *knew* what was about to happen the very instant he realized that he slipped up.

It was such a small thing. He raised his axe less than a heartbeat too slow.

And he *knew* .

He hadn't been fighting and waging wars all his life for nothing, after all.

He saw it in the arch at which Tommy's sword was coming at him.

Dark Netherite shimmering with powerful enchantments and dripping and glinting with blood.

He saw it in that insane, bloodthirsty shine in Tommy's soulfire-blue eyes as the wind tore at blonde hair and rain whipped around them.

He saw it in his little brother's mad grin, all bloodied and bared teeth, nothing but malicious glee, powerhungry victory, and predatory threat.

There were **war crimes** in the world.

Technoblade had just committed one a few hours ago when he summoned Withers for warfare purposes.

And then there was the **Battlefield-Etiquette**.

You could break it and disregard it and people would shun you for doing so, but in the end it wasn't a *crime* .

Using Death-Scars for permanent harm was one of those things *you just didn't do* .

And yet...

He saw the metal drawing closer.

It would slash across his face. It would cut over his eyes.

It was just the right height, *just the right angle* .

Technoblade knew that *this* was the last thing he would ever see again until the ***End of all Time*** came.

He would see the sword of his little brother rushing at him with the intention to blind him.

He closed his eyes in a useless effort to shield them and his face erupted in ***P A I N***

Technoblade was slain by TommyInnit with "The Blade"

It was a heartbeat.

Philza merely threw a curious glance in the direction of his fighting sons, to check if Technoblade was fine.

And what he saw was how Tommy tore his brother's entire face in half with his sword.

He could see that Techno lost.

And... he couldn't remember the last time that happened.

And he froze, forgetting for a single second that there was one of his adopted sons, Tommy's brother in arms, a President, Commander and General beneath him.

He forgot that the boy had been trying to shoot him down with rockets for the last ten minutes or so.

Forgetting about Tubbo would be his greatest mistake.

There was a high whistling sound cutting through the storm, sparks of light in the rolling darkness, a small object moving towards him at high speed.

Blue eyes widened when Philza realized what was happening and the Avian twisted in the air with flapping wings, trying to escape the missile coming straight at him.

The last thing he saw was a flash of colourful light surrounding him.

A force knocking him forward uncontrollably. Burning cold spreading over his back.

Pain spread through his wings.

He faced the muddy ground. It came closer and closer.

His vision was flickering and tunnelling and getting spotty.

Nothing.

He woke up with his heart fluttering inside his ribcage and in utter darkness.

Tommy had left him on the muddy ground as he was consumed by pain, the voices inside his head howling and screaming and raving that he had to **stand back up** , that he *never died* .

Technoblade died.

Technoblade dies.

For the first time in forever, *Chat* was quiet.

Eerily silent, stunned speechless, too shocked to utter a single word.

And the warrior recalled everything he knew about his situation and something inside him *shattered* when he realized that his fight was unquestionably and irredeemably *over* .

He would never be able to regain his sight, and while there were decent, even good, blind fighters — he was stuck.

The borders were *closed*.

He couldn't just... *leave* and learn to fight again.

And Tommy would never allow him to return to his old glory while he was on his *cursed* Server.

In the void of his existence, the man, the fighter, the warrior, who once was a **god** to some, allowed himself to shed all the tears that burned his soul.

He lost.

He didn't know how long he just... lay there, in the eternal night that would be his life from now on.

After a while, the voices tentatively crept forward inside his mind.

[We're so sorry, Blade...]

whispered one voice softly.

[We should have guided you better. All's not lost, warrior! Technoblind pog SHUT! THAT'S JUST INSENSITIVE! YoR'rE iNsEnSiTiVe! We'll help, Blade, don't worry we'll be your eyes

Quiet!

All of them froze and his ears pricked slightly at the sound of soft footsteps and quiet voices.

Somebody was here, and it wasn't Wilbur and Phil.

[We're with you. We'll help! Don't worry, we've got your back, Technoblade! TECHNOSUPPORT!]

He nodded and muttered a quiet thanks before he rose from the bed he'd been lying in as quietly and carefully as he could without seeing a thing.

It was hard to orientate himself without seeing.

He tried to not stretch out his arms to feel for his surroundings, a part of him shying away from so blatantly displaying his helplessness.

So instead he settled for an awkward shuffle.

The sound of a door opening had the Piglin Hybrid freeze, ears twitching and head whirling around, hoping to identify the possible attacker, only to remember that he couldn't.

So he settled for a hesitant warning growl, hand reaching out for where his Enderchest *should* be, if he wasn't wrong.

The Inventory of the magic-box opened before his mind's eye and the warrior could have cried from happiness when he realized that he hadn't lost that ability right along with his eyesight.

But there was *someone* in the room, so he wouldn't allow himself to let any tears slip.

There was some more shuffling.

"Hello, Technoblade. I — my name is Ranboo. We met once, a couple months ago. I led Wilbur to Pogtopia and opened the entrance."

The Piglin Hybrid nodded tersely. He remembered that.

"Go on."

"O-oh... uhm... I'm — well... I'm here to lead you to... L'Manburg...?"

Yeah, *that* certainly wouldn't happen.

Techno straightened out and grabbed a backup Netherite Axe out of the chest and let full armour slip into his Inventory, so that he could put it on as soon as he got somewhere remotely safe.

"I'm afraid that won't be possible, Ranboo."

"Uhm... please don't. Let's not do anything harsh, please. We can talk about this."

[He's right in front of you, Blade Eh, more like, five steps away...? I'd say it's two steps and a leap! Not helpful. JUMPING IS LITERALLY THE DUMBEST THING YOU COULD DO RIGHT NOW WHAT THE FICK?! He's not armed, but wears full enchanted armour.

Is anybody going to mention Sappnap lurking around the entrance? No? Okay... E E E E L L L F F F LOL we dead - again. AHHHHH! TOO SOON! BURN THEM WITH FIRE! THE PAINNNN!!!]

The warrior regarded the few helpful things *Chat* said.

He *really* didn't like the odds.

He tried to raise his axe and take a menacing step towards the teen, but something was lying in his way and he found himself stumbling with a startled sound being forced out of his throat.

Slender, clawed hands stopped his fall and steadied him before he could actually meet the ground, much to his dismay. It would have held a bit more dignity if the enemy didn't decide to *help* him.

"Easy, Technoblade. Don't hurt yourself. We're not here to cause you any harm. I'll bring you to your father. He was injured severely during the fight."

"Why should I believe you?! You abandoned Wilbur the very second he was out of that cursed city of yours!"

Ranboo shook his head, but stopped when he remembered that the Blood God couldn't see that, settling to answer verbally, instead.

"Uhm. No... that- actually wasn't it. I mean. I *did* help Wilbur leave L'Manburg.

But I did it because he was genuinely unhappy and I wanted to give him a chance to live a happy life without being trapped. Not for him to start another war. I left because he didn't respect me when I told him I wouldn't fight.

Besides that, I don't think anybody would ever dare to lie about the *Angel Of Death* losing his wings."

Technoblade froze, scarred-over face swivelling around in an attempt to look at Ranboo.

Technoblade's final guess was scarily accurate.

"... **what?!**"

"Philza... he – well... his wings got hit by a rocket during the fight? They were injured too badly, they... had to be amputated. I'm sorry."

His world was falling apart around him.

Things he thought to never be touched were *crumbling to the ground*.

Everything he knew, his old life, was slipping through his hands like *sand* and there was nothing he could do anymore.

"... bring me to him."

Rustling of clothes, a short pause of sound, a stifled snicker further away.

"Ah! Sorry... of course. I'll... touch your arm now? To help you out? We'll take your horse, uhm... Carl?"

Techno grunted and held out his arm as silent permission for the teen to take it.

Cool hands gently wrapped around his upper arm, close to his elbow. He could feel where the kid's fingers tapered off into claws and how careful the Enderman Hybrid was to keep them away from him.

Their trek through Pogtopia was quiet and slow, Ranboo guided him carefully, the fluffy end of a tail brushing up against Technoblade's legs. The kid had used it to show him how to climb stairs and ledges, allowing him to move as freely as possible.

They made their way out and Ranboo asked Technoblade to wait for him, while he fetched their horses.

The warrior complied without putting up a fight, standing still in total darkness as *Chat* screamed at him to ***take his chance and run while he could!***

He knew it wouldn't work, so he didn't try. But he appreciated the care, the hope, the trust they put in him.

He twitched when he heard the familiar sound of heavy boots and hooves hitting the soft forest floor.

"Do... do you think you'll be able to get on Carl by yourself?", fretted the Enderman Hybrid and the Piglin grunted.

"Get me to him and I'll do it. I've mounted enough horses I can do it while asleep."

He had a feeling the kid was nodding again and held his arm out with a sigh.

Before Ranboo could lead him to his steed, though, Carl decided to take matters into his own "hands" and Technoblade felt a warm breath ghost over the palm of his hand, followed closely by a quiet huff and then soft, velvety skin butting against his hand.

His fingers started to tremble ever so slightly as he traced his fingers over the short fur covering his horse's face, until he found Carl's mane and took a stumbling step closer, hugging the animal desperately.

He rested his head against Carl's neck and took a deep breath. Feeling the horse's fur, hearing it breathe and its heart beat, it almost felt like he could see again and he'd just opened his eyes once he stepped back, without being surrounded by eternal and infinite darkness.

He took his time until he stepped back, facing the harsh reality that he, in fact, couldn't see a single thing anymore.

"Are... you ready to go?"

The warrior nodded and patted Carl's neck, before walking along the warhorse's side until he found the saddle.

For the first time since he woke up he was able to do something without any form of struggle, his muscle memory being enough to get him on top of his steed effortlessly.

"I have Carl's reins tied to Nightmare's saddle. You'll just have to hold on."

The warrior nodded and allowed himself to slump forward against his steed's back and neck in an exhausted heap of numbness.

Carl started trotting off into some direction or another — Technoblade couldn't really know anymore.

And for a while it was quiet until the fallen Blood God couldn't handle it anymore.

"You're the one who more or less caused this, from what Wilbur told us. Was this some elaborate plan so that you could boast how you defeated the *Blood God* and *The Angel of Death* ?"

"No.", the answer was cold and bitter, and so wholly different from the teens' nervous behaviour, it piqued Technoblade's interest.

"Explain it to me, then."

"I really just wanted to help a friend. Wilbur... he, Quackity and George – they were *miserable* . Quackity still is, to be honest.

I hoped... that once Wilbur was out, and realized how *ridiculous* his plan was – that he'd give up on revenge and settle down somewhere *far away* from the *Claimed Lands* . That he'd ask me to smuggle Big Q and Gogy out of the city, so that they could run away and live wherever Wil decided to settle.

I — I helped him *make* that plan you carried out, y'know? I *made* it so it wouldn't work. I thought *he* , or well, *you* would know **better** than to throw away everything for a high-risk—low-reward plan with close to no chance of success. I thought it would change everyone's mind.

But... you actually decided to *pull it through* . **Why?!** "

Techno startled at the admittance.

It was never meant to succeed. The plan had been constructed so repulsively to be a *deterrent* !

"Had you been with us and maybe none of this would have happened!", realized the warrior accusingly.

Something akin to understanding glowed in Ranboo's mismatched eyes, not that the blind warrior would ever know.

"It... might have changed the tide, but... I have some powerful friends, Technoblade... no need to upset them."

Wilbur had seen how his *father* had been dragged off on a gurney by a horse, Eret and Tubbo sitting next to the man on the small cart, keeping cloth pressed to the worst of the wounded wings to keep Phil from bleeding out.

There really wasn't anything left, except for one little piece of hope.

Wilbur had to get Dream.

"I can't thank you all enough for helping to keep the Server's peace.

Your losses, sacrifices and struggles won't have happened in vain. The war is over and won! We're victorious once more! Clean up, go home.

Snowchester is no longer needed, but if some of you want to stay here, I obviously won't stop you. Just inform me about it.

With that being said:

Bye, fuckers~ I thank ***Prime*** that I can finally do my own shit again!"

Everyone laughed at his parting comment and Tommy gave a lazy two-finger salute, before stuffing his hands in his pockets and wandering off.

One look towards the entrance cave to the Labyrinth showed him what he had been waiting for, a smirk spread over his lips when he saw a billowing brown coat vanish into the depths of the mountain.

His dear brother had finally come out to play.

The teen rolled his shoulders and cracked his neck, before downing an invisibility, a strength and a speed potion.

This would be fun.

"Won't you step into my parlour?", said the Spider to the Fly ...

Wilbur felt a lot like that fly, now. Lost, somewhere in the middle of an extensive net, well knowing that he could die at any given second, caught in the grasp of something far more dangerous than himself.

A screech of metal against stone made him flinch violently.

"Oh Willby~", singsonged his younger brother's voice and made him gulp. His heart found out it could beat even faster inside his chest and his hands were trembling.

He had to keep it together!

He was *so close!*

He just needed to pick his way through this damned maze!

Wilbur rushed off into some random direction, having long since lost his orientation between extensive walls of cobblestone and glowstone lighting.

He froze and held his breath when he could hear footsteps coming at him from ahead.

"It's over, Wilbur. I can hear you."

He chose to not dignify that creepy line with a response in favour of looking around for another path to go.

...

...

...

There!

He rushed over to the small side-way and forced himself through the narrow entrance, hoping it wasn't some dead end. It wasn't, luckily.

Instead he found himself back on another broad path.

There were Honey blocks decorating the walls.

Could it be?

Wilbur decided he'd think about the implications later, when he had *time* for it, and took off in a random direction.

Until — there was ghostly, manic giggling coming from his left, he immediately headed to the right, not wanting to get close to his insane, out-of-his-mind baby-brother.

Some more turns and suddenly he found himself in front of a wall of lava.

The scraping was close behind him.

... if he had to choose between burning to death one final time, or getting caught by Tommy? That choice was *easy* .

A step through the molten stone later and he found himself in a pool of water.

So it actually was a hidden entrance.

... even better.

A look around showed him rainbow decorations in the form of coloured concrete blocks between the cobble.

So it actually *was* based around the Tyrannic-trio!

He grit his teeth.

This was Eret, so it would probably be the worst part, considering their habit of double-crossing and that she was a builder.

The sizzling of a solid object meeting lava had him sprint away before he could spend any more thought on his predicament.

There were twists, and turns. Sometimes he found himself at parts where ladders led up to a second floor and before he knew it, he was back on the ground floor.

Or, at least he thought he was?

He really wouldn't know anymore.

He was just running, looking over his shoulder as Tommy steadily kept up, sometimes turning around a corner as Wilbur just picked his new path.

Sometimes he'd see his younger brother waiting for him at an intersection with a menacing grin, axe at the ready and he'd have to turn tail, run back to where he came from, or duck into some side-way, or flee up a ladder.

His chest was heaving with every breath. He wasn't fit enough for this!

He was never a fighter, never interested in sport!

He was pretty sure he developed asthma while he was stuck in Pogtopia's ravine!

Why couldn't things just *once* go the way he wanted them to, on this End-damned Server?!

He was so close to a panic attack; so close to a hysterical breakdown.

He wanted to cry right now.

"Hello there."

He shrieked at Tommy's voice speaking up so close behind him and whirled around.

His little precious baby brother stood in front of him in a way that would have almost looked *adorable* , were it not for the gigantic Netherite Axe the teen held clutched in both his hands and his too-wide grin that stretched the boy's face grotesquely.

The poet stumbled away from the kid and started running again, when his eyes caught an anomaly in the structure.

There was Blackstone where green should be, following the rainbow pattern in the walls.

Wilbur headed for it without a second thought.

It was his only *hope* . His only chance to maybe find his way to Dream's prison.

He stumbled into a Blackstone room decorated with obsidian and crying obsidian and a single lever at the far wall.

He didn't, *couldn't* , think anymore. So he just rushed for the lever and pulled it down with all his might, just as Tommy entered the way into the Blackstone room.

Tommy's eyes widened and Wilbur could almost feel his uncertainty being replaced by triumph when his little brother rushed forward with a strangled "*nO!*"

Before Tommy could reach the room, pistons sounded and an obsidian wall slammed up, then the ground trembled and rumbled beneath Wilbur's feet.

A lurch almost sent him face-first to the floor, and then his stomach slammed into his throat in a nauseating sensation.

He was in an *Elevator* realized the man with a startled laugh.

And it was going *down* .

Wilbur rushed out of the Elevator as soon as it hit ground and he saw the exit.

Dream had to be here! He just ***had to!***

An excited grin spread over his face when he entered a Blackstone tunnel leading *somewhere* .

"**Dream!** It's me, Wilbur Soot! I'm here to rescue you! I've got a hideout! We can get you away from Tommy and then you can take back the Server!", shouted the poet, hoping to draw the former Admin out quickly.

... nothing happened.

Wilbur continued running through the tunnel that led out of the Elevator towards the light.

It was a ***gigantic*** hall! They must have hollowed out the entire **base** of the mountain!

There were torches and glow stones and... nothing.

No sign of life at *all* .

"... *no* ...", breathed the man, his knees almost buckling beneath him.

This couldn't be a **trap** . It just ***couldn't*** . His - his entire ***life*** depended on this!

This couldn't just be some sick trick!

As soon as he got his body halfway under control again, he started to run.

From wall.

"No."

To wall.

"No."

To *wall* .

"No!"

To **wall**.

"NO!"

To *wall* .

***"NO! NONONONONO! FUCKING! FUCKING DAMNIT! NO! This - thiS **can't** be it!
There has to – there has to be **something!** "***

He couldn't slow down in time and hit a wall, slumping down with a pained groan and a choked half-sob.

There was a sound of stone slotting together in the distance.

The clang of armoured boots hitting stone in measured steps.

"Oh, Wilby...

Hm... I reckon you *really* had to do this to yourself, again. It's painful, innit? Feels like shit when someone you would have been loyal to till you die turns against you, nh? Hurts even worse when *everyone's* against you."

Tommy cackled.

"I should know. It happened to me! It's -it's a beautiful *irony*, innit?! Myths an' Legends an' Stories an' poems n' songs n' shit just *loooove* that kinda shit, don't they?!

This could *easily* be one of Techies tales, don't cha agree?!

A father and his two oldest sons crippled and killed by their youngest because they hurt him, but forgot! Because they were *assholes* who tried to take *everything he did for them* and **destroy it** like some stupid *wankers*!

But, oh! ***I won!*** TAKE THIS, TECHNOBLADE! I'M THE HERO OF THIS STORY AND I FUCKING WON, YA SHITTY BASTARD!!! ***AND I DIDN'T DIE! A SINGLE! TIME!!! HA!"***

Wilbur watched with growing terror from his spot against the wall as Tommy fucking *lost it* — bending over with howling, shrieking, coughing laughter and tears streaming down his face.

"I FUCKING WON!", cheered the teen again, screaming his victory into an empty hall, that once, sometime, somewhere else, had been filled with the most precious possessions known to the Server.

The young Admin stopped suddenly, burning blue eyes fixing onto Wilbur who shook at the frightening focus directed towards him and tried to melt into the wall behind him, some old, primal instinct inside him screeching *danger danger predator run run run hide getaway*

Tommy's head tilted to the side in a curious, bird-like motion.

The boy was *too fucking quiet* for Wilbur's comfort!

"I remember how you told me you wanted to be the bad guy, Wilby."

The poet frowned that admission, not being able to recall anything among those lines.

"I – I remember how you *hit me* . A-and how you screamed at me. And when you locked me between those two pistons and decided it'd be *fun to fuckin drown me while I was having a panic attack!* "

The teen started pacing in the middle of the room, never taking his eyes off his older brother, who remained frozen in fear, shock, and confusion.

"I remember Pogtopia *so fuckin well* , I tell ya. It was **shit** , Wilbur! It was terrible! *I WAS READY TO DIE FOR YOU WHY DID YOU DO THAT TO ME?! Why did you throw me into that enddamned PIT with Techno?! WHY?! "*

A blur of movement and the next second a heavy Netherite boot buried itself in Wilbur's side, throwing the revolutionary over and leaving him breathlessly dry-heaving on the ground with spit dribbling from his mouth.

"**Wasn't I a good little soldier?!"** , yelled Tommy and the man on the ground groaned when his ribs cracked beneath a forceful stomp.

"**Wasn't I your perfect Masterpiece?! Right along with your Symphony?!"**

He tumbled over the ground. Dizzy, his entire being was *burning and pulsing* with **pain** . Wilbur... didn't understand what was *going on*. He didn't know what Tommy was *talking about!*

Tears were dripping behind cracked glasses.

"Why couldn't you just be *satisfied?! Why do you always pick the stupidest plan and path out of all available options?! You could've just taken what you got and accepted it! And, if you really wanted Presidency*, why couldn't you just go *without* rigging those fucking elections?! It wouldn't have been *hard* to go the right way! And, guess what?! Fundy wouldn't have entered the competition, then! Maybe not even Big Q! And Schlatt would have *lost* if it was us against him, and the people would have chosen *you*, because you were willing to give up your *"power"* for their content and happiness! It would have been the perfect manipulation-plot! *So why?! Didn't you take the Fucking chance?!*"

Tommy was panting over him. His eyes seemed more a dull grey, than a burning soulfire blue.

Something told Wilbur that his brother wasn't *actually* seeing him.

"*I've won.*" , breathed Tommy,

"And from now on, the heroes will win. And the bad guys will lose. And Karma will come right back, leaving someone who claims to be *Justice* blind. Taking freedom from the man who left everyone who loved him behind. ... teaching a greedy man to be humble."

Tommy straightened out in a grotesque motion.

It looked like the boy was being pulled by strings at the hands of a particularly clumsy puppeteer.

"Get on your knees, Wilbur. Let's get this over with."

The poet groaned, but moved to do as told. There was no reason to make this any harder on himself. He was injured and had never been the best fighter.

Apparently he was too slow, because merciless fingers dug into his hair and scalp and tore him into the requested position, forcing a hoarse and strangled scream out of his tortured

throat.

"When you wake up, Sapnap will pick you up and lead you to L'Manburg. You'll face a trial, and you'll be locked into the cells beneath the White House for a life-long sentence, together with Alex Quackity Soot Minecraft. Gorge NotFound Soot Minecraft will be allowed to visit you daily.

I will now take your second life as punishment for your crimes against this Server.

Any last words?"

Wilbur stared ahead at the far wall.

He *lost* .

And he was scared shitless.

Tommy was about to fucking *Execute* him!

He was shaking, he was crying. He didn't know what to fucking *do* !

And then this *Motherfucker* asks him for something like *last words?!*

"Fuck. You!"

Tommy snorted at the venom dripping words as he spat them out.

"Of course, big man. Now."

A block of wood was placed in front of him and Tommy stepped onto his *fucking head to keep him pressed down to the wood fuck this was actually happening shit he didn't want to die like this oh Prime this was horrible what in the ever-loving fuck?!*

"Hold still, Wilby. This will be over in a bit."

Wilbur Soot was slain by TommyInnit with "Heroes Axe"

It was a nice and sunny day, mused Phil as he stared out the window of the small "hospital" of L'Manburg.

It really was just a normal house that had been stacked with medical supplies and potions that was used regularly by Ponk to treat sick and injured people.

Nobody had to stay as long as Philza and Technoblade did so far, though...

well, that comes with losing two of your most important libs, he guessed.

He couldn't walk without his wings. The loss of the familiar weight leaving him off-balance and stumbling like a newborn fawn.

The man took a sip from his tea with a frown.

He'd woken up quite a while ago, lying on his stomach and with his back aching and throbbing and his wings *missing*.

He never thought he could produce sounds like he did that moment when realization finally hit.

It had made him think of his dead crow, with their chopped off wings more than once.

... he was kinda jealous that his crow hadn't survived while he was forced to endure.

It's been so many weeks since he woke up to his oldest son sleeping fitfully in the bed next to his with a white, silky strip of cloth tied around his face, hiding his eyes.

It had been a painful reminder.

Phil recalled seeing Technoblade's death. How Tommy's sword carved his brother's face in half before his youngest left the oldest on the ground to bleed out.

A cruel and unhonorable death for someone as mighty as the *Blood God* .

Something, Tommy apparently was well known for on this Server.

Philza talked to his visitors since he had nothing better to do. And more than one member of the L'Manburg army told him about Tommy's impressive victory over Dream during the first Revolution, where his son skewered the man from *behind* and hugged him for a solid minute, and then proceeded to shove the back-then-famous fighter off his sword and left him to bleed out, while talking to his comrades joyously.

The father saw a bit of a pattern there, he wasn't gonna lie.

There was a hesitant knock at the door and Techno startled where he was sitting with his head leaning against a jukebox Ranboo gifted them.

Now that Techno couldn't read anymore... music was his only form of entertainment.

...

his oldest didn't even like those discs and their music...

"Come in, mate.", called the flightless Avian with a tired smile.

But there were none of the faces he'd seen recently in the doorway.

Not Tubbo and Ranboo coming to entertain them for a bit.

Not Eret, there to offer Technoblade some clothes that fit his royal-looking style and bring Phil some special brand of tea the King thought he might enjoy.

Not Fundy coming to meet his grandfather and uncle for the first time in his life.

Not George visiting to spend some time with his father and brother-in-law.

Not Niki with pastries she wanted them to try.

No.

It was *Tommy* . His youngest son standing in the doorframe awkwardly with a constipated expression, looking like he'd rather be anywhere else than here with them.

"Hey there, Toms.", greeted Phil gently.

At first, he'd been angry. Of course he'd been mad! He had wanted to slaughter everyone involved in the loss of his wings and his sons' eyesight and freedom.

But by now he was just... *sad* . Painfully miserable whenever a reminder of their situation crossed his mind, which happened all the time, much to his despair.

Techno, on the other hand...

His oldest was on his feet within seconds. Looking determined to take on the world, even without his eyes.

"You!", growled the Piglin Hybrid with raised hackles and lunged straight for the door before Phil was able to do a thing about it.

But... much to his surprise, Tommy merely closed his eyes, let his arms hang down at his sides and stepped right into Techno's oncoming fist.

The blonde boy stumbled back a step as Techno stood still, frozen by the shock that he had actually managed to hit his brother, even while blind.

"Yea, I deserved that.", said Tommy quietly, before looking at Phil.

"Hey... .. Dad. It's... it's been a while."

Techno, still not comprehending what just happened – if Phil had to guess – wandered over to his bed and plopped down on it with a dizzy expression on his face.

"You're right, mate, it's been some time. Come on in, take a seat, son."

Tommy cleared his throat and shifted on his feet.

"Maybe 'nother day, old man. I'm just... I reckon I just couldn't hold off givin' something to you any longer. They – uh... they really missed you, I guess?"

"Oh?"

There was a quiet *caw* coming from behind Tommy and the man's eyes widened when he realized what he was hearing.

His jaw fell slack as Tommy stepped to the side and revealed a big wooden box cushioned with blankets and pillows, and with dozens of crows huddled inside it.

"I... had to take them.", choked Tommy out,

"It - it it it - it was *necessary* . You couldn't **know** some of the shit happening on my Server. So... I took them when they saw shit they shouldn't.

I'm sorry that I killed some of them, but I had to. But. Here are all that I could keep alive."

Phil smiled at his flock's quiet chatter. They already noticed his missing wings but just... ignored it in favour of silent greetings and " *it's good to have you back* " 's.

They looked tattered and worn and their feathers were ruined and most didn't seem to be able to use their wings and all of them were malnourished, but that was *fine* . He could nurse them back to health.

Rusting cloth brought his attention back to Tommy, who looked away with a grimace that almost seemed *guilty* .

"I'm sorry.", rushed the boy before storming out of the room, leaving his stunned father and brother behind.

Niki had found Tommy as he was pacing in front of the "hospital"... again.

The young Admin spend most of his time like this.

And when he wasn't here, then it was the floors of the White House, stopping in front of a certain cell door every other round, before sighing and picking up his pace again.

He was wearing himself to the ground like this, agonizing over something he *had* to do to keep them all safe from Dream.

She knew Tubbo, Ranboo and Eret were doing their best to keep Tommy occupied otherwise, but the boy had a tendency to slip away and vanish. He was a bit of a free spirit in that regard.

So, when she saw him pacing once more, she decided to do something about it and greeted him cheerily with a smile.

"Hey there, Tommy. I'm on my way to go out and pick some flowers to decorate the bakery. Wanna help me?"

The teen perked up at the offer.

"Asking for the biggest man's help, Niki Nihachu? Ohhh! Your flowers will look so poggers your customers will cry with joy, I tell ya!"

She laughed and motioned with her head for him to follow.

"Impress me, Tommy."

"I will- I will! You'll be *so* impressed, you won't know what to do with it!"

They kept on walking, exchanging friendly banter, Tommy boasting and joking and jesting to his heart's content and her amusement.

It was good to see him let loose like this.

Tommy suddenly stopped talking and looked somewhere behind her, his entire face suddenly lit up.

"Ohhh! Hello! Hello there, Friend!", crooned the teen with a high pitched voice and rushed to walk around her.

Niki watched amused as the young Admin hurried over to a... blue sheep.

She wandered over to the boy kneeling next to the animal who was hugging it tightly.

"Who's that, Tommy?", asked the woman fondly.

The teen blinked up at her with bright eyes and a broad smile.

"This is **Friend**. He's a natural-born blue sheep with infinite lives. He's awesome."

"Oh? That's cute!", gushed the woman, wondering how the boy knew about one single sheep they have never seen before.

Friend bleated softly at her and butted his head against her hand.

She cooed and started petting the fluffy, adorable sheep.

"Are you going to keep him?", asked the woman with a smile.

Tommy pondered the question for a bit.

"Hn, no. No. I don't think I will. There's someone who needs him more."

Before Niki could say another word, the boy pulled out a lead from his Inventory and put it around the sheep's neck gently.

"C'mon, Friend. Time to meet your new best friend.", beckoned the boy happily and guided the sheep away, which was trotting next to him contently with a pep in its step.

Niki smiled after Tommy as he headed for L'Manburg, before turning around to pick her flowers.

Something told her everything would be just fine in the end.

Someone was knocking at the door.

Techno listened for his father, to see if the man would go and open it.

The only thing he got in response to his silent question was a sharp breath and a hiss.

"Sorry, mate.", panted the man,

"My back is acting up right now. **Holyfuckthathurts!**"

Techno winced at the pain in his father's voice. Phantom pain was the worst, as they had come to find.

"I'm comin'!", called the retired warrior roughly and picked his way through the room.

Now that they had left the "hospital" and moved into the empty house next to it, Technoblade had a set space that he could use to move freely.

It was hard to orientate himself in total darkness, but he was getting surer and better with each day.

There were problems, like his father forgetting to put stuff back where it "*belonged*" but they established the rule that Techno could just call whenever that happened and Phil had to clean everything up he brought out of order – it was very efficient and incidents like those were decreasing drastically.

Another thing was that Phil had to get used to him no longer being able to read for the both of them, but they made do. Mostly by carving the letters into metal and clay pots, so that Techno could "read" them anyway.

And Tubbo and Ranboo had brought a variety of colourful stickers that Phil could use to label stuff.

He opened the door.

"Who's there?"

"O-oh. Techno. Blade. Big T. Big bro. My man!"

"What do you want, Tommy."

Baaah

The Piglin Hybrid frowned at the bleating of a sheep somewhere close to him, which was followed by fluffy curls brushing against his hand.

"... is that a *sheep* you brought to my house?", asked the man, baffled, even though nobody would really be able to hear it.

"This is ***Friend*** .", explained Tommy with a happy tone.

"He's naturally blue, has infinite lives, and is pretty smart."

The *sheep*, **Friend**, butted its head against Techno's leg gently.

"Friend's small enough to enter houses, compared to Carl.", added Tommy innocently.

The former warrior, who'd been running his fingers through dense, soft curls a moment ago, froze at that admission.

Tommy was *right*.

Friend could follow him *everywhere*.

"I want you to have Friend.", said the young Admin, finally.

Technoblade's mouth ran dry for a bit, before he nodded and patted the sheep's side gently.

"Thank you, Tommy. Uhm... Dad isn't feeling well right now, but... do you still want to come in for a bit?"

"I — if - if it's no problem. I... I know a bit about phantom-pain 'n shit, maybe I can help a bit."

The warrior nodded and stepped out of the doorframe to let his younger brother in.

He was far away from forgiving Tommy for what he'd done to them, but he had heard the boy pacing outside, muttering apology after *apology* after discarded ***apology***, mixed together with reasons and excuses and pleads.

And... it was done.

They would have to live with what they got, no matter how miserable it was.

Technoblade could endure.

"I was right."

Blob whirled around at the icy words.

Tommy was leaning against a tree and watching the horizon emotionlessly.

"... what?", asked the man hesitantly, but Tommy seemed to accept that he was talking.

"That Wilbur was planning on betraying me. I was right.

It went down almost exactly the way I anticipated. I'm still a bit miffed that he didn't accept what I gave him, tho.

It's nice that I made him President, innit?!",

the young Admin sighed and shook his head in silent disapproval,

"It doesn't matter in the end. Do you remember what I told you would happen, if Wilbur ever tried to get you?"

Blob nodded hesitantly and crept a bit closer towards his friend.

Tommy beckoned the man even closer and Blob didn't even hesitate to rush over to the teen, who smiled sadly at the affectionate behaviour.

"It's how we got them, actually. I faked your location. Acted like you were somewhere else. And those bitches came running so fucking fast."

The tall teen threw the man next to him a side glance.

"You may talk."

"Thank you, Sir. Thank you, Tommy. I... really just wanted to ask what you will do with my body after you got rid of me?"

Tommy looked at him for a long while before sighing and admitting:

"I'll take it back to the claimed parts of the SMP and hand it over George and Sapnap, so that they can bury or cremate it, or do whatever else they want to do."

Blob nodded happily. That sounded like a great plan. He was glad his old friends would get to say goodbye.

"Thank you so much, Tommy. I'm very grateful that you're so generous."

The teen rolled his eyes.

"Yeah yeah, whatever, Blobby. I... huh... I guess I'm actually going to miss your ugly mug. That's a bit of a surprise, innit? Now come over here."

The man didn't hesitate to wander over and stand in front of the young Admin with a slight smile playing around his lips.

He'd get to go home after almost two years of Exile. Finally.

Even if he wouldn't be there to witness.

"You can look me in the eyes, Blob. It's too late for formalities now."

Dull-green eyes met soul-fire blue for the first time since months had passed.

It was... strange.

"Will it hurt, Tommy?"

The teen seemed to struggle with the answer. Anger, madness, pity and sadness were fighting in his eyes and expression.

The kid screwed his eyes shut, much to Blob's confusion. Before he forcefully froze because Tommy was reaching for him and arms were closing in around the man's body and *Tommy was hugging him close, why was Blob getting hugged?!*

And then he felt wetness seeping into his green tunic and his muscles locked up completely, leaving him petrified.

Tommy was **crying**.

He could *feel* the boy's breath ghosting over his neck and hear him mutter swears softly.

" **Prime** ! I fuckin' *wish* it would hurt. You shitty **wanker** deserve all the fucking pain that you can get!

You made it hurt so fucking *much* and I was **scared shitless** and you were strangling me and *bashed my fucking head in!* ... and you fucker don't even know it!"

The former Admin stared ahead at the far-away horizon with wide eyes.

~~Dream~~-Blob started to connect some dots and slot some pieces together that had left him confused about the teen for *so long* .

It was a blurry picture that his mind created. More of a concept than an actual concrete thought or theory. A *feeling* about what might have been going on all along.

Tommy knew *too much* at times; was so confused or confusing in certain situations. Showed signs of insanity and PTSD and Trauma without any real rhyme or reason when one looked at the teen's history.

But if all those problems were from *some time else* , it would almost make sense.

"Tommy. I—"

The boy heaved a breath, straightened out and pushed Blob a tiny bit away, so that they were standing right in front of each other.

The Admin looked him in the eyes.

"For all it's worth... I'm sorry. I know what I did to you. I know what it feels like. But it'll be better now. It won't hurt, I promise."

Blob felt his eyes burn with unshed tears.

"I -... it's okay, Tommy. Even... even if I don't remember – I'm also sorry."

The boy nodded.

"This is goodbye, then.

I wish you the best."

Blob just smiled at his friend. He knew it was over now. But he also finally knew what he'd done wrong. And he could rest with the awareness that he would return home.

Tommy placed both hands on the back of his head and tightened his grip.

Blob stayed calm and relaxed in the boy's grip.

"I'm glad you were my friend."

Tommy nodded and then the former Admin's head was ripped to the side with a sudden fast movement, a crack rang through his skull and everything switched to black.

~~ERROR~~ was slain by TommyInnit

~~Dream~~ Blob woke up the same way he had since the beginning of Exile.

With his whole body launching itself into alertness while he gasped for air, prepared for Tommy to dump another ice-cold bucket of saltwater over his head.

... it never came.

~~Blob~~

~~Dream?~~

He was awake.

Chapter End Notes

Kristin sighed and gently grabbed the thread that made up this Run.

Delicately she made a knot before splitting this Run from the next one.

She hadn't had the pleasure of doing this often, not like the other Gods sitting around her, weaving and creating and deciding wildly and proudly.

Her process took time.

Most Runs weren't to her satisfaction, were far from reaching a Happy End. But this time her youngest had gotten so close.

It would be a shame to let all that hard work go to waste.

Her heart ached as she saw her Angel sitting on a bench near a cliff, next to their youngest, staring at the sky in longing.

His beautiful wings, gone.

Her Angel was grounded forever.

She felt like weeping when she saw her oldest, her Technoblade, stumbling around in eternal darkness, unable to escape the voices in his mind.

She felt like screaming when she witnessed how Wilbur was shackled and locked away, never to be free again.

It hurt all the more when Tommy, her youngest, the one who caused it, cried.

Because his hands were tied. Because his actions had been forced.

As he begged for forgiveness for taking his father's wings.

As he carefully introduced his warrior brother to a lovely blue sheep named Friend, to guide him through the dark.

As he visited his poet brother to give him books and tell him what was happening outside of his cell to give him a bit of freedom.

Tommy never meant harm, in the end.

And it made her cry.

It hurt that in all that cruelty was kindness.

She knew they would learn to love each other. To live their life with all its hardships. She had faith in her family.

And so she carefully picked up the next thread.

Maybe Dream, or well, Blob, would change what was to come for good this time?

End Notes

If you want to see more related to this story, take a look at the "Knowing History" Series

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!